July Harpers MAGAZINE

A BUSINESS MAN'S CIVILIZATION
BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Whisky below Decks . . . . . *Howard Linn Edsall*
A Rum Schooner's Mate Tells His Story
The Crumbling Color Line . . . . . *Oswald Garrison Villard*
The Peppermint Years . . . . . *Sarah Comstock*
Eve in the Apple Orchard . . . . . *Gamaliel Bradford*
A Portrait of Nimon de Lancios
The Mystery of Ocean Currents . . . . *Harald U. Sverdrup*
$50,000 Cannon Balls . . . . . *Duncan Aikman*
A Reporter Looks at a Mexican Revolution
Women and the Sport Business . . . . *John R. Tunis*
The Tendency toward Pure Poetry . . . *Max Eastman*
Stories by *Wilbur Daniel Steele, Eleanor Hayden Kittredge, and Frances Warfield*
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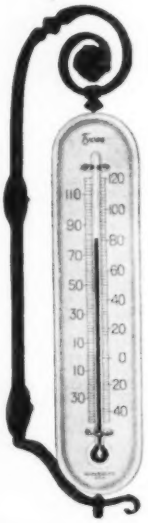

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Harper's Magazine

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

WE HAVE again arrived at that season of the year when readers pack a few books into a bag and depart for new pastures. It becomes impractical to linger long before bookstalls or sample the shelves of a whole library. "Tomes" cannot be carried by hardened tourists, who must find room also for the extra tire, the tea basket, and the set of golf clubs. Compactness and quality must go together.

For some strange reason or other the classics are to be had in the most desirable form for traveling. Just why the great books of the world should be available in pocket-size editions, often printed on India paper, while tons of stories of no lasting value throw back their shoulders and stick out their elbows in the front row, is one of the mysteries of bookmaking. Perhaps it is because in books, as among human beings, those most lacking in depth make the most noise; while those who are profoundly wise become more and more humble and self-effacing as they grow in wisdom. The range of fine books in compact form is so great, and there are so many collections to choose from, that those planning a vacation will do well to look through the check-lists of the Modern Library, World's Classics, the Everyman Library, the Dollar Library, the Modern Readers' Series, the Borzoi Pocket Books, the Sun Dial Library, and numerous others with which your bookseller will be happy to acquaint you.

The best word to apply to books of the hour is "arresting," for I have rarely seen, at this time of the year, so many books that will make you forget food, golf, the view from the train, and the latest gossip that your own personal sector enjoys. Merely echoing what many Europeans have already said, I believe that *All Quiet on the Western Front*, by Erich Maria Remarque, is one of the great human records of the war; the author, although describing only the German front, has risen above flags and uniforms and pictured the universal man in torment. *Wolf Solent* by John Cowper Powys is a novel of spiritual readjustment which is about the best of its genre that we have had since the incomparable *Of Human Bondage*, and happily for the traveler it has been issued in two handy volumes on thin paper, with most readable type. Finally *Little Cæsar*, by W. R. Burnett, belongs definitely to that class of books which reviewers describe in the stock phrase that they "could not put it down." This is a swift-moving narrative of gangland, such as Charles Francis Coe might write. Both Coe and Burnett have the faculty of putting the story first and the setting second, and Burnett is the more successful of the two. Gangland has now been described in half a dozen books, mostly novels, but authors have been so much interested in showing the methods of gangsters that their details impeded the movement of the story. *Little Cæsar*, although exact in its characterization of bootleg bosses and their helots, makes the story move forward with the speed of a detective yarn and holds the interest as well. This is done by concentrating on the rise and fall of Rico, the big Italian who becomes the leader of two gangs in Chicago. He takes the place of the consummate villains who have moved through the pages of all the crook tales of recent years and he satisfies the same appetite

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which demands pirates and Western gunmen as literary narcotics.

ON LIGHT AND HEAVY READING

The idea that summer reading must be light reading holds good in some quarters and there are booksellers who would not think of offering their followers anything heavier than air these days. That the intellect goes to sleep in torrid weather seems to be borne out by the white man's experience in tropical lands, but there is no reason why a little will power should not be exerted in the temperate zone. Besides, the new books that invite the curious reader are entirely too beguiling. Walter Lippmann's *A Preface to Morals* (The Macmillan Co.), which surveys the relation of modern man to his universe, is anything but formidable. Despite its scope it invites the reader into as profitable a discussion as these times afford, and the first chapter alone is sufficient to hold him in tether throughout the volume. Mr. Lippmann is a scholar whose interest in human society transcends that of cloistered seclusion and, although the wisdom of the ancients is at his beck and call, he follows with avidity the attempts of modern man to adjust himself to changing conditions. This spiritual groping in a scientific age has been the despair of various philosophers, who have offered Oriental religions, or Teutonic *Ersatz* devices, as substitutes for confusion. But Mr. Lippmann faces modern life without the desire to escape into a Nirvana which ignores the age of the machine. He leads the reader to his conclusion that a disciplined intelligence is capable of understanding how man's desires and appetites can be regulated and adapted, and how man can best live the resolute life. The fundamental beliefs of mankind are here under consideration, but the absolute lack of scientific nomenclature, of technical terms out of philosophy and theology, gives this book a disarming clarity. It provides some of the most profitable reading of our time, and should form the basis of many discussions of an evening. *A Preface to Morals* may be linked with *The Modern Temper* by Joseph Wood Krutch and *Religion and the Modern World* by John Herman Randall and his son John Herman Randall, Jr., and similar studies that give the American a chance to know both himself and his world better.

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
Author of "All Quiet on the Western Front"

TWO SERIOUS BOOKS

It may be assumed from its origin that *The Story of Religion* by Charles Francis Potter gives the liberal viewpoint of the great religious leaders and their teachings, for the author has been a Unitarian preacher the last eleven years and was a member of the defense committee in the Scopes evolution trial in Dayton, Tennessee, a few years ago. His book, which characterizes religious leaders old and new, begins with Akhenaten and ends with Mary Baker Eddy, and contains also brief references to American cults of the nineteenth century. To make an ambitious survey of this character in small compass naturally calls for considerable condensation and generalization, and Mr. Potter will, as a result, find himself challenged by those who differ with his views. His view of Jesus as a historic personality leads him to predict that the biographies of the future will drop reference to him as a deity. Mr. Potter is interested specifically in the human side of great religious movements, thus viewing teachings through personalities. (Simon & Schuster.)

It is also impossible to describe in a paragraph a book such as *The Mansions of Philosophy*, by Will Durant, author of *The Story of Philosophy*, who gives his new book the subtitle "A Survey of Human Life and Destiny." Here again is a consideration of man and his world, a study of changing

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World-Wide Acclaim for the Greatest of All War Novels!

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

The author of "Im Westen Nichts Neues" was born 31 years ago, of a family that emigrated from France during the French Revolution and settled in the Rhineland. At 18 he went from school into the army and to the Western Front. His mother died, all his friends were killed; at the war's end he found himself alone. His subsequent history typified the deep unrest that men of his generation experienced. He became, in succession, a teacher, an organist in an asylum, a motor-car and motor specialist dealer, draughtsman, dramatic critic, editor. Last year he wrote down, without deliberation, his own and his friends' war experiences. He has described three things: the war, the fate of a generation, and true comradeship. And these were the same in all countries. His book was a sensation in Germany and translations have been arranged into French, Italian, Dutch, Danish-Norwegian, Hungarian, Spanish, Czech, and Polish—all within four months!

AMERICAN reviewers agree with earlier German and English critical opinion in pronouncing "All Quiet on the Western Front" the great War novel of international appeal for which the world has been waiting.

IN AMERICA—First Printing 100,000 Copies!

Henry S. Canby, in The Book-of-the-Month Club News, says: This superb narrative, poetic and touching in its simplicity, yet charged with intense feeling, and startling in its realism, comes from the German, but is no national document, but the story of everyman at war."

Herschel Brickell, in The North American Review, says: "It is by all odds the biggest and most important story of the war that has been written by anyone and dwarfs even such extraordinarily fine novels as 'The Case of Sergeant Grischa'."

IN ENGLAND—Ninth Large Printing Already!

St. John Ervine, in the London Daily Express, says: "It is an immense book because of its quality. There are passages which are terribly moving. Immeasurably finer than 'The Case of Sergeant Grischa'."

IN GERMANY—530,000 Copies Sold!

Ernst Toller, in Die Literarische Welt, says that this book "makes articulate for the first time the private soldier who suffered in the trenches. . . . It is the strongest document that has come out of the war."

IN SWEDEN—An Immediate Sensation!

Albert Engstrom of the Swedish Academy, in Sondags Nisse, says: "It is a great document. A powerful work of art. All other books about the war become small and insignificant in comparison."

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conditions and points of view. Logic, metaphysics, ethics, æsthetics, religion, economic and social subjects are taken up by this philosopher, whose own approach is that of a liberal working thoroughly in the spirit of modern scientific investigation. (Simon & Schuster.)

A BOOK ABOUT STRESEMANN

The name of Gustav Stresemann has been recurring again and again in the dispatches as the Foreign Minister of Germany becomes more and more influential in international affairs. A sympathetic biography by Rochus von Rheinbaben has just been translated and issued here by D. Appleton & Co. Although it justifies Stresemann in all his acts and gives him credit for developing the German policies at Locarno and Geneva, it may be read with interest for its revelation of what a German statesman of the transitional age is like. Stresemann had literary leanings in his university days, but an organizing ability put him into politics, whence he came after studying capital and labor in Saxony as the head of an association of industrialists. He seems to represent middle-class conservatism and restraint, leading the foreign affairs of Germany between the excessive demands of the radicals and the reactionary proposals of the old monarchists.

JULIA PETERKIN
Whose novel, "Scarlet Sister Mary," has been awarded the Pulitzer prize for 1928

"THE BANDITS"

The story of Panait Istrati is a singular one. About eight years ago, in despair, he attempted to end his life, but upon recovering he won the friendship of Romain Rolland, who encouraged him to write. A Roumanian, Istrati set to work to learn French, and to-day writes a fine French style. His *Kyra Kyralina* was widely praised; his latest book, *The Bandits*, is in his best manner. It tells the story of the *haidoucs*, those men who fled from farm and village a hundred years ago and became bandits, intent on avenging the poor, on chastising their oppressors, the wealthy *boyars*, who lived off the land, robbed the peasants of the fruit of their labor, mistreated their women and abused their children. Istrati presents a group of fourteen *haidoucs*, led by a woman who became a bandit in order to avoid a *boyar's* unwelcome advances. As each member of the band tells how he came to embrace his wild roving life, giving up the peasant's cottage and the sheepfold for an unprotected, disorderly life in mountain fastnesses, the reader beholds what intense human emotions have their origin in this pastoral country; how the simple appetites of the people are distorted into gross indulgence; what strange methods are used by the rich and powerful to satisfy their bestial lusts. In retaliation for such abuses the peasants become bandits and burn and slay, and thus the life of the hills becomes a horror amid a profusion of natural beauty. Istrati has told this story with color and drama; he has embroidered it with the philosophy that grows out of these men's experiences, and their observation of the ways of man and nature. Each bandit is in himself a character, and most romantic is the woman leader of the band who has taken to the mountains rather than become the prey of the powerful. Istrati had planned to write a sequel to this tale when he returned to Roumania and discovered the army engaged in rapine and pillage in Bessarabia. His impulse to describe the horrors of peasant life a century ago was suddenly stifled; he felt the desire of the artist fade before the sympathy of the humanitarian; he heard the victims crying: "Before art, a little pity for us." He has now become a bitter polemist against the misgovernment of his native land. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

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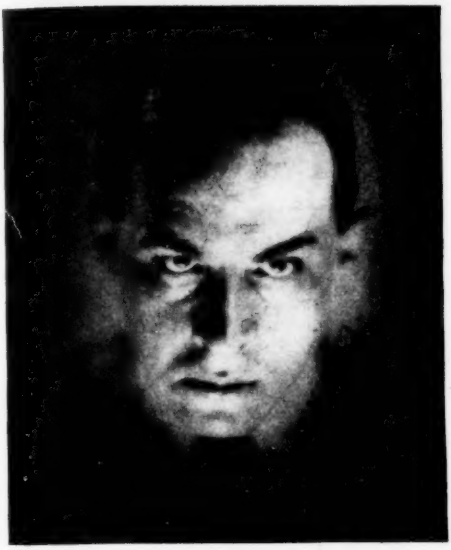

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
whose book, "All Quiet on the Western Front" was the June choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

REMARQUE is a young German, whose family apparently were *emigrés* from France during the French Revolution. Hardly more than a schoolboy, with millions of other lads on both sides, he was plunged into the war on the Western front. His book, though in the form of fiction, is based largely upon his own experience. It created a true literary sensation in Germany (the American publishers of the book inform us that over 500,000 copies of the book have been sold there) followed lately by one in England. Most of the foreign commentators regard it, in the phrase of the never-intemperate *Manchester Guardian* as "surely the greatest of all war books." It was a unanimous choice, incidentally, of our own five judges.

In the long pre-publication report about this book, which appeared in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*,—Remarque's book was described as a modern equivalent of Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*. "There is not a trace of nationalism in it," the report read, "nor of animosity toward an old enemy. To those who were in the war, as to those who were not, it bears the accent of simple truth that makes one exclaim with every page that is turned, as one German critic did, 'This, this, this is the War at last!'"

Without venom, with a frequent humor, but all the more impressively for these reasons, the book outlines the tragedy of an obliterated generation of lads, passing through a searing experience the like of which, probably, no other generation of boys has ever had in human history. And the high point of the book (most people will find it so, we believe) curiously has nothing to do with fighting, but with a poignant realization on the part of this normal young foot-soldier that all his roots with the familiar scenes and things, among which he had quietly grown, have been ruthlessly cut by his experiences. He comes to this realization during a first short leave at home, for which he had been craving with all his heart. He finds there that the truth about the war is so utterly beyond the conception of those whom he loved that he cannot even speak with them about it but must be silent or evasive. He has become of a race apart from his own people; the hated trench and No-Man's Land—and the book outlines simply and vividly what they connoted—have become his normal milieu. It is but a brief chapter, yet it is one which no one who reads will ever be likely to forget.

* * *

The Book-of-the-Month Club is the only organization of its kind which sends its subscribers pre-publication reports, such as the one quoted above, allowing them to take the "book-of-the-month" or not, as they wish. Subscribers may take as few as four books a year out of 250 to 300 recommended and reported upon by our judges. Over 100,000 judicious book-readers now subscribe to this service, *more than to all the other book-clubs in the United States combined.* If you are interested to know how it operates, and what it does for you, mail the coupon below for information. To those who subscribe now, the first book is being given free, provided it costs no more than $3.00.

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THE UNLOVELY SIDE OF JAPANESE LIFE

The colorful and picturesque in Japanese life has always attracted Anglo-Saxon storytellers, possibly for its contrast, and even tragedies have been heightened by a touch of sentimental regret. But William Plomer, South African novelist who now resides in Tokyo, rejects Lafcadio Hearn and other "interpreters" of the Japanese character, and offers what he calls the true word in *Paper Houses.* (Coward-McCann.) This book is a collection of stories of Japanese life, rather drab after John Luther Long and his sympathizers, for Plomer is intent on showing the Japanese as they are, which means that romantic concepts must go. He detests Japanese religious and national superstitions, thinks that nothing is accomplished by suicide, finds the younger generation ground down by traditional tasks, and observes that the parents of the poorer classes do little more than exploit their children. Most of Japan's social ills are due to a clash between the old and the new spirit, an intensified form of the clash between puritan conservatism and liberal living conditions in the United States. The old fear of the emperor is still ingrained in the people, and one of the tales depicts the horror of the older generation at the remark of another that the emperor is "only a man." Tonoki relates that he had no home life as a youth because he had to sit up alone with icy feet studying for examinations. "In those days many students died of overwork," he remarks. "You say Rome wasn't built in a day, but modern Japan, our great Japan, was built in a generation: those students helped to pay the price for it. If I had failed in an examination I would have killed myself at once. In those days I learned the whole English dictionary by heart, two pages a day." In "A Piece of Good Luck" and "The Sleeping Husband" we get the life stories of two women, after a fashion resembling that of Tchekov. The sale of a girl into domestic service by her mother and other relatives, and their complacent view of her stifled life, throws light on the hopelessness and aimlessness of the poorer classes. The tyrannical conduct of husbands toward wives, the meek character of women who fear, but do not become angry, is to be found in these tales. William Plomer's first book, *Turbott Wolfe*, was a story of miscegenation in South Africa. It was published here in 1926.

LIEUTENANT BERT HALL
Author of "One Man's War," the story of the Lafayette Escadrille

"MYTHS AFTER LINCOLN"

Lloyd Lewis has been following the trail of the Lincoln myths—stories that have grown up around the baffling career of this most human of all the presidents. On the basis of facts men have embroidered legends and whispered them with the admonition that the historians did not dare tell the truth. The myth that Booth escaped; that Andrew Johnson fomented the Lincoln assassination; that Stanton cut his own throat; that Lincoln's body was actually stolen from its vault in Springfield, Illinois, and that the sarcophagus is empty—these are but a few of the tales that have been told for decades. Mr. Lewis has given the true stories with great detail in a fascinating volume called *Myths After Lincoln.* (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) His book, however, is not devoted solely to exploding myths. It deals with the trivial details of the Lincoln period, so trivial and so human that they become exciting reading. Much of it is for those who have morbid curiosity to learn what became of Lincoln's

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body, how often it was moved from one grave to another; how the Booth conspirators were tried and hanged in public; how petty vengeance followed the chief witness against Mrs. Surratt; how the dying of Lincoln became a "horrible carnival" and his funeral an emotional orgy—and all that, too, is not to be found in formal histories. Here is repeated the tale, testified to by Senator Stewart of Nevada, that Vice-President Johnson was half tipsy with liquor when he was awakened to take the oath of office as President; that the house of Millard Fillmore in Buffalo was bespattered with ink by a mob that thought Fillmore remiss in showing his grief; that countless rebel sympathizers were assaulted, ridden on rails, or jailed immediately after the assassination. The reader may ask to what purpose these tales are revived, but I believe that Lewis's chapter "Cold Rain in the Morning," which tells of all the happenings throughout the United States the day Lincoln died, helps explain the policy of reprisals which came with Reconstruction days. Until Lincoln was killed the milder forces were in the saddle; but Johnson and Stanton gained a free hand to make the South pay after his death. *Myths After Lincoln* is informal history. Reading it is like browsing through the old volumes of Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Weekly*—the day-to-day record of those anxious times.

"WOLF SOLENT"

The question is sometimes asked why fine writing has so few practitioners among us, and why the "literary" novel is almost completely missing. The answer may be that we are bringing up a whole generation of young novelists who write without tradition, and for that reason are more eager to produce the human document than the work of art. *Wolf Solent*, by John Cowper Powys, is the exception, but it is distinguished by being the work of a mature writer, with a fine knowledge of English literature, who has never lost his taste for life itself. Hence I am sure that out of the many novels that come and go this year *Wolf Solent* will be among the few to be reread and remembered. *Wolf Solent* is the record of a man's pilgrimage, as was *Of Human Bondage;* it tells how one man turns over in his mind all the manifestations of living, all the events that act upon him and the emotions that spring up in his being, and how he tries to find an anchor for his troubled spirit. He is drawn to the simple physical nature of Gerda and the

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mystical, intellectual spirit of Christie Malakite; he searches alike for the reason behind his own malicious attitude, his bitter spirit, and the thwarted lives of his mother, his father, and his father's mistress; he responds to mystical forces that speak to him from nature, so that the woods, the meadows, the hills and valleys have a message for him. To live wholly and yet to draw on the invisible forces that molded his spirit—this was his difficulty; the flesh and the spirit wooed him and led him to think all fleshly contacts vile. But as Wolf Solent turned this human dilemma over and over in his mind he began to realize that it was he who saw all the degradation in mankind and who viewed life's manifestations with malice and bitterness. He had approached life from behind the pigsty. Just as Wordsworth recorded that his own intimations of immortality came through exaltation produced by nature's phenomena, so Wolf began to turn back to life for the key to his riddle, although with more of resignation than joy. It took a simple mind to enjoy all of life wholly; for others, as for himself, the talisman was "Endure or escape." Wolf could no longer rise above life by cultivating his own secret thoughts; he had lost what he called his "mythology"; he knew that every soul traveled alone, "alone with that secret bestower of torture and pleasure, the horned snail behind the pigsty." So Wolf chooses to endure. The story is filled with those allusions that a man of fine intellectual pursuits is likely to put into his writing. For this reason *Wolf Solent* becomes a rare treat. Its prose is often as lovely as poetry—and like poetry it searches for the intimations of immortality in the meanest of us. (Simon & Schuster.)

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

All Quiet on the Western Front by Erich Maria Remarque, a German, comes to us in translation with the greatest éclat of all recent war books. It tells in straightforward, realistic prose what happened to a small group of German lads who volunteered for service before they were called to the colors and who endured, with varying degrees of success, the four years' suffering of the great war. It is a highly moving story, the more so because it is told so simply, so frankly. Again, as in "Journey's End," the play, which is also available in book form, a young man is the principal character, a lad who has sacrificed his youth in battle. The author has embodied most of those experiences that

come to a man in the ranks, and has made them wholly plausible. That much of the book is autobiographical, one suspects from the note that Remarque himself went to the western front at eighteen, that his mother died and all his friends were killed before its end. Its appeal lies in its universality. What he and his young friends felt was felt by the young men on the other side of No Man's Land in the French trenches, by the British Tommies, and the American lads who died at Château-Thierry. Diplomatic disputes did not enter their thoughts; they wondered why they were there, and more than that why war should be so inevitably unjust, cruel, and indecisive. The same thoughts will come to the reader of this book, for it has the ability to make men stop in the middle of their routine tasks and ponder on the horror of international combat which crushes fine, aspiring human beings who would have been of immeasurable value to the world. There is little artifice about this story. The author does not try to shock the reader by gruesome details or bewilder him by endless details of military routine. He is relating, in the best manner that he knows, a simple story of his experiences, and that suffices, as nothing else would, to bring home to the reader, through the eyes of this one man, the whole horrible character of this sacrifice. Incidentally, he has given the militarists of Germany a profound exhibition of common sense. The wide acclaim that he has won in his native country is proof that his story carries conviction. It has been lauded no less in England, and bids fair to be as widely read in America. (Little, Brown & Co.)

H. G. WELLS'S NEW NOVEL

In "The King Who Was a King" H. G. Wells has adopted a new device to make his readers think about the horrors of war and the ease with which peace can be guaranteed by a strong character. He has told his story in the form of a motion picture scenario, calling up the scenes he wishes and describing briefly the episodes, letting the reader's imagination fill in the gaps. In doing so he tells the story of a factory laborer in America who is suddenly elevated to the throne of a small European state which is the bone of contention of British and American interests because it contains a valuable mineral named calcomite; it is an old state, with traditions of valor and honor and a militarist spirit. The American is determined to avoid war

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but the Great TRUTH he taught still waits for recognition by the masses of men

'Twas fifty years ago this year when a then unknown San Francisco printer wrote a book that has recently led Professor John Dewey of Columbia, and other famous men, to classify the author among the immortals. The author was Henry George. The book was "Progress and Poverty." Though it is in print in many languages, including the Chinese, and is influencing thinking in many lands (more so in Europe than here), millions of intelligent Americans haven't read it. This despite the fact that George's message is as vital *here and now* to the solution of the problems of War and Peace, of Industrial Depression, of Unemployment and Poverty, as it was in 1879. Tolstoy declared it *unanswerable*. Dewey has said that the man who hasn't had a first-hand acquaintance with George's proposals *may not call himself educated*.

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and does so by defying the militarists and conferring direct with the president of an adjoining republic, whose co-operation he obtains. Having thus checkmated the war party, he moves for world control of the important mineral, and drives home Mr. Wells's point that "If there can be common control of the metallurgical interests of the world there can be a control of transport and transport charges, of food supplies, of raw materials of all sorts, of migration." One of the characters points out that this can be obtained "so soon as you can control patriotic politicians," and "so soon as you have put the flags and emblems in their places." The story is a conventional film version, on the order of Graustark and, although the action is hardly plausible, the reader must admit at the end that Mr. Wells has put his idea into an attractive and novel form, and made it thoroughly interesting. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

We rather suspect that our readers are beginning to think about vacation reading for the children as the summer months approach. Several of our letters have called for lists of children's books and suggestions for guides to what to read. Our first answer will be to Mrs. Randolph Walker, Baltimore, Md., who asked for the books about books. The following titles, we feel certain, will be most valuable to Mrs. Walker in her search. *Reader's Digest of Books* by Helen Rex Keller, $6.00, The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City; *Parent's Guide to Children's Reading* by Mary Graham Bonner, $1.75, Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 Fourth Ave., New York City; *The Three Owls* by Anne Carroll Moore, $3.00, Coward, McCann Co., 425 Fourth Ave., New York City. . . . The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia, Pa., is the publisher of the edition of Children's Classics described in her letter by Mrs. Paul Duncan, Easton, Pa. Among the titles put out in this edition, which sells for $1.25 per volume, are: *King Arthur and His Knights* by Merchant, *The Story of a Bad Boy* by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, *Robinson Crusoe* by Daniel DeFoe, *Wings of the Morning* by Louis Tracy, *Arabian Nights* by Orton Lowe, *Kidnapped* by Robert Louis Stevenson, *The Man Without a Country and Other Patriotic Stories*, edited by John M. Foote. In the above list we have quoted only the titles of the boys' books, as these were especially requested by Mrs. Duncan. This edition also

Take along a Book on your Vacation

has the girls' classics such as *Little Women*, *Little Men*, and *An Old Fashioned Girl* by Louisa M. Alcott, and many other books for both boys and girls. . . . Cornelia Meigs is the writer of *The Wonderful Locomotive*, and Berta and Elmer Hader are the illustrators. This book was published before last Christmas by The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City, and sells for $2.00. We have received a letter from Mrs. William Ellson, Chattanooga, Tenn., in regard to information about the book. . . . The following is in answer to Mrs. Walter Knudson, Newport, R. I., who writes to ask us please to send her a complete list of Dr. Doolittle books in the order in which they come. Here is the list: *The Story of Dr. Doolittle*, *Dr. Doolittle's Zoo*, *Dr. Doolittle's Caravan*, *Dr. Doolittle's Circus*, *Dr. Doolittle's Post Office*, *Dr. Doolittle's Voyages*, *Dr. Doolittle's Garden*, *Dr. Doolittle in the Moon*. The first book of the series sells for $2.00 and all the others are $2.50 each. Frederick Stokes Co., 443 Fourth Ave., New York City, is the publisher. We have no information as to when a new Dr. Doolittle volume is to be published, but rather suspect that he will be taken out of the moon this autumn by his author, Hugh Lofting. . . . The House of Harper is the publisher of *Alphabet People* by Lois Lenski, a large illustrated book which sells for $2.50. Miss Doris Reade, Burlington, Vt., requested this information. . . . This ends our letters concerning books and reading for children. Our next statement will be to correct an error in the May issue of HARPERS MAGAZINE. *The Art of Living Long* is published by Caspar, Krueger, Dory Co., 454 East Water St., Milwaukee, Wis. By mistake we had written Walker Street. We wish to thank Mr. Charles D. Boyd, Milwaukee, Wis., for calling attention to our error. . . . Since the publishing of *The Bellamy Trial*, readers of mystery stories are awaiting a new book from the pen of Frances Noyes Hart. We are inclined to believe that whoever told Mrs. Prescott Lamb, New York City, that he had seen a copy of *Hide in the Dark* by this writer, was a little mistaken. This book is still running serially in *McCall's Magazine* and thus far it is not out in book form. Mrs. Lamb's book stores have given her the correct information concerning this. The book *Storm House* by Kathleen Norris was published on April 6, 1929, by Doubleday, Doran Co., Garden City, N. Y., at $2.00. This book had been running in a magazine also before it was published in book form.

Writing

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MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write — stories, articles on home or business management, sports, travels, recipes, etc. — things that can be easily and naturally written, in spare time.

Mrs. Theodora R. Ellsworth, 1492 Locust St., Dubuque, Iowa, is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. She writes:

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. . . The entire works of Katherine Mansfield are asked for by Miss Freda Jennings, Toronto, Canada. Alfred A. Knopf Co., 730 Fifth Ave., New York City, is the publisher of all the books by this writer including the two-volume set of *The Letters of Katherine Mansfield* edited by J. Middleton Murry, $6.50 the set. The titles of her own writings are: *The Dove's Nest, In a German Pension, The Little Girl, Bliss, The Garden Party* and *Poems*, each $2.50. . . . The only way that a set of the ten volumes of *The World's 1,000 Best Poems* can be obtained is by a subscription to the *Literary Digest*. Both magazine and books are published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 Fourth Ave., New York City, but this company does not sell the books separately. For further information we suggest that J. R. C., Brockton, Mass., write to the Funk & Wagnalls Co. . . . The play "Damaged Goods" by Brieux can be found in a volume of plays including "Maternity" and "Three Daughters of DuPont," all by this writer, and translated by Mrs. G. Bernard Shaw. Brentano's, 1 West 47th St., New York City, is the publisher of this book and the price is $2.50. *Labyrinth* by Herview and translated by Robert Clark is out of print. Both these books were requested by Mrs. F. Steward Kleen, New Orleans, La. . . . Lew Sarett has three books to his credit and is a well-known poet, contrary to the advice received by Mrs. Mark Phelan, Cleveland, Ohio, from her local book dealers. The titles of the books are: *Many Many Moons*, $1.75; *Slow Smoke*, $2.00; *Dish of God*, $1.75. All three are still being published by Henry Holt, 1 Park Avenue, New York City. . . . There is a new book by Donald Ogden Stewart, a humorous novel called *Father William*, published this spring by the House of Harper at $2.00. Roy D. Palmer, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y., who calls himself an ardent admirer of Mr. Stewart asks us for this information. . . . The new 1929 edition of *The Satchel Guide to Europe* has been out since April of this year. This book is edited by William Rolfe and William Crockett and published by the Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass., for $5.00. It contains information on sixteen countries. Perhaps our correspondent, Miss

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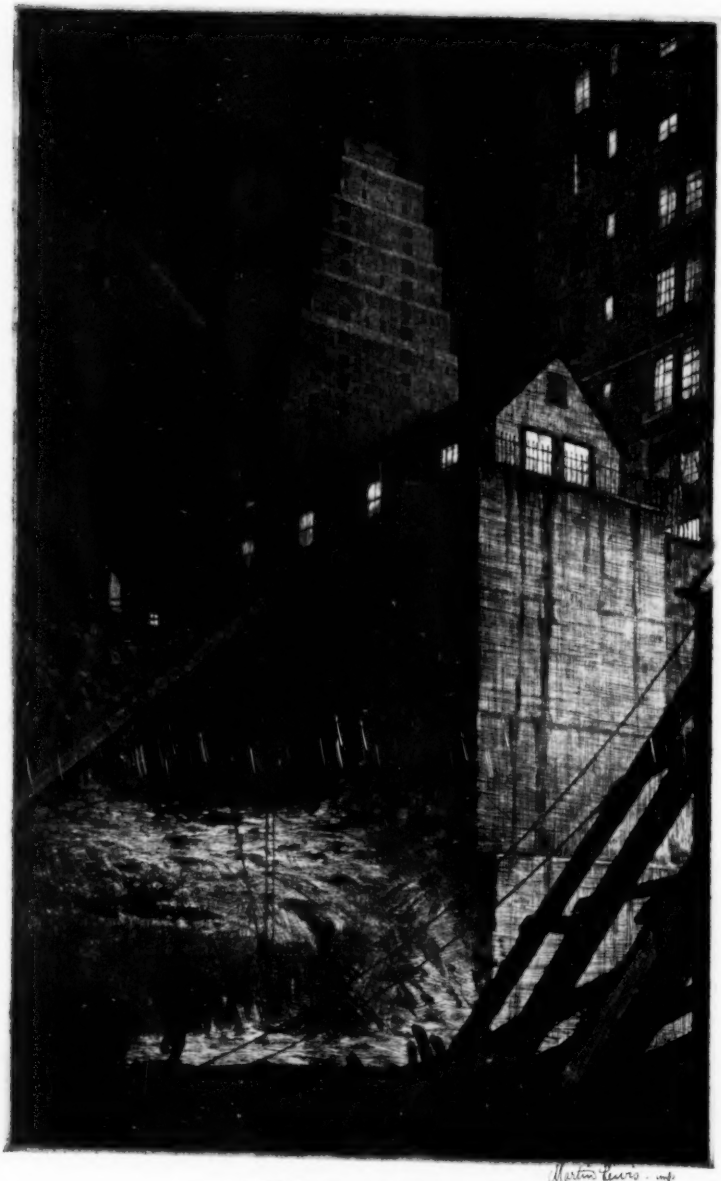
Hazel Kirt, Scarsdale, N. Y., will find useful also: *Complete Pocket Guide to Europe* edited by E. C. and T. L. Stedman, published at $3.50 by Robert McBride, 7 West 16th St., New York City; *Official Pocket Guide to Europe* published by the Real Book Co., in the Woolworth Building, New York City, for $3.25. . . . *The History of Mr. Polly* by H. G. Wells, requested by Mr. Samuel Trask, Auburn, Me., is still in print. The Duffield Co., 200 Madison Ave., New York City, is the publisher and the price is $2.50. . . .

Information About Books

You can obtain from all publishers complete information regarding their books and authors. If there are any additional questions you might desire to ask, feel perfectly free to write to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *49 East 33rd Street, New York.*

Thornton Wilder has three books out, two novels and one of short plays. *Cabala* was the first, published by A. & C. Boni, 66 Fifth Ave., New York City, $2.50, and the Modern Library, Inc., 20 East 57th St., New York City, 95 cents; it was followed by *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, $2.50, also published by A. & C. Boni; and *The Angel That Troubled the Waters* (plays) published by Coward-McCann, 425 Fourth Ave., New York City, $2.50. Miss Ruth Greer, Germantown, Pa., also wished to know if there will be a *movie* edition of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, now that this book has been put into moving pictures. We believe not.



BUILDING A BABYLON

By Martin Lewis

Courtesy of the Kennedy Galleries

VOLUME 159 JULY 1929

Harpers Magazine

A BUSINESS MAN'S CIVILIZATION

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

AS ONE grows older and, let us hope, wiser, one becomes more and more shy of easy generalizations and classifications. As one moves through one's world, the old generalized types, for example, of fiction and youth, standing for an "artist," a Frenchman, or an Englishman, break into the many and varying individual artists or Frenchmen or Englishmen of one's acquaintance, much as a ray of white light is broken into a rainbow of colors through a prism. But age and experience would be but poor substitutes for youth and freshness if they resulted only in bringing chaos to our minds, a substitution of multitudinous individuals for species and genus. If the old crude stock-in-trade types compact of ignorance and too facile generalizing have to be submitted to the spectrum of experience, individuals we find, in spite of seemingly baffling variety, do somehow combine to form distinct group-types, and in the national sphere characteristics emerge that set one nation off from another even though their millions of inhabitants may differ among themselves almost more than some of them differ from foreigners. For a traveler constantly passing from one country to another and now long past the stage of mere romantic interest in the exotic, there is no more fascinating task than to attempt to establish the genuine characteristics of a nation out of the welter of individual impressions.

It would be absurd to contend that America offers a simple problem to the observer. If the scene is less varied than in some other countries, nevertheless, to see about one only Babbitts means that one is not an acute observer. But as one comes back to it again and again from foreign countries, with fresh eyes and new standards of comparison, one comes to simplify the civilization in some respects, as a scientist does the continent. To the lover of scenery the Long Island beaches, the Big Smoky Mountains, the prairies, the Arizona desert, the golden coast of California, or the glaciers of Alaska offer variety in plenty; yet the geologist finds North America the simplest of all the great continents in the basic lines of its struc-

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ture. In the same way, as we penetrate below the surface variety of its social life, we begin to see that its civilization is equally remarkable as that of the continent itself for its extreme structural simplicity. This simplicity lies in the fact that it has come to be almost wholly a *business man's civilization.*

It may be asked why, in a modern industrial world in which everyone must have money to live, and in which most people are engaged in making it in one way or another, is America any more of a business man's civilization than that of any other country? The answer is to be found in a wide variety of social, economic, historic, geographic, and other factors. Let us, for example, contrast it with England, the country which I know best outside of my own, and where I happen to be writing at the moment. England has always been a great commercial and, for the last century, a great manufacturing country, the "nation of shopkeepers" in the eyes of European continentals. Business and trade are foundation stones of England's prosperity and power, yet English civilization, whatever it may one day become, is not as yet a business man's civilization in the same sense as is America's. The reason is that the influence of the business man here upon society has been limited by the presence of other and very powerful influences stemming from sources other than business and having nothing to do with it.

In the first place, there is that relic of feudalism, the aristocracy, including in its numbers, of course, many men and fortunes made by trade, but exerting its influence through a long tradition. It may be that "every Englishman loves a Lord"—though it is quite certain he does not worship him as do many American women—but it is true that the aristocracy exerts an influence upon the social manners and customs of the people at large which is incomparably greater than that exerted by the probably wealthier, but far less picturesque, untitled bankers, shipping merchants, iron manufacturers, and what not. In the country—still the best source of English life, though fast passing—aristocracy and landed gentry possess so great an influence that if a *nouveau riche* wishes to become somebody, he does not take a great house and give costly entertainments in London but buys an estate somewhere in the "counties" and painfully tries to make his way among families that may have but a fraction of his own wealth.

Nor is the influence of these two great bodies of the aristocracy and gentry based solely on social position or snobbery. Of black sheep in both there have been plenty, but they still retain the best element in the feudal system, the duty of service. The broad lands of the feudal lord, unlike the stocks and bonds of the modern business magnate, were not his solely for pleasure. Just as his men owed service to him, so he owed physical protection to them; and he was not likely to retain his lands and castles long if he could not give it. A considerable part of the wealth and power of England is still in the hands of these landowners, large and small, who still perform in more modern ways the duties that go with their wealth.

Again, there is the Church of England, dependent for its existence and support not upon the gifts of business men but upon local taxation, age-long endowments, and the support of the State. The leading universities, for similar reasons, are independent of business to an extent impossible in America. Politics, the army, navy, and the diplomatic and civil services offer life-careers for the ablest of men. The professions, such as law and medicine, are still uncommercialized. A young man of ability and ambition may choose, depending upon his particular tastes or opportunities, among a dozen careers, not one of which has anything to do with business, and any one of which offers him as a possible reward all the prizes that a man can wish. The successful business man thus finds himself only one among many factors

influencing the manners, thought, and life of his time. His own contribution is absorbed into the varied and rich life of the nation made up of the ideals and outlook of many other types and classes in addition to his own.

In America from the beginning there has been an entirely different social scene, although in many respects it was more variegated in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than it is to-day. Neither the best nor the worst of feudalism, however, was transplanted to the colonies. We fell short of developing an aristocracy or a permanent landed gentry. With the exception of a few colonial experiments, there has never been an established church. Politics, save in a few rare cases, have ceased to attract first-rate men as a career, and there is none in either diplomacy, which is usually only an episode, or in the civil service, which holds no position worth striving for. The rewards of a lifetime spent in the army or navy are negligible. On the other hand, we have had the richest virgin continent in the world to exploit, and the prizes for a successful business career, measured in money and power, have been such as are undreamed of in European business. Generation after generation the opportunities, instead of becoming less, have become colossally greater. The result has been that most of the energy, ability, and ambition of the country has found its outlet, if not its satisfaction, in business.

Certain results have flowed from this fact. In the first place, human nature alters, perhaps, less than we wish it might. Two of its most persistent traits are love of distinction and the need to follow leaders. When in founding the nation we did away with all titles and badges, we opened the way in a fashion not anticipated to the social sway of the business man. We may note for example that the much despised stars and ribbons of the old aristocratic order in Europe have been replaced in America, where they are unconstitutional, by the innumerable ornaments of the Mystic Shriners, the Order of Junior Mechanics, and other similar emblems. Theoretically, since the American and French Revolutions men have given lip-service to the doctrine of equality, but in reality everyone craves his own little share of social distinction, a something that will tend to set him somewhat above his neighbor. Founded if you like in vanity, it is, nevertheless, one of the most important elements in progress and conduct.

The great mass of men also tend to copy those above them, those who by common consent are the leaders of the nation or occupy the most enviable position in it. The youth of a savage and warlike tribe will emulate its great warriors and shape his life on theirs. In England, as we have seen, the genuine leaders of the aristocracy and gentry still exert a great influence upon the manners and outlook of those below them. In America these leaders have become the great business men. In their hands are the wealth and power of modern America. Their ideals, their manners, their ways of life, their standard of success are, therefore, those which the great mass of Americans, consciously or not, strive to make their own. In America, moreover, no Order of Merit, no Companionship of the Bath, no peerage is to be won as a symbol of a successful career. Men, as we have said, crave some badge as a tangible evidence of their distinction if they have attained it. For those not content with being a Master of a Grange Lodge or the High Priest of something-or-other wealth is the sole badge of success. All other orders in society having been swept away, and business as a career being the sole one that leads inevitably to power when successful, the business man's standard of values has become that of the civilization at large.

Owing in large measure to this, to the emphasis placed in America by the universities on equipment and plant, and to the constant need of money for endowments and upkeep, they also have

come under the sway of the successful business men to an extent undreamed of in Europe. If the equipment of European universities seems meager and poor in comparison with America, no one can claim that the work being done in them is inferior; and partly due to the smaller demands for money for constant building and expense, and partly to the presence in the European social system of important classes other than business men, the universities there are far more independent of business domination and ideals than they are with us. The entire religious system of the country, also, is in the same relation of dependence upon the business man. In the absence of any establishment of large endowments from the past, the churches of every denomination are dependent upon the richer members of their congregation for their support. As for politics, the relations between parties, legislatures, and the business interests are too notorious to call for specific comment. The dominant economic and social power of any country is bound to be the dominant political one. If agriculture, for example, is now the Cinderella of American prosperity and government interest, the cause is in part to be found in the fact that the number of men engaged in agriculture has dropped from 90 per cent of the total in 1790 to 36 per cent in 1910 and 29 per cent in 1920. The professions, as we shall note later, are also rapidly coming under the domination of the business man's type of civilization.

Thus unlike Europe, the business man with us finds himself the dominant power in the life of the nation and almost alone in his control over the direction of its entire life, economic, social, intellectual, religious, and political. It is a situation that, so far as I know, is unique in history and well worth analyzing.

II

First let us analyze the business man. Is there such a thing as a business "type"? Thinking of all the variations among those one knows, much as one thinks of one's varied French friends, one may think it impossible to classify them under one head; but just, as contrasting one's French friends with English or Russian, a French type does emerge, so contrasting a man who is in business all his life with those engaged in other pursuits, a business type does also take form. Apart from initial tastes and nature, a man is bound to be molded by the aims, ideas, ideals, and whole nature of the career to which he devotes practically his entire energies and time. It is obvious that a poet or musician will react to the facts of existence differently from the way a steel manufacturer, an admiral, a high ecclesiastic, a politician, or a Supreme Court judge would do. All of them naturally have to provide themselves with a living, but the fundamental facts that regulate their reactions to the world about them are different.

For a business man that fundamental fact is, and is bound to be, *profit*. Having made money, the business man may be, as he often is, more generous and careless with it than an aristocrat or a churchman; but that does not alter the fact that the main function of his work, his main preoccupation, and the point from which he views everything connected with his work is that of a profit. For one thing, all men, whether they be poets, soldiers, diplomats, or department-store owners, crave, as we have said, success and recognition in their chosen field. The hallmark of success in business is the extent of profit a man gets out of it. An artist may find no public for his wares but, if he is doing great work, he will be supported by the opinion of his peers. A doctor may struggle in a country village with nothing but a pittance but he has the satisfaction of a noble work nobly done. A man like Asquith may spend his whole life in the service of his country and yet retire as prime minister with the income of a bank clerk. But a man who

spends his life in business and ends no wealthier than he began is voted a failure by all his fellows, even though he may have personal qualities that endear him to his friends.

This fundamental preoccupation with making a profit has been much emphasized by the shift of business from the individual to the corporate form. A man may do what he likes with his own and if he chooses to be quixotic he can be; but in the new triple relationship of workmen, executives, and stockholders in the modern corporation there has ceased to be personality anywhere. The American is a great believer in the magical power of words. The bare facts of business are now being covered over by the new American gospel of "service"; but when we analyze this, does it not merely come down to the obvious facts that the business man performs a highly useful function in society and that, so far as he can, he should see that the public gets its full money's worth? The fundamental need of profit remains. The professional classes—doctors, artists, scholars, scientists and others—may, as they often do, work for little or nothing at all, but, except in the rarest of personal instances, the business man is precluded from doing so. What stockbroker, manufacturing company, railway or electric light corporation, with all their talk about service, would ever consider running their business at a voluntary loss in order to render greater service or tide the public over a crisis? It cannot be done. It is profit first, and then, perhaps, as much service as is compatible with profit.

Now this primary and essential preoccupation with making a profit naturally tends to color a business man's view of his entire world, and is what, in my opinion, mainly differentiates business from the professions. Nor do I speak as an impractical intellectual. Of the last thirty years I have spent about one-half in business and half in professional work, and I realize the great difference, having paid my monthly bills, between concentrating primarily on the work rather than the profit.

Moreover, dealing inevitably with material things and with the satisfying of the world's material wants, the business man tends to locate happiness in *them* rather than in the intellectual and spiritual unless he constantly refreshes his spirit away from business during his leisure. When the pressure of business on his time, or his concentration on it, becomes so great as to preclude his reasonable use of leisure for the development of his whole human personality, he is apt to become a complete materialist even if, as is now frequently not the case, he ever had it in him to become anything else. He may live in a palace, ride in the most luxurious cars and fill his rooms with old masters and the costliest manuscripts which his wealth can draw from under the hammer, but if he cares more for riches, luxury, and power than for a humanely rounded life he is not civilized but what the Greeks properly called a "barbarian."

Aside from narrowness of interests, the business man, from the nature of his major occupation, is apt to have short views and to distrust all others. It was once said, as superlative praise, of the late J. P. Morgan that he "thought in ten-year periods." Most business men think—and do well to do so as business men—in one- or two-year periods; the business man cares nothing for the tendency of what he is doing. This has been emphasized in the American business man by the vast extent of the natural resources with which he has had to deal and the recuperative powers of an active people in a half-settled continent. If, as he did in the northern Mississippi Valley, he can make his personal profit by ripping the forests off the face of half a dozen states in a decade, he is content to let those who come later look after themselves.

Nor is he any more solicitous about the social results of his activities. Ob-

viously, what interests the business man as a business man is a free hand to gather wealth as quickly as may be, combined with a guarantee that society shall protect him in that wealth once he has gathered it. He may steal the water resources of a dozen states but, once they are stolen, he is a defender of the constitution and the sanctity of contract. It is not hard to understand why the United States is the most radical country in the world in its business methods and the most conservative in its political!

Preoccupation with profit, again, tends to make a business man, as business man, blind to the æsthetic quality in life. A beautiful bit of scenery, such as Montauk Point, is for him merely a good site for a real-estate development; a waterfall is merely water-power. America's most successful business man, Mr. Ford, while rolling up millions by the hundred in profits, was content to turn out the ugliest car on the market. It was only when his profits were threatened that he turned to the consideration of beauty, and he would not have done so had it not promised profit. No sane business man in charge of a large business would do this. It is much the same with the cultivation of the business man's mind. Time is money, and anything which takes time and does not give business results is waste. But if you tell him that if he shows an interest in Keats he can probably land Smith's account—Smith being a queer, moony guy—or that if he will go to hear the "Rheingold" he can make a hit with that chap he has long been after, the effect will be magical. Innumerable advertisements of books or teaching of foreign languages will easily illustrate what I mean.

These and other qualities of the business man are his qualities *as* a business man. They are qualities that are bred in him by his occupation. Plenty of business men are much more than business men and outside of their offices and business hours have other qualities and other interests. But there is this to be said. Society at large, including the business man himself, owes its opportunity for a fully rounded life mainly to those who have not been business men. What will be the effect on all of us of the growing dominance of the business type and of the hold which the business man and business ideals have attained upon our civilization?

III

Before we discuss this let me gladly admit that the business man's search for a profit has in many ways been of great cultural, as well as material, benefit to the community at large. I am by no means decrying business. If the business man has not, culturally, been a creator, he has done marvellous work as a middleman. In the phonograph and the radio, for example, the business man has brought the work of the scientist on the one hand and the musician on the other together in such a way that the lonely resident of a country village can listen to the symphony orchestra of perhaps a half dozen cities. The business man, indeed, does not care a rap whether Jones listens to a symphony or a prize fight, but he has given him an opportunity. Yet that opportunity could not come to Jones unless the abstract scientist, reaching the business man through the medium of the inventor, and the musical composer had both existed and done their work in a spirit quite remote from business. In a world entirely made up of business men (with the qualities of business men only) it is doubtful if either pure science or music would have existed.

Taking this cultural aspect of a possible business man's civilization worked out to its final result, first we may note several things. If modern business is not a profession—and I certainly do not believe it is—it, nevertheless, has become an intensely absorbing occupation. Moreover, like science and most of modern life, it has become highly specialized, both for workmen and executives. At no time before in the his-

tory of the world perhaps have the occupations of all men tended to render them so lopsided. Never before have leisure and a wise use of it been so necessary. The functions of the lawyer and doctor, even of the thinker and the artist, have become narrowed to only a small part of the field formerly covered by them. Compare for example a modern scientist in any branch with a Bacon, or a modern painter with men like Michelangelo or Da Vinci, easel painters, mural decorators, poets, architects, sculptors, military engineers, and other things by turns. The narrowing of the field of work for all men has greatly intensified the need of their finding opportunity for the development of other sides of their personalities in pursuits other than their major ones. This is most true of the business man because of the effect upon him of his work as contrasted with the professions and other careers. The danger lurks in exactly that situation; for the one who most needs, but least realizes, the value of leisure and culture, of a fully rounded personality, of what we may call humanism, is the one who has become the controller of the destinies of all.

In the remainder of this article we can but glance briefly at some of the effects already becoming visible of the dominance of business ideals. Let us take first the question of that leisure so essential from the standpoint of a humane civilization. In an economic civilization in which efficiency is the one great good, leisure will be considered as waste save in so far as it promotes the individual's productive capacity in his next stint of work. Having little use for a sanely occupied leisure themselves, our business spokesmen try either to confuse it in the public mind with idleness or to make people utilize it for the satisfaction of more material wants. Thus in his *American Omen*, which we may take as an ultra-expression of the new business ideal, Garrett says, speaking of leisure, that the American "does not know what to do with idleness. He does not understand it. Generally it kills him." Again, speaking of adult education, he adds that "in England the intent of adult education is to give the wage earner a cultural interest to fill up his leisure time—nature study, astronomy, the physics and chemistry of everyday life, literature, perhaps. In Germany the intent is technical. In Denmark it is to stimulate the mind generally. In France there is not much of any kind. But," he adds triumphantly, "the American idea of adult education is to enable a man to find greater self-expression in his job." Certainly from the standpoint of humanism, of a fully rounded human existence, no comment on this business ideal is needed.

If it be claimed that Garrett does not speak responsibly for business, let us turn to another spokesman. Harvard University has taken the lead in giving its scholastic benediction to business, which it proclaims in stone over the entrance to its Business School, given to it by one of the richest men in America, to be "the oldest of the arts, the newest of the professions." Doctor Carver, professor of economics at Harvard, writes that in America "we may take a certain genuine satisfaction in the fact that we have no leisure class and are never likely to have one . . . though we do fall behind in those arts that are commonly cultivated by a leisure class . . . and must therefore content ourselves with such arts and graces as can be cultivated by busy people."

It is obvious, except to our "practical" business men, that there are many kinds of work, not only like the arts, needful for humanism, but like pure science, needful for business itself, that can be the fruit only of free time and of the absence of the need to turn the results into immediate cash. Yet here again we run counter to the new business ideals as promulgated by Professor Carver. "Generally with some exceptions," he writes, "the more useful the person the more he is paid," adding that "if a pupil shows a special aptitude for a kind of

work which is being overdone and poorly paid, to train the pupil for that work would be to condemn him to poverty, and no conscientious educator would care to do that. He must, in fact, train the pupil for a kind of work which is reasonably well paid." We need not add the recent dictum of another professor that the best standard of value of a piece of literary work is, after all, what it will fetch in the market, to see how the new leaven of the business ideals of profits and "service" are working in our academic minds. "The greater the service rendered, the greater is the personal income" (we may thus syllogize this idea), "therefore, we can estimate the service in terms of income, and (with no selfish philosophy, of course, only idealism) we must train our boys to make the largest incomes possible so that they may be sure they are rendering the greatest service to society." Q.E.D. Naturally the business men, whose badge of success is income, applaud such a theory, for it establishes indubitably that the owner of a cigar-store chain is infinitely more valuable to humanity than a Keats, even though from every past civilization the only things which remain of value to humanity are the creative works of those who were not business men; the business men of those days are as forgotten and indistinguishable as the leaves of yesteryears in Vallombrosa. Nothing could bring out more clearly than this barbarous syllogism and philosophy the difference between a humanistic and an economic civilization.

We may also note the changes occurring in the spirit of the professions as they conform themselves to the dominant note of a business man's civilization. That civilization, as we have said, cloaks its crudity under the name of service, yet even in the medical profession, perhaps as yet the least tainted, what is the service rendered as compared with a generation ago? Previous articles in HARPERS have already dealt with the seriousness of the crisis which is overtaking whole countrysides where no physician can now be found to labor for little pay, and the difficulties of finding medical service even in the cities at low cost or at moments inconvenient for the doctor, such as night calls. But if social service can be calculated in income, why not? If the theory is true, is it not a doctor's duty to leave a whole countryside to struggle without medical care if it can pay him only three or four thousand a year when in a city he can make twenty thousand if he gets in with the right people?

The same applies even more to the legal profession. The great prizes in this are for the most part now to be won only from the great business men and their corporations. A man may struggle in private practice for twenty years and not make in all that time what a more fortunate fellow may get as a retainer from a railroad or a water-power trust in one year. The business-civilization ideal of wealth as distinction would be a powerful influence tending to make the lawyer turn to business in any case, but now the new business philosophy of service measured by income makes that turning a social duty and salves the professional conscience.

Another profession, architecture, is beginning to feel the influence of the dominance of business. We have good architects in America—none better—but business does not give them their chance. Buildings are built to sell, and, being built on borrowed money on speculation, must be sold as quickly as possible. No chances can be taken on not pleasing the taste of the public. Moreover, in buildings every inch of space must be made to bring in rent. In every direction the architects' hands are tied. In many cases, partly from the spread of the business ideal of life and partly perhaps from despair, the architect has come to adopt the attitude expressed by one of the well-known ones recently. "As an architect," said Mr. Harvey W. Corbett, "I am really just a manufacturer of a commodity known as building space,

and my job, as I see it, is to make as attractive a package as is physically or æsthetically possible for me in view of all the conditions imposed." The consequence is that in architectural development America is falling so rapidly behind countries like Denmark, Holland, Germany, Austria, and even Russia, that after studying the new buildings, particularly the private houses in those countries, returning to America is almost like going back to the early Victorian age. I have not been to Russia, but the noted French architect Le Corbusier has recently gone there to investigate the new buildings and he reports of the Moscovites that "their works are a splendid outburst of lyrical poetry. They are poets in steel and glass." Much of the other new architecture I have seen and the marvellously interesting new bloom everywhere in the countries which I have named makes the American revamping of the English, Colonial, and Spanish types seem to belong to a past world. Plagiarism is a confession of sterility. Of all the new movement and the new method of living it entails, the American public is almost totally ignorant. The business man with an eye solely to an immediate profit, and the architect who considers himself a business man, "just a manufacturer of a commodity known as building space," are not likely to carry America far on any new road.

IV

Of the effect of a business man's civilization on the manners of society I have already written at length in "The Mucker Pose" in an earlier number of HARPERS and need not repeat what I said there. We may note, however, in passing, its effect on taste and habits. As for taste, a business civilization has as its core the idea of a money profit and of a material standard of values. Business men devote their tireless energy to creating new wants which their factories can supply. But two points must be noticed. One is that these wants which they create and foster must be material or there is no manufacturing to supply them and no profit to the business man. If people wish to tramp about the countryside remote from motor cars, or read a book or go to an art museum or simply engage in intelligent conversation at home, the manufacturer is being robbed of a possible profit. The constant endeavor of modern business is thus to get people to fill up their leisure with *things*, things that can be made and sold. Another point with regard even to these things is, that the great profits being in mass production, the wants so scientifically created by advertising are such as may be made to appeal to the masses. The spiritual or æsthetic value of the new wants is thus made subordinate to the possibility of their being filled in quantity.

Some of the problems touched upon, as well as others which might be brought out did space permit, are world problems. Their special importance in America is due to the curiously lopsided development which American civilization has increasingly followed. With the unique position that the business man has there attained to impress himself upon the entire cultural life of the people, the danger of certain business tendencies is enormously increased as compared with other countries where the ideals and activities of the business man meet with checks from many other influences, contemporary or historic, in the civilization as a whole. Even if the American business man were alive to the enormous social responsibility of the position in which he finds himself, it is not likely that he could assume the role in civilization which has hitherto been taken by a dozen or so classes of other types, that he could include within himself all the springs to thought and action and all the checks and balances which a variety of social types have hitherto supplied. For one thing, the prime factor in business life, the need for making a profit, is at war with the spirit of all the arts and with what should be the spirit of the

professions. Again the training in taking short views, the ignoring of the future results of action beyond a reasonable period of profit, the subordinating to the thought of profit all the larger social implications of action, are among the characteristics of business as business that do not augur well for placing the supreme control of the entire national civilization in business hands. The business man, moreover, is merely a purveyor and not a creator of the real values of a civilization. If under his dominance the business philosophy indicated above takes—as it seems to be doing—increasing hold upon the universities and the people at large, it may be asked how long shall we have any creators?

If the fundamental idea underlying our civilization, its *primum mobile*, is to become that of a business profit, it is inevitable that we shall decline in the scale of what has hitherto been considered civilization as contrasted with barbarism in the Greek sense. The Harvard professor may dismiss lightly the loss of the "arts and graces," but if his doctrine of the valuation of social service in terms of income is to become established, is it not much more likely to be lost than the "arts and graces"? What becomes of the artistic spirit, of the professional spirit, of the pure scientific spirit? The American is apt to think of his own country as in the van of at least everything material and of Europe as negligible; but even in the things considered distinctly American we are falling behind. That we have recently lost the speed record both on land and water with that special darling of America, the gasoline engine, may not be important, but it will surprise most Americans to know that both the fastest and average speed of all trains in England and some parts of the Continent are higher than in America. In aerial passenger routes America is far behind Europe, where the whole continent is covered with a network of aerial routes used as readily as we use trains at home.

I have touched at some length on architecture because it was not many years ago that we were hoping for a genuine renaissance that should have its beginning in America, and because we have, as I said, some absolutely first-class architects. The present renaissance, however, has come wholly in Europe from men like Le Corbusier in France, Gropius in Germany, or Oud in Holland, with their enthusiastic followers. We have had so little to do with it and are sharing so little in it that the most recent pronouncement on the new movement there dismisses the United States in three lines as offering nothing of theoretical value.

Civilizations rest fundamentally upon ideas. These ideas to be effective must be those of the dominant classes in the civilization. In making the business men the dominant and sole class in America, that country is making the experiment of resting her civilization on the ideas of business men. The other classes, dominated by the business one, are rapidly conforming in their philosophy of life to it. The business man, in so far as he is more than a business type, in so far as he is a fully rounded personality (as, I repeat, many of them now are), owes that development of himself outside his work to the work of other classes in the past or present. If those classes become merged in his own, whither can even he himself look for his extra-occupational development? If the leaders are not humanely rounded personalities, civilized rather than barbarian, what shall be expected of the mass which patterns itself upon them? In a word, can a great civilization be built up or maintained upon the philosophy of the counting-house and the sole basic idea of a profit?

WHISKY BELOW DECKS

THE ADVENTURES OF A RUM SCHOONER'S MATE

AS TOLD TO HOWARD LINN EDSALL

This narrative is set down by Mr. Edsall virtually as it was told to him by a seafaring man of his acquaintance. "I have neither deviated from the facts nor amended them," says Mr. Edsall. "I verified my impressions by reading the manuscript back to him, to blue-pencil any scraps of falsity in the slight emotional interpretation. He was satisfied with the texture of the story as you see it. It is his story." — *The Editors.*

MY SECOND mate's license did not help me secure a berth on either steam or sail during the winter of 1925, and toward the middle of the summer I was seriously considering taking a coastwise run as quartermaster on a tanker, just to get the feeling of some kind of a deck under me. And my money was getting low, too.

Then one day in a Philadelphia restaurant I encountered a shipping agent whom I knew. We exchanged troubles over our coffee, and it didn't take him long to realize that I wanted a job—any kind of a sea-going job.

"You've sailed, haven't you?" asked the shipping agent. "Jimmie, how'd you like to go mate of a schooner?"

"I'll go mate of anything, believe me. Where's she going, and what's the pay—not that I give a Continental."

"She's bound for Halifax, and the pay is to be a matter between yourself and the skipper. He wants—a certain kind of man. He's down at my office now. It's really lucky you came along, because in a way I'm scouting around for a man he can use."

I knew by Captain Jack Tanner's grip and his face that he was a man I could like. He had the steady blue eyes and teak-stained features I always want to see in command; and his medium-sized body really placed him in the heavyweight class, though he seemed twenty pounds lighter because of his quick movements. He'd look out for his mates and his crew, I thought.

"Hullo," he greeted. "Back later, Dix—maybe"—nodding to the agent. "Let's talk it over."

We went outside for our chat. Captain Tanner had sized me up and he wasted no time coming to the point. I was almost, but not quite, startled at his frankness.

"I'm sailing a rum-runner. Want to go mate with?" he said, naming a salary that appealed to my commercial instincts—if a sailor can be said to possess any. "I fly the British flag and don't go inside the twelve-mile limit in U. S. waters."

"When do I sign on?"

I thought I saw Captain Tanner smile ever so slightly, but he said nothing. We walked to the British consul's office, and twenty minutes later I was mate of the schooner *Pearl*, bound for Nassau, New Providence, in ballast—not Halifax, you'll notice, as he had told the agent.

"Now, then," suggested the skipper as we left the consul's office, "I'm a stranger in Philadelphia, so if you know where we can get something to drink, we'll have one to the success of our voyage, um?"

I led him to a place close by where we spent an hour and really became acquainted. The skipper had been in the

same outfit during the War, but not in the same company. That gave us something in common, and we got chummy enough—up to a certain point. But Captain Tanner gave me very few details about the coming voyage. For once I suspected the truth. He didn't know too much himself. He was merely taking orders.

The next morning found us on the train heading for a small inlet, town, or village on the Delaware between Wilmington and the Breakwater, where the schooner had been moored for several days. Captain Tanner, with myself as mate, and three Scandinavian sailors, one of them acting as cook, manned the *Pearl*. She was a small two-masted craft with a wide beam and a hull that had real sailing lines, though I could see she was old. But she had new sails and standing rigging and a shiny red engine, which had evidently just been installed. On the whole, I was more than satisfied. We had no topsails, and probably couldn't make over six knots in a quartering wind. Just the same, small as she was in contrast to the Lake boat I had last sailed in, I felt confidence in her.

The day following, as the sailors were doing a bit of running rigging work, Captain Tanner explained to me that he was expecting orders any day to sail north for a cargo. The schooner had been chartered for a year by New York whisky dealers, who were expecting a twenty-thousand-case cargo of Scotch from Europe to New York, I gathered.

"We may," he said, "meet the steamer somewhere outside of New York and transfer a thousand or twelve hundred to the schooner to deliver somewhere south along the coast." He looked at me for a moment appraisingly, noticing, I suppose, that I appeared to be rather caught by the mention of more whisky than even I could drink. "If you want to back out—"

"No," I interrupted him. "When I start anything I like to finish it!"

"Like the man I figured you," he said, and shook hands.

For two weeks we lay in that snug little harbor doing nothing except fabricate intriguing answers to the questions put us by inquisitive townies as to our business, destination, owners, and cargo. To most of them we explained that we were a fishing outfit just doing a bit of overhauling to our craft; but on sailing day, in answer to questions put me by a young couple who obviously wanted romance, I said we were bound for the East Indies on a pearling expedition. The awe and wonder of their faces showed their motion-picture experience. I've often wondered if they ever discuss the crew or the little stumpy-masted ship that sailed away from them for the distant Indies. At that, our voyage might not have appeared drab to them, though often I thought otherwise.

The business of clearing port having been attended to one afternoon, we slipped quietly down the Delaware that night and out to sea, our gasoline engine doing the work against a head wind and tide.

Once outside, I learned that the *Pearl* could sail pretty well. With the weather as fair as early summer should be, we passed Rum Row fourteen miles off New York two days later, and stopped alongside one big three-masted schooner from Nova Scotia. Captain Jack went aboard the Nova Scotian to see what information he could secure about our steamer, which we expected to meet somewhere in that vicinity. This was my first glimpse of a loaded rum-runner, and she was deep with six thousand cases of Scotch, Irish, and even American whisky.

In half an hour Captain Tanner returned with a dozen quarts of assorted liquor, a present from the master of the larger ship—just like that between them! The two had never met, and the thought came to me that there might be worse people in the world than these. I still think so.

We got away from there and headed east-by-north, where the skipper had been informed we should find our steamer

at a distance of ten or twelve miles. Captain Tanner used the engine to make it without tacks, the northerly wind being well on our port bow. After a run of about an hour and a half, a steamer loomed up dead ahead; she looked to be of about three thousand tons, and flew the Norwegian flag.

"That's her," stated Captain Tanner, studying her name through binoculars. "Take the wheel, Jimmie, and round her to, and let her drop down on the lee side. I'll stand by with the boys to catch a line and make her fast."

The steamer's lookout had sighted us and apparently knew our name and description, for he waved us a welcome. We made fast alongside the steamer. There was no trouble about this in the gentle swell. The captain went aboard the whisky warehouse. I waited, leaning on the cabin-hatch cover back aft. I was thinking that this voyage was just about the same as any other voyage.... Soon the captain called down for me.

I met the master of the steamer, a taciturn Norwegian of the bleached type, who spoke English comprehensibly and had an American grin when he wanted to use it. The supercargo was an American in the employ of the New York whisky men, and he and Captain Tanner were old acquaintances, having been together in the same game before, between Cuba and the United States.

I rather liked William Stromberg, the supercargo. He was an overgrown human being of over two hundred pounds, with a liking for exercising in the most comfortable chair obtainable, when he could find one large enough, and for drinking epic quantities of whisky and beer without losing poise. Before Prohibition, he said, he never drank. In those days, he couldn't get away with it, because he had been a bartender in places he called "damned regular." But now his quarters aboard the steamer contained about everything from bottled English ale to German kummel; and he drank a good deal.

Conspicuous were two beautiful 9-mm. German Luger automatics and a pump shotgun in a rack beside the washstand. There was also a Lewis machine gun on board for troublesome hi-jackers.

As we sampled a couple of bottles of ale, Bill informed the skipper that we were to load five hundred cases of Scotch at once, and anchor some fifteen miles inshore from the steamer, where one of the owners would come that night with two large speed boats and unload us. A private signal had been given William, who passed it on: Three winks with a flashlight; then the boat was to circle us, but not approach us before we answered, or board before calling Captain Tanner's name. We were prepared to protect ourselves, having aboard two .45 automatics, three .38 Colt Specials, and one automatic shotgun, which the skipper owned.

We started to load at once—the fastest bit of transferring cargo from one ship to another I had ever witnessed. The cases were lowered from the steamer in rope slings, twenty-five at a time, three slings being used—one man below to stow, and three on deck. The captain of the steamer kept a lookout from the bridge for Revenue Cutters. Our papers read from Delaware River ports to Nassau in ballast; and to be found taking a cargo of whisky off the port of New York would have been—unpardonable! But without incident, and in a very short time, we had finished and immediately pulled away from the steamer. We headed directly for the position agreed upon. The engine ran like a charm. Arriving, we dropped the hook to await the coming of night and the speed boats.

After having supper we sat about the deck smoking. The weather was ideal, with a calm sea, very little wind, and a clear sky. We were now in the very center of Rum Row, it seemed, as the lights of rum ships at anchor began to show all about us. Tranquil it was until about eight bells, second watch, when we heard the roar of powerful engines—boats coming out from New York for their loads.

Although we maintained a strict and expectant watch all night, none of the boats approached our vessel.

Shortly after breakfast the next morning, and my watch on deck, I made out a fast boat bearing directly on our position. I called the skipper, who immediately placed each man where he would be within easy reach of a gun in case of a holdup. When about two hundred yards from us, the boat slowed down. There was one man in her. He had trouble making the signal, but we were willing to believe one man, and threw him a line. After making fast, the man came aboard and introduced himself as Al Jimmer, in the employ of the Big Boss.

Al had been sent out to notify us that, owing to the activities of the Coast Guard the previous night, they had decided not to venture out then, as there were several decoy boats about, but would certainly come this night. We were instructed to be on the lookout for two large cabin cruisers, at about ten P.M. A few minutes later Al left us, roaring away in the general direction of New York, and leaving a turbulent tugboat wake behind him in the calm water.

Just after dinner the skipper made out a craft bearing down on us. After a look through the glasses, he discovered her to be the Revenue Cutter *Manhattan*. She came over and circled us at a distance of about one hundred yards. Her captain was on the bridge, glasses levelled, giving us a good checking over. There were some half a dozen rum ships in the neighborhood of us, and they too were subjected to the same scrutiny. That being that, we posted a lookout and went below for a couple of hours' sleep against a coming night of activity.

At ten o'clock that night two cabin cruisers arrived in charge of the Big Boss himself. He was a small man, with plenty of dignity. He didn't like to be watched too closely, and made me realize it when he came aboard. He had a very private talk with Captain Tanner in the cabin, and he did most of the talking. I remained on deck, peering at the crew of the two craft. In the feeble glow of our cabin ports I could see that each boat contained three men dressed like law-abiding citizens out for a pleasure trip; but each wore belt, holster, and pistol strapped outside his clothes, where the weapons could be drawn readily, and as readily taken off. Their obviousness to us was a warning that things did happen on a rum cruise. The men wore pistols while taking cargo.

Our five hundred cases were discharged with a rapidity suggesting both practice and haste. The men knew how to stow quickly, I could see. The Big Boss took the first boat, after telling Captain Tanner to return to the steamer and load again. The other boat allowed the first a five-minute start, then got under way.

"See you to-morrow night," yelled one of the men, and I wondered. They vanished in the night like the strange darkened craft seen during the War. We never saw them again.

The next day we made the steamer once more. This time we took twelve hundred cases—one thousand in the hold and the rest on deck. The work went a little slowly this time, I noticed. It was work, too. We had to trim the *Pearl*, and there wasn't too much freeboard when we were done. William, the big supercargo, came aboard with two large suitcases. He watched the stowing of the cargo. While the sailors and I were making things shipshape, he and Captain Tanner went aft and became very confidential for half an hour.

"Something in the wind," I thought to myself.

It was now growing dusk and time to be moving. As the skipper went below to start the engine, I helped to drag in our lines. We soon glided clear of the steamer.

Captain Tanner came on deck when the engine was running smoothly and gave the course due east. This was in the opposite direction to the one we were supposed to take. As I turned to him with a surprised look, he motioned me to

come below with him, leaving the wheel to one of the sailors. William was already there. Captain Tanner broke out a bottle of Black & White whisky, pulled the cork in professional style, and poured out three drinks.

"Success—in this!" he said. We drank it standing.

The skipper then reached under his bunk and brought out a box of good cigars (Havana-fragrant, and sans duty). He passed these around as though we three were grouped at an affair of importance. I perked up a little. After all, my salary was good, but so far this was just another voyage.

"Now, then, Jimmie," he began; "you're wondering why we're going due east and not west. I'll tell you."

I bit off the end of my cigar and settled myself on a camp stool. Mystified and eager I was, but I did not show it.

"This vessel owes me a thousand dollars to date. The owners owe Bill here a matter of two thousand, and there's a month's pay coming to you and the crew." Captain Tanner sipped his whisky. I knew what was coming. "Well, from bits of information I've had from Bill, there seems to be quite a wrangle ashore between the owners of the cargo, regarding division of expenses, chartering ships, speed boats, pay for crews, renting of trucks, oiling where it can be done, and so forth; and it looks very much to me as if they were trying to flim-flam somebody. So I have decided that if anybody is going to hold the bag, it won't be any man aboard this schooner.

"We now have a twenty-thousand-dollar cargo aboard, and it is my purpose to head for the Southern States and dispose of it. After that we'll run over to Nassau in ballast, just as our papers specify. Everyone will be paid off, plus transportation to the States.

"I will then send a cable to the Boss to come down to Nassau for a settlement. He can't lick me, and if he wants to shoot it out, I'd rather it would be in Nassau than New York.

"You understand, Jimmie, I take all responsibility. . . . What do you think of it?"

"Fair enough," I said. No one spoke for a moment.

"Well," said Captain Tanner, "is that all you have to say?"

"No."

"Spit it out!" said William, half humorously, half expecting opposition.

"Let's have another drink," said I. That settled it. The three of us joined in a laugh which was far more convincing than serious comment.

We went on deck then. The captain told the three sailors part of his decision to head south. They replied that as long as their pay was assured, they were satisfied. I always did like a Scandinavian crew, large or small.

The tinkling cabin clock sounded eight bells. My watch on deck until midnight. (We kept no strict sea watches here, and Bill did his trick as long as he was with us.) The others went below for a little game of stud poker, and I was left alone with the sea, the night, and my thoughts. It was one of those nights that set a man to thinking, and soothe him at the same time. Stars made little paths like twisty silver tape on the water, and the wake from our little propeller glowed and rustled astern, as the water splashed against the bow.

I had been in some queer places in my thirty-odd years of life. Suez, Singapore, the China Coast, Madagascar, Borneo, Thursday Island—all the places one can visit by joining ship after ship as I had done. I had seen several major engagements with the American Army in France, and endured my share of the discomforts some call adventures. But there was something new in this voyage. We were not pirating a cargo, exactly, but I felt that we were; and we might run into all sorts of scrapes. I'm a small man as men go, but I used to be a cocky one. I see things through. I rather hoped there would be something to see through, too. That was my thought during my watch on deck.

At eight bells the game broke up be-

low, and Captain Tanner came up to relieve me. He explained that he planned to have one of us where we could see that everything kept going well at all times—or at least until we were better acquainted with our three sailors under these new conditions. Captain Tanner was a shrewd man.

The next morning the captain told us that he had decided to run farther south about fifty miles offshore until we were off Charleston, and then head in to the twelve-mile limit and try to pick up a fisherman. In this way he figured on doing a bit of business.

There was no wind, and it was necessary to run the engine all that day and night. We were always lavish with gasoline, but the two huge tanks forward, with one drum quarter-filled, seemed enough. The next day, however, we had the wind on our port quarter and made fair time. This continued until sundown, when the wind died and we were forced to start the engine again.

Soon we struck the Gulf Stream, with the wind dead ahead and the current flowing northeast at about two miles an hour. Our engine was good for five knots in calm weather; but with the wind and the two-mile current against us, we barely made way to the southward, and this only by long tacks. Two dolphin we caught that day made a welcome addition to our chow, as food was not too plentiful aboard.

At night the wind shifted, and for two days we made good headway. We sighted several oil tankers going north, but kept well away from them. We were gradually running short of gas, I discovered after sounding the tanks one morning, and this worried the skipper, who figured our position and headed directly for Charleston Light Ship. This we picked up after a full twenty-one hours of sailing, but without seeing any small craft. The absence of these made Captain Tanner decide to wait until dusk, run close inshore, and send a man to land in the dory.

We all volunteered to go. Captain Tanner chose one of the sailors, gave him some money with instructions to locate someone who owned a gasoline launch, and get him to bring out fuel and supplies. In showing his confidence in the sailor—a confidence that was not mistaken—Captain Tanner simply displayed his good judgment and so far, I had noticed, he seldom went astray. This was just after dark, and when the sailor had pulled shoreward there was much speculation in my mind as to his chances of finding a safe landing place.

Shortly after daylight the watch sang out, "Small boat on port bow!"

Captain Tanner and I tumbled out, leaving Bill still asleep. Sure enough, there was a bobbing speck in the distance, bearing our way. We were happy men. Twenty minutes later a large knockabout motor boat came alongside and made fast. Our man was aboard with gasoline and food. Even Bill came on deck shortly and grinned with the rest of us.

The owner of the boat came aboard and talked to the skipper, while the sailors transferred the supplies. We were bothered to learn that our dory, which had been towed astern of the launch, had been lost.

"How?" asked Captain Tanner, very quietly, I saw, but his tone was nasty. It was the first time I had caught him angry, and I hoped the sailor had a good excuse.

"Rotten line," answered the sailor sorrowfully. "Was up forward talkin'. Didn't notice when she parted." That was a straight answer, and we were not too much worried over the loss—at that time. The skipper swore once or twice but made no other comment.

Our "ship chandler" presented his account and looked hopeful. The skipper winked at me.

"Want cash?" he asked the man.

"Cash, or . . ."

I laughed outright. We paid the man in whisky, and he considered it a really good deal.

We headed south under power until

noon, when a stiff breeze came up and allowed us to economize on gasoline. We made about seventy-five miles, according to Captain Tanner's morning star sights and his battered chronometer (I always doubted that thing. It was a Shipping Board chronometer-watch. But I had wound it every day at 5 P.M., GMT.) Then it was necessary to use the engine again. In the afternoon we were off Savannah, but not a fishing boat did we sight, nor small craft of any kind. This was becoming chronic. As our own dory was no longer with us, we could not send a man ashore as before.

After supper that night Captain Tanner, William, and I went over the situation. We had steward's stores for about two weeks, but little gasoline. We were still in the course of the Gulf Stream which, without power or wind, would carry us in a northerly direction nearly two miles an hour. If we went east to escape the stream, we should be too far offshore for our purpose; and if we headed inshore to get out of the current, we should be inside territorial waters of the United States; where we did not wish to be unless absolutely necessary. As usual, it was up to the skipper, and he knew it.

"We will stay well out and trust to luck, wind, and what gas we have," he decided. We agreed with him.

II

In the course of several days we saw many large steamers going north, but no small craft hove in sight. By this time our gasoline supply was exhausted once more, and I began to wonder if this affair was being managed or mismanaged, skipper or no. There was half a barrel of fresh water aboard. Unless we had rain . . .

We got it the following day, the kind of a shower that washes roaches out of woodwork. We rigged a big jib to catch all the water we could, and were in the best of spirits at getting drenched. Then we stripped and all hands came out for a fresh-water bath, with soap, too. Even to rum-runners comes rain. In this instance it filled two small barrels for us and gave us the pep that comes with a good bath. After that everyone felt too fit to nip at a glass of whisky.

A light breeze sprang up on our starboard, strengthened as the night wore on, and we made fair headway until dawn. Then came head winds, and the skipper insisted on short tacks that resulted in little progress but a lot of hard work. This became too much of a good thing after a day or two. It was broken by a fog. That word means a lot to me, but I don't call every mist a fog. When the mate of a small steamer cannot see the foc'sle head, it is thick; when he cannot see the fore cargo booms, it is very thick. And this was a fog.

At four o'clock in the morning came a yell from the watch that brought us on deck with a speed which would have tickled the mate of a square-rigger in the old days. We were just in time to see a large passenger steamer rush by us at a distance of not more than fifty feet, her whistle bellowing loud enough, it seemed, to wake all the Coast Guard and Revenue men from Barnegat to Sombrero Light. The *Pearl* rode the steamer's wash like a corked pint flask; we were intact but startled.

With the coming of day the fog lifted, but there was no real wind until the afternoon. At supper time our coal supply for the bogey gave out. We were forced to unpack some cases, stowing the contents in gunny sacks, and use the cases for firewood; so the breeze, though it meant travel for us, did not satisfy. In addition to our lack of coal, one of the water casks up forward had dribbled away into the bilges, and we were left with a very small quantity of water. There was plenty of whisky for stimulus, but—and this is tragedy—our tobacco was getting low!

The next morning at breakfast we discussed the possibility of stopping one of the large tank steamers. The skip-

per, knowing I had sailed in several of them, asked me if they were likely to have gasoline aboard. I told him that sometimes they carried a drum for the deck department and engine room.

"It's hell," exclaimed Captain Tanner in dry tones, "when a well-found schooner and six men can't sail south'ard where they want to go. Damned if I wouldn't like to paddle her." He swore again, once or twice.

I gave him a side glance.

"Um! and I did just right, Jimmie. We'll have a try at one of the tankers!"

That afternoon we sighted two tankers heading north. Captain Tanner gave me orders to hoist the British flag upside down to the foremast truck. I hesitated. This could be serious.

"What, we in distress with our cargo? There's people . . ." I started to stall, and tried to laugh. I was not too sure we really were in distress.

"Don't be funny!" said the skipper. I hoisted the flag.

We waited. Wait was all we did; the first steamer went by us at five hundred yards with never a sign. I cursed the War babies on her bridge and looked at the next tanker. She was close enough but, in spite of our waving, to say nothing of the International Signal of Distress, there was no response. These ships could not have missed seeing us, and our distress signal was tossed out by faint puffs so as to be clearly visible. What a hell of a day lookout those brass polishing mates kept! And then I remembered that tankers never stop—unless the main engines let go. They barely pause for loading or discharging. Money-makers.

This attempt at replenishing our supplies was no good, and Captain Tanner changed his mind. He called all hands aft to make known his intentions for the relief of our condition.

"We have enough grub for a couple of days yet—such as it is. We will stick it out for that length of time. If we don't pick up a fisherman or some small boats which will take a man ashore by that time, we'll build a boat or raft and put a man ashore with it. I know how you all feel about short rations and nothing to smoke"—I was listlessly chewing the bitter end of my last cigarette stub—"for the sailor's reason that I feel that way myself. You don't need to agree with me, but, we're into this thing too deep now not to make it go through, and I want you to give me a fair chance or—even better than that—to make it go through."

Bill looked bored and tired. The Scandinavians were restless.

"We will get everything needed, if I have to swim ashore myself and get it!"

I looked at him. Damn it, he wasn't a bad skipper! There was a sun-mirror light in his eyes. He had the strong jaw of a born scrapper with a slow temper, and he showed muscular power in every move. I envied the man, and knew I'd stand by, that being all I could do for him. I believed he would swim it, without even thinking of the sharks along this part of the coast.

"That's all, men!" Then, to me, "Jimmie, I'm going below for a little sleep. Call me in three hours."

When I called him three hours later, I had a pleasant surprise for him in the shape of a fifteen-knot fair wind. A schooner does not make her best time this way, but we were going south at a five-knot clip. This put Captain Tanner in a good humor, and all hands ate together, laughing and nudging over a very light meal.

The wind continued until we made nearly a hundred miles. Now the *Pearl* was off the coast of North Florida, and the captain decided to run in close enough that afternoon to pick up a lighthouse. Our charts would then show the nearest large cities along that part of the coast.

Late that day we sighted a gas boat headed our way. As he came in close we recognized him as our "ship chandler" from Charleston. He was on his way to Gun Cay for a cargo of beer. Since our last meeting he had heard all about our ship and cargo; and he told us

that our owners had been out in speed boats looking for us off Charleston. He had just enough gas and supplies to last him on his return trip, and all we could get from him was one package of cigarettes. In return for this, the skipper told him that we were going to Mobile—which we were not.

"Well," remarked Captain Tanner in cheery tones after the boat had departed, "let's have a cigarette, anyway." He passed them around.

It was now nearly dusk, so we headed her west-by-south, paring the wind to do it, to get closer inshore. About two hours later we picked up a light, the characteristics of which indicated we were some twenty-five miles from one of the winter resorts. Captain Tanner decided to go in closer to escape the Gulf Stream until daylight, and then to head far enough out to be safe from official notice.

"We will make some sort of a boat," he said, "and send William ashore."

I wondered at the time what sort of a boat he could possibly build with the materials at hand that would carry William's bulk. But Bill was a lot thinner now, and the skipper did not seem to be joking.

The night passed without incident. By daylight we were well offshore. Our breakfast on this day consisted of some very moldy oatmeal, which rustled very faintly but perceptibly before it was cooked; no milk, no trace of sugar, damned little water. The oatmeal was the last bit of grub aboard the *Pearl*.

We put one of our men to the task of trying to catch fish, using a piece of white collar affixed to the shank of a hook for bait. Spanish mackerel will strike at this bait when the line is drawn through the water. The rest of us then turned to the building of our boat.

Our empty gasoline drum, of about fifty gallons capacity, was sawed through the two ends and one side, by means of a hack saw; the drum was then opened out like a clamshell, and pieces of ripped-up life preservers were fastened all around the edges of this craft. A section of board jammed across the inside of one half of the drum formed a seat. We sacrificed our boat hook, which was about sixteen feet long, by cutting it in two; to the end of each piece we fastened a five-gallon gasoline tin, and lashed the other ends of the poles at each end of the drum on the side carrying the seat. This made a decent outrigger.

We launched her then, and Captain Tanner went over the side to try her out. The boat held his weight, though the freeboard was nothing to speak of. More cork was fixed to her sides, and this cork gave her buoyancy and a little steadiness.

"There's your boat, William, what do you think of her?" asked the captain, drawling his words, and clearing his throat a little.

"I'll tell you better to-night," William answered briefly. His opinion had already been formed; that was easy to see. He didn't even care to try her then.

By this time a light east wind had come up. We began to edge the *Pearl* close to shore so as to be ready at dark to send Bill off. This, however, was not to be that night. By dark the wind had increased to a gale, and we were forced to drop the hook in twelve fathoms to keep from being driven ashore. It was out of the question to send our man in now, and we settled down to ride it out.

By morning the wind had moderated and shifted. We hauled in the anchor and headed to sea again, with one mainsail and a jib. All of us felt as though the bottom had dropped from our stomachs, but no one whimpered. We did remark the lack of tobacco, which all missed more than food. During the entire day we tried to catch fish—a pastime productive of one small shark, weighing three pounds. No one aboard had ever tried shark eating before, but we thought we'd chance it. The shark was cooked in some old grease. Then we ate it. No one called for more, and it was generally admitted that at the

very least, the flavor was worse than the smell of old storm oil.

III

After the longest day of the trip, night came at last, by which time, with numerous tacks and hauling sheets, we had worked inshore until we could see the beach plainly in the moonlight. William was ready. We dropped our barrel-boat over the side, securing it with a line, and Captain Tanner told Bill to go to it.

William got in, and the boat simply went down under him. It took us ten minutes to get Bill aboard again.

"Jimmie, can you go ashore in that thing?" asked Captain Tanner, turning to me after William had departed cabinward, swearing and trying to laugh.

"Yes—I think so," I answered. "Wait a couple of minutes until I get some decent clothes on."

A little later I had changed and was over the side paddling slowly away from the schooner. She looked good to me, too! I used a shortened oar and spun around three times before realizing that this craft had to be sculled—very ticklish work. Little plops of water nipped at the edges of the drum, and I perspired a lot. Captain Tanner had given Bill instructions, and I knew what was expected of me; also, the place where the schooner would anchor until my return. My success was really important in this matter, I knew.

The sea was just the least bit choppy. Several times my craft came near going under in a sea barely visible to the unaided eye. I made headway however until, glancing behind me, I beheld the first of the breakers—barely in time. By a quick shifting of my weight, I managed to ride this one. But the next one made a better job of it and caught me just at its crest. There was a small "swoosh" and there I was in the water, fully dressed. All that remained visible of the boat was one five-gallon tin, which had partly come adrift from its lashing.

I was now about three hundred yards from shore.

"I can make it, all right," I thought to myself, "by just taking things cool and easy-like." I did not want to discard any clothing until really necessary, but my shoes bothered me. I started swimming steadily shoreward, using the easy breast stroke. Like a flash, the thought came to me of possible sharks!

It is said that great incentive drives a man to break records: I had that incentive. There aren't any records to my credit, and I regret that I wasn't timed that night. I splashed with the racing overhand stroke; I kicked furiously until the water was frothy enough to put a scare into any fish; it scared me. I clawed with cupped hands, and swallowed salt water as I gasped for breath. Finally I dragged myself out of the water on the last sand bar, and waded up the beach, completely winded and a little sick. Here I rested for several minutes, but the mosquitoes were so numerous that I was forced to keep moving.

My plan was to strike south along the beach until I met some sort of road or trail that would lead me eventually to the Dixie Highway which, I knew, ran more or less parallel with the shoreline here. The night was very warm, and I had not gone more than a couple of miles before my clothes felt partly dry, though heavy and sticky. Before long I came across a large piece of driftwood that had been washed up on the beach. I seated myself on this and proceeded to heave up the salt water I had swallowed, also my shark dinner. After this I felt much better, but rather light-headed.

I continued along the beach until at last I glimpsed a narrow roadway leading inland; this I followed for about a mile, when lights began to wink ahead. Lights mean people, and people mean water, and tobacco, and something to eat, and a place to . . . but I couldn't think of that. I walked faster.

Five minutes later I stood at a junc-

ture of the Dixie Highway. On one side of the road was an oil station, and on the other, a small lunch room. There was no attraction in the oil station. I entered the lunch room and ordered a quart of milk and a package of cigarettes, and swallowed a little milk before lighting a smoke. I decided to go rather carefully in the matter of food after the length of time I had wrestled with the shark; and I felt that I didn't have much time, either.

After learning from the lunch-room attendant that I still had some thirty miles to cover, I crossed the road to the oil station. A few minutes later I saw a motor car stop for gas. While the gasoline tank was being filled, I approached the driver, requesting a lift. I explained to him that I had been out in a gas boat which had capsized and gone down in a rough sea. There being no trains at this time of night, I was forced to beg a lift from someone.

"Jump in," he rejoined, looking me over. "Glad to have company. Been riding alone since early morning."

As we started off, I argued with myself that I had, in a way, told the truth about being swamped in a gas boat. Certainly I was out in a boat. The craft was swamped; wasn't the boat made from a gas drum? All right—gas boat! I learned from the motorist that he believed me, right enough, but thought I needed a shave.

He was bound for Miami, he said. In an hour he dropped me at my destination, telling me as he did so that it was about eleven o'clock. I had my doubts about being able to find anyone to go out that night. Yes, the thoughts of getting to a hotel and sleeping for one night appealed to me, believe it! However, as my mind turned to the picture of the others aboard the *Pearl*, I was moved to action. I walked down the street until I came to a near-beer saloon, and entered. The night, as I said before, was warm; I was carrying my coat on my arm, and my once-white shirt was open at the neck. I was sufficiently myself, I suppose, to pass a barroom inspection.

As I approached the bar, the barkeeper gave me a rather thorough sizing up.

"What'll you have?" he asked.

"Beer."

"Good stuff—or near beer?" he wanted to know. It was late, and the bar was deserted, probably as a blind.

"Good stuff," I answered, thinking I was in right.

Soon our conversation drifted around to where I wanted it, and I stated my business.

"My boss is just the man you want to see," he answered. "I'll call him up."

Fifteen minutes later a hungry-looking man arrived, snapped some questions at me, and yawned finally.

"I'm in the market, all right, but I couldn't think of going out at this time of night." He looked at me expectantly. I thought rapidly.

"You can have the first hundred cases for eighteen dollars," I replied. "Eighteen dollars a case."

"Yeah? Well—all right."

We went outside and climbed into his car. His motor boat lay on the outskirts of the city and was always ready, he told me. On the way out we stopped at the house of the saloon keeper's business partner. This man's wife argued with him quite a while before he joined us, bringing two pistols which he placed in a pocket in the front seat of the car, once we were under way.

After this we went to a small grocery and residence combined where these men were known. The storekeeper did not at first want to open up, but did so when I remarked that I had about a hundred dollars to spend with him.

"Now," I said to the storekeeper when we were inside, "if you'll allow me, I will just pile what I want on the deck here, while you check it off and mark the prices. We'll save time that way."

To the provisions I added a five-gallon bottle of water and stowed the lot in the car. We lost no time in getting the stores aboard the boat, and at exactly

three o'clock in the morning we were headed out to sea.

After going due west for about twelve miles, we changed our course to due north and opened her up. We could get a good bearing from the lighthouse on the coast. As we drew near to where the schooner was supposed to be, we started to cross back and forth within a two-mile radius, keeping at the same time a general northerly course. I fully expected to pick up the schooner's anchor lights before dawn.

It was daybreak, however, when I sighted the schooner. No lights were showing, and she presented a dejected appearance with her distress signal in place, drooping in the dead calm. Captain Tanner had quit, then. She had evidently been anchored all night so as not to drift north with the current. I forgot to wave her the signal, and saw Captain Jack come out of the cabin with his shotgun on his arm.

When they did recognize me there was a yell from all hands and a general scramble to help make fast. No one had slept during the night, being half-starved (so they thought!), thirsty, and out of tobacco. The sole topic of conversation had been what luck I was having ashore. We made fast to the schooner, and the first things I passed over were a carton of cigarettes and the five gallons of water. Then came the stores and a canned breakfast for all hands.

Captain Jack Tanner made arrangements with the men from shore to take William to town with them.

"William is a good man at this business," the skipper explained to me, "and he has told me a lot about people of his acquaintance along this coast, who will take our whole cargo—for more than eighteen dollars a case!" That might have been a jab at me, but I ignored it.

All of us were pleased that William was going. He was so large and unwieldy that he seemed always in the way aboard the schooner where deck space was limited. Also, in the event of another starvation period (the skipper having decided to keep going), the grub would last longer with Bill out of the way.

We landed a hundred and fifty cases in the speed boat, and the men headed shoreward. They were well down by the bow, although William was in the cockpit aft; he was under strict orders not to move about.

That was the last we saw of them for ten days. We were fighting mad and hungry when they did arrive. William's tale, told with a hesitation that proved him not an accomplished liar in some matters, described his questioning by prohibition agents, telegraphic communication with New York men, and the general watchfulness of Revenue men.

We let them have another hundred cases, and Captain Tanner instructed William to go to another large city and see what could be done there.

"Crooked!" exclaimed the skipper to me after the boat left. "He wired the Boss and wants the money due him for spilling what we're up to! He thinks he'll go his way with the first two thousand; but I'm damned if anybody gets anything before this whole cargo is converted to cash!"

The next day we were at our anchorage, and that night William and two local men came out for a hundred cases. We asked a stiffer price than William had agreed upon, but got it. One of the men told Captain Tanner that he had been ordered by the cutter captain to collect one hundred dollars for allowing the schooner to operate.

"Tell him to try and get it!" Captain Tanner replied, and barely checked himself from throwing the man over the side. Then, to William in a whisper:

"Beat it for Tampa, and don't let anyone know where we're going. We'll show up in about ten days. There's something going on about the rest of our cargo."

We made the trip to the west coast of Florida without especial incident, meeting a large motor craft coming out bound for Havana. He came alongside and proved himself friendly to us by in-

forming Captain Tanner that things were happening in the city.

It seemed that, as a result of William's communication with New York, the interested men from there had arrived in Tampa, loaded for bear, and carrying an arsenal of guns and ammunition. They had chartered a speedy craft with the intention of meeting us ahead of anyone else, after which meeting there was some reason to believe no one else would meet us. But they were spotted by the local police and promptly arrested. The local police chief did not know whether he had arrested a gang of train robbers, gunmen, dope- or Chinese-runners, or rum-pirates.

In order to obtain their release, the men were obliged to tell the whole story. And then the editor of at least one small newspaper printed a really good story with headlines: HI-JACKERS ATTEMPT TO PIRATE HI-JACKERS. POLICE ARREST WOULD-BE HI-JACKERS.

There was also an item which we read with interest, in a copy of a newspaper which our friend gave us. This told that a strict lookout was being kept by the Coast Guard, Revenue Cutters, and all other craft likely to be informed.

We thanked him and headed out to sea. Our decision to visit Tampa was modified, and we set our course for New Orleans, reaching the southern Rum Row in five days. Captain Tanner was well known here and decided to finish the trip by transferring his cargo to one of the larger schooners.

This we did and, after getting what few things we were in need of, we headed for Nassau. Captain Tanner paid off all hands in the British port.

That evening I caught one of the Munson Liners to New York. I had exactly eight hundred dollars in my pocket and a certain hunger to put rum-running on the list of things I would not bother with again. I knew the skipper was going to wait until the owners arrived at Nassau, but I really had no desire to be present at their meeting.

THE CRUMBLING COLOR LINE

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE late Walter H. Page delighted to tell the story of one of his home-comings in North Carolina. Members of the university faculty and old friends gave him a great welcome at the club. Soon—as was inevitable, he said—the talk turned upon the eternal negro problem. He told them how he felt; they in turn agreed with him in large degree that the attitude of the dominant whites was far from what it ought to be. He was delighted by their liberalism and their frankness. As the gathering broke up he mischievously said to them, "Friends, this has been a fine evening. I've been delighted with what you have said. To-morrow I'll write it all up and print it in the papers." There was, he declared, a wild rush for the door to block his egress. "Page," they roared, "you shan't leave this room alive unless you promise not to reveal one word we've said here to-night."

He promised, of course, delighted with the success of his joke. Afterwards he told the story to illustrate how the fear of social pressure and criticism in the South was keeping padlocked the mouths of men whose minds had emancipated themselves from the prejudice, the superstition, the ignorance, and the conventionality of the controlling white sentiment. He himself, living North, put his views into a book called *Nicholas Worth*, propaganda in the form of a novel; and, though he did not put his name to it, it brought down a storm of criticism upon his head.

Had Mr. Page lived until to-day he would have seen the breaking down of taboos, the beginning of outspokenness, frankness, and fearlessness, yes, even a crumbling of the old color line which would have gratified his soul. More than that, he would have found that the new leadership was nowhere more developed than in the very university town of Chapel Hill in which he laid the incident narrated above. He would find that the University of North Carolina had not only called a Northern man to its Presidency, but that, long before he answered the call, it had begun to realize its responsibility as a commonwealth builder and a community leader of both whites and blacks. It is not due to the Northern man's influence but to that of Southerners that the *Journal of Social Forces* is being published in Chapel Hill with the sole purpose of dealing with social questions from an absolutely scientific and detached point of view and has been sustained in the face of much bitter criticism. He would learn that the University had shattered all precedents by asking two colored men to speak from its platform to the student body, and he would hear that a really remarkable editorial article of approval and commendation of one of these speakers appeared in the undergraduate newspaper.

Mr. Page would also discover that the University of North Carolina is issuing some extremely valuable studies of the negro, such as one of the chain-gang system which is a terrible indictment of this method of treating both white and black criminals. More than that, the larger part of the work done by the University's Institute of Social Research has to do with negro life in its various as-

pects. This Institute has set a new standard for graduate work in Southern institutions, and its graduates take out into the South a new spirit and new technical qualifications. They are liberal, scientific, and unafraid. One of the University's brilliant instructors, Paul Green, author of a Pulitzer Prize play dealing with the negro of education, has written in the preface to a book, *Congaree Sketches*, published by the University, that "the United States is awakening to the fact that the destiny of the negro is its destiny, that black and white are inextricably mingled in blood and bone and intention, and that as the white man fails the negro fails and as the negro rises the white man rises." "I can see," Mr. Green went on, "no sense in the talk of segregation, of back to Africa and the like, which many of our politicians and faddistic souls enjoy." Against the movement "among some of the negroes themselves for a separate racial culture and tradition, exemplified, say, in their upturning of native African art," Mr. Green recorded himself. He recognized that this drift of the negro comes from the historical mind and method at work and declared it "is good for what it is, but not for autonymity of the race as such. *That can never be and we might as well recognize it.** What can be and will be is a larger humanizing of the whole, an Americanizing, if you will. And it is most significant, I think, that black and white and a thousand unconscious forces are at work for this larger humanity." Finally he writes of the blacks that "they are a magnificent people and nothing can keep them down."

How Mr. Page must rejoice at those words if he is aware of them! How he must be amused when he recalls that in 1903 Professor John Spencer Bassett was practically driven out of Trinity College and the South because he dared to write that Booker T. Washington was the greatest Southerner next to Robert E. Lee. The storm those words aroused shook this same State of North Carolina and the whole South; the trustees upheld Professor Bassett but he sought sanctuary in the North. To-day the opinions of Paul Green so remarkable for their generosity, their vision, and their recognition that both races must advance with mutual respect and on the same plane have passed without public challenge. This fact alone measures the progress of the South toward intellectual freedom. When to this is added the friendly and co-operative attitude of leading white men of Chapel Hill toward the remarkable negro community in Durham, there is surely some ground for the optimism of one North Carolinian who declares that we shall yet live to see negroes admitted to hear lectures in the University for whose support colored North Carolinians are taxed precisely the same as white. Another Walter Page would create no such commotion to-day if he threatened to let the world know how the best of the Southern college faculties think.

For North Carolina is not entirely an exception. There are numerous other colleges which are awakening to their moral responsibility toward the negro. To-day in almost every town in the South where there are both a white and a colored college there is a joint student forum, meeting under student direction once or twice a month, for mutual acquaintance and the discussion of undergraduate problems, volunteer student activities, and religious movements, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., etc. As to all this there comes this note from a Southern authority: "Occasionally they have difficulty in finding a white church where they can meet and in some instances the faculties of white schools have looked with misgiving on the experiment. On the whole, however, the forums have met with favor among thoughtful people who have studied their work. The attitudes of many white students have undergone revolutionary changes. Officially the Volunteer Student Movements in the

*My Italics.—O. G. V.

South are becoming increasingly interracial, both regional and national."

II

The truth is that the races are coming together; that the points of helpful contact are steadily increasing and, above all that, the whites are really getting to know the blacks, especially the educated ones. Nothing was ever more mistaken than the Southerners' familiar boast to the Northerner: "We know the negro. We have lived with him—you have not and cannot know him." As a president of the Mississippi Historical Association, Alfred Holt Stone, once declared, there are at least twenty negro problems in the South, and competence in passing upon them does not derive from living in one place or one State, or from merely coming into contact with the street loafer, the dull, illiterate, and uncouth plantation-hand, or the untrained and often morally unfortified domestic servant. When the Atlanta riots occurred in September, 1906, the most damning fact brought out was that there was no contact between the leaders of the races; that both lived side by side in positions extremely trying and difficult for both races. Yet they had no joint steering committee, no clearing house, no consultation upon their joint problems of adjustment in a rapidly expanding city where the closest contacts are between the lowest and most criminal of both races.

Out of that situation grew a temporary interracial committee to tide things over and prevent further bloodshed. Out of the general situation has come a most admirable interracial movement throughout the South, actuated by that very humanitarianism for which Mr. Green pleads, due to the recognition that both races must work out their destinies jointly, and that the idea that they can each live together and yet be entirely distinct and separate, as if each were in a glass house, is utterly absurd and contrary to all human experience and history. It is the plainest of facts that the South can progress only if the two races dwell together in harmony and good will; that the attempt of one to dominate the other and deprive it of its civic and human rights, can only breed strife, bitter ill-will, and antagonism that cost heavily in commercial values and far more in moral ones. It took the enormous migration out of the South during the war years to shake the complacency of many Southerners, and to create doubts as to whether they were really solving their problems. They had been boasting that they had taught the negro his place; that they had made him know where he was best off, and that that was in the South. And then they saw hundreds of thousands of negroes take the first trains for the North the minute the opportunity offered, some of them leaving their farm utensils and furniture standing in their abandoned homesteads in their haste.

Overnight there was a marked change in the attitude of the Southern press, particularly when some editors noted, as in Georgia, that the exodus was the heaviest from those counties in which there had been the most lynchings. Thereupon the press began to denounce lynching as never before. Since then the Southern press has discovered the negro in other ways as well. Not only has it found that the colored man must be made content to stay in the South, but it has suddenly awakened to the fact that the educated negro may have a real value after all, although the editors had scorned some of us Northern journalists twenty-five years ago when we prophesied that this would come to pass. So it is possible to perceive a much greater editorial sensitiveness to any event which might tend to deprive the South of more of the most docile and the cheapest labor in the United States. Moreover, the counting-rooms have suddenly discovered that a negro's pennies are as worth-while as a white

man's, that colored circulation counts about as well with most advertisers as white. So we have the original spectacle of white newspapers encouraging equality in print by establishing departments of news of, by, and for negroes.

Not, however, without some wriggling and some amusing subterfuges. Nothing could be more comic than the colored people's pages in the Macon, Ga., *News*. If you did not know that it is never good form in the South to address a negro as "Mr." or a negress as "Mrs." (though Professor, Doctor, Reverend, and Lawyer Smith are entirely permissible) you would imagine as you glanced over these pages that the city of Macon contains as large and flourishing a Creole colony as New Orleans. For behold pages of such social items as these: "Madame Minnie Allen spent Monday in Macon visiting her aunt, Mme. Elisabeth Smith." "Mlle. Agnes J. Jefferson is gaining rapid strength to the delight of her many friends." Or you will find gossip like this: "There will be a box-supper at New Zion Church Monday night. A short program will precede the supper." "Among those present," it appears, will be Mme. Ethel Coates, Mme. Phorner, Mme. Lillie McClemmons, Mme. Essie Belt, Mme. Sarah Smasher, Mme. Nonie Shoats, Mme. Ollie Strough, Mme. Alberta Sapperton, Mme. Mabel Channel, etc., etc.! The Macon *Telegraph* has the courage of its convictions. It dares to face a hypothetical public antagonism by running a special imprint for its negro subscribers in which it actually refers to them as Mr. Jones and Mrs. Robinson. But it marks this dangerous edition with two stars on the front page. It is never sold on the streets, and many white persons are unaware that the financial page they read is supplanted in another edition by negro news with complete titular social equality. The owner rejoices that five thousand of his thirty thousand readers are black because that wins him what are known as national advertisers. Of such is the kingdom of race fustian!

The interracial movement already referred to, the Commission on Interracial Co-operation, has for ten years been working for better and more understanding relations between the two races in order, to quote one of its officials, "to create at least a minority who believe that if a man is intelligent and reliable he ought to be dealt with as such even though he may have had slave ancestors who were yellow, black, or brown; who believe that democracy demands that every man should have a chance to express himself regarding those things that concern life; who believe that Christianity teaches that persons are of supreme value and never to be despised or used as ends for the convenience of others." In eleven Southern States important white men and women now come together with the leading negroes of both sexes to talk freely about mob murder, legal injustice, Jim-Crowing, discrimination in industry, education, etc., and when occasion arises they stir public opinion to protest, or seek quietly to eradicate conditions that are insufferable. Best of all, each group learns to know the other's point of view, and in consequence of their unselfish co-operation they exercise an influence far beyond their numbers. The movement is but at its inception, but it is a magnificent beginning in bridging the gulf which has heretofore separated the races.

III

The negro exodus, the success of the white women in winning the ballot, and the emotions aroused in the War toward all soldiers, black or white, had each their part in launching the interracial movement. Two years after the Armistice, one hundred white women, leaders in church and civic organizations, came together in Memphis, headed by the wife of ex-Governor Bickett, of North Carolina, Miss Belle Bennett,

daughter of a Confederate general, and other notables. Prior to this assembly, three white women had been sent to a meeting of the National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs to discover if there really were intelligent negro women, and if so what they were thinking about Southern conditions. These venturers across the color line found much that moved them so deeply that a half a dozen negro women were asked to meet this committee of a hundred and to tell frankly what they thought of life as it affected them, how it felt to be a negress in the South, just when the white-hot irons of prejudice and caste were applied to them, and how much they seared. Three negro mothers stood up without fear, or servility, or truckling. They told the exact truth, but they told it movingly, and dramatically, and with entire self-control. That truth, writes one who was there, "did not contribute to white self-satisfaction." But a hundred fine white Southern women learned a lot about the negro problem and, out of their fineness, faced the facts, disagreeable as they were.

First of all they issued an appeal to the South in which they declared that Southern white women protest against longer being used as an excuse for lynching—"We, the women's committee of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, are overwhelmed with a deep sense of humiliation that this hideous crime is heralded abroad as the only means available to men for the protection of womanhood."—"We further denounce lynching as 'the most flagrant violation of the Constitution of our great nation,' and the members of mobs as 'the greatest of law-violators'"; and what they said has been repeated with similarly uncompromising vigor by the State committees in eleven Southern States, and Oklahoma. These statements astounded Southern men because they came from their own womenkind. Together with the much disliked Dyer Lynching Bill in Congress, which so nearly became a law, they focussed public attention upon the greatest disgrace to America as it had never before been focussed in the South, hitherto all too ready to think that protests against lynching were merely a symptom of Northern ignorance or ill will.

Out of this protest, and that first conference at Memphis, has come meeting after meeting of intelligent colored and white women. Contacts that it seemed impossible ever to establish have come to pass easily and naturally. To-day there are Southern white women's organizations comprising one and one-half million women who have laid aside their belief that the South knew the negro and his problem, and are to-day "seriously studying negro literature and the facts about negro life, and are eager to know intelligent negro personalities and to improve the conditions of the negroes in their communities." Thanks to this interracial movement, nearly one hundred colleges in the South are offering courses in race relations. In some of the State teachers' colleges courses are being devised which would prepare white teachers in elementary schools to instruct their white children in fair play and tolerance toward negroes. Prizes are being offered in high schools for the best essays on race relations; two years ago the essays of the entire senior class of the Florence, South Carolina, high school were published. This year it is expected that there will be submitted by students some six thousand papers on "America's Tenth Man." All the summer schools in North Carolina have been asked to furnish lectures on race relations and the building of a better spirit between the races. The largest of these summer schools has promised a course for next summer.

As a result of the work of the various women's organizations which are cooperating with the Commission, there are meetings between the races on the finest basis of friendship and good will, one that does not violate anybody's

self-respect. Yes—tell it not in Gath—at these meetings they do not call the negroes by their first names, nor dub them madam or mademoiselle; the Mrs. and Miss slip out with increasing ease and frequency, and no one has noticed any change in the manners of the recipients of this courtesy. There is social equality—the social equality of good manners, good will, friendliness, and mutual respect. It was this that led members of one of the most respected religious organizations of white women in Tennessee to entertain a colored speaker they had invited to address them. They gave him a special luncheon at which the same courtesy was shown to him as to the white speakers. Colored delegates to such gatherings as the National Council of Social Workers in Memphis, and the Louisiana State Conference of that organization held in New Orleans, report that their reception was entirely without discrimination of any kind. It is highly significant that the Southern white women are easier to liberalize in these matters than the men; for it was the women of the Civil War days who were the bitterest in defeat, the slowest to accept the inevitable, and they are still foremost in over-sentimentalizing the Confederacy and its leaders. This is perhaps the most astounding change in the Southern situation, and the most hopeful.

Yet Southern men are not lagging. Take the last Presidential election. It has long been customary to drag the negro into every election in the South; in the dearth of issues and the lack of two opposing parties, demagogues have constantly ridden into office by outdoing one another in abuse of the dark race. So, the anti-Smith movement in the South did not hesitate to circulate stories that he was a "nigger-lover" and had appointed many to office. Indeed, a picture of a colored civil service commissioner dictating to his white stenographer was widely reprinted. But for the first time there was an emphatic protest. Forty-five of the leading white educators, clergymen, editors, lawyers, and business men, together with eight Southern college presidents and a sprinkling of prominent women, denounced "the injection of the race question into the present political campaign," these race appeals being "both irrelevant and dangerous." It was their hope that no Southerner would "allow them to inflame his mind with antagonism toward our negro neighbors, who too long have been pawns in the game of politics." "Any attempt," they added, "to influence men and women with an issue so untimely is unworthy of the white man, and unjust to all. If taken seriously, it is the sowing of dragons' teeth, of which future generations must reap the harvest."

One such manifesto will not, of course, take the negro out of the South's politics, but this one is epoch-making and affords fresh proof that men who have felt thus for years are also discovering that the atmosphere has changed, and that they may express now sentiments which they have bottled up for years. Nor must the many outspoken Southern editors, who have long stood up for justice and fair play, be overlooked. There are Julia and Julian Harris, in Columbus, Georgia; there is Gerald W. Johnson, of the Baltimore *Sun;* there are Robert Lathan of the Asheville, North Carolina, *Citizen*, and Roland Beasley, of the Monroe, North Carolina, *Journal;* there are R. Carlton Wright, lately of the Columbia, South Carolina, *Record*, and F. S. Harmon, the fearless and outspoken editor of the Hattiesburg, Mississippi, *American*, and Desha Breckinridge of the Lexington, Kentucky, *Herald*, and numerous others. The honor roll is long, and it comprises some of the finest and most untrammeled spirits in journalism to-day. They are awake to the new order, and they are speaking out for it bravely.

As for individual instances of violation of taboos, there are endless cases which could be cited. A colored bishop of the

A. M. E. Zion Church reported to the Interracial Conference that he had been asked by a white Southerner educated at Emory College and the Richmond Union Theological Seminary to assign him to a colored congregation. Others have occasionally preached to negro flocks; this was the bishop's first application from a white man for a permanent charge. A descendant of one of the most distinguished Southern families has just taken service with an organization largely concerned with negro education and he has fitted himself by free and friendly intercourse with negroes he has come to know and to like, as well as by study at famous universities. His response to threats that he might hear from the K. K. K. in his home town has not prevented his taking service in that very place. I have before me the case of a Southern girl who was told by members of her family that she would risk personal violence from them if she taught negroes. She is teaching them to-day, but under another flag. Another case is that of a white girl teacher in Georgia who was asked to resign because she addressed her negro friends as Mr. and Mrs. She did so and is now teaching in a colored school in Alabama —the number of Southern white teachers of colored youth steadily increases. Still another case is that of a white teacher in a white school, who in his spare time is studying under a negro professor because the latter has so much knowledge to give him.

A young citizen of Georgia, "pure Confederate on both sides" and bearing the names of two distinguished generals, enjoyed a year at a Northern university with a Chinese in a room on one side of him and a colored man on the other. He found that he had not the slightest difficulty in meeting both his neighbors on terms of equality and he enjoyed his contacts with them. Amusing is the story of a "one hundred per cent blue-blooded son of Dixie" who on his arrival in New York noticed several negroes at a table in a cafeteria. "Taking his chicken pot-pie in hand, he deliberately sat himself down beside the blackest fellow he could find, only to discover that neither his appetite nor his character was ruined by this breach of Southern etiquette." In this, and endless similar cases, we are simply seeing a youthful determination to defy at the first opportunity caste restrictions as to which the youth of to-day were never consulted, which grew out of conditions about which they know nothing and care less. Like their fellows elsewhere in this country, they are distinguished by a desire "to be shown," to accept nothing on faith.

The National Christian Student Conference has steadfastly refused to draw the color line. At its Indianapolis conference a few years ago it defied the K. K. K. and refused to Jim Crow its negro members, just as at a previous Des Moines convention it defeated the efforts of the hotel keepers to exclude the negro delegates. To the Milwaukee convention, in 1927, there traveled in the same Pullman cars and the same diners six Southern State delegations of negroes and whites even below Mason and Dixon's line "in the most pleasant fellowship." The published picture of the thirty Virginia delegates shows a strikingly fine group of young whites who have decided that racial taboos are incompatible with their conception of a Christian mode of life. Christian student groups of both sexes and races constantly fraternize in Southern States where Y. W. C. A. gatherings are on record as refusing to permit any segregation. It would be possible to record here many other striking instances of individual refusal to stay on one side of the color line, of the coming together of young whites and blacks normally, naturally, without the slightest thought of sex, without any unpleasant consequences, were it not that they would be twisted and misconstrued by fanatics who interpret every phase of racial life from the point of view of a possible sex relationship.

Lest it be thought that this revolt is entirely confined to the younger whites, let it be added that this is not the case. A most typical Southerner, long a teacher in one of the South's deservedly historic institutions, receives his colored friends in his home now that he is domiciled in a border State. Not long ago there was a meeting of a scientific association of college teachers at a famous New England college. When three colored delegates entered the dining room of the inn for their first meal there was a moment's hesitation. Then it was three Southern professors who rose from their tables and joined the newcomers—three Southerners to show the gentleman at his very finest. A year ago I attended a dinner to a distinguished foreigner given at a great New York hotel by a group of men and women, Northerners and Southerners, interested in Southern education. No less than thirty per cent of those present were negroes, and there was no thought of their segregation. My contact with this white group began nearly thirty years ago. Even fifteen years ago they would have considered such a dinner utterly impossible. I could not help wondering if a representative of the New York *Times* recalled that when a public dinner of blacks and whites for a similarly enlightened philanthropic purpose occurred in New York in 1908, the New York *Times* denounced it as an "odious exhibition," "mischievous and dangerous," provoking "public disgust and indignation," obviously part of the "propaganda of Socialism . . . giving aid and comfort to agencies of destruction." The effect of this dinner, wrote the Richmond *News-Leader*, must be "not only to vindicate . . . the policy of the South in dealing with the negro socially and politically, but to hasten the day of complete race separation, which is the only solution of the broader negro problem." "This miscegenation dinner was loathsome enough," wrote the now liberal St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, "to consign the whole fraternity of perverts who participated in it to undying infamy." The surviving perverts can only marvel when they read in the press that such gatherings can and do take place to-day in the South, as well as the North, and that its civilization still survives.

IV

What is it that overcomes race prejudice? Struck by the increasing good-fellowship between white and colored students in the South, George L. Collins instituted an inquiry into how race prejudice is overcome. Fifty of his Southern acquaintances, who are free from prejudice, replied to his questionnaire. It appears from the summary of their answers, published in the *World Tomorrow*, that the student Christian associations had contributed more to their changed point of view than any other influence, not only because of what they learned at their meetings, but because of the contacts with colored people they met there. Twenty declared that injustices to the negro, which they had witnessed, had opened their eyes. More than forty listed as contributing causes their friendships with colored people—eleven being won over by their own negro servants. Negro writings, a closer study of the Bible, the influence of teachers, liberal journals—these are among the numerous other influences given. It is extraordinary how powerful the religious element is and how many of the younger college lads and girls are moved to a different race attitude because of a new interpretation of the teachings of Jesus. A distinguished Southerner has testified that a visit to a summer camp of white college women in the South proved to him that they were more interested in what was their duty to the negroes than any other question. They found themselves, he reported, unable to countenance a single caste or taboo because they could not reconcile them with their day-by-day religious living; they could set no limits to their fellowship. Finally, must

be recorded the increasing attendance of white people at negro athletic contests and similar gatherings. For example, at Atlanta during the football season of 1928, hundreds of white spectators attended the games between Atlanta University and its rivals. They not only enjoyed the matches, but also the college "yells" and the splendid singing of the colored boys and girls who were cheering on their respective teams. There was not the slightest condescension on their part. These whites paid their money for the equality of the bleachers because they had an extremely good time.

The negro on his side has contributed to the crumbling of the color line by a better, more understanding, and more effective leadership, by marvelous patience, and long suffering, coupled with a quiet and determined insistence upon civic and legal rights, and by the winning of pre-eminence by certain individuals. Roland Hayes, the colored singer, perhaps the foremost lyric tenor in the world, has been an ambassador of good will wherever he has sung in the South. White people throng to hear him as in the North; and if there is still segregation by groups in his audiences, those groups sit side by side and not one in the orchestra and the other in the gallery. Mr. Hayes has brought home to multitudes the truth that there is no limit to the possible attainments of the individual negro. The divine spark that is within him is not controlled by any color line. Since he has added to his exquisite voice the extraordinary achievement of being able to sing in three foreign languages, to the admiration of foreign critics, and has shown himself possessed of intellectual powers most rare, even among our foremost concert artists, it is impossible to allege that he is the product of an accidental placing of a good voice in a colored man. No one can question his intellectual achievements. So, too, Julius Bledsoe, Paul Robeson, Charles Gilpin, H. O. Turner, the painter, and many others have demonstrated their equality with the best artists of the other race. Before such men any color line must yield.

There is to-day far less of a split in the race itself on the question of education than there was in Booker Washington's time. The enlightened white South also recognizes that, while industrial training is of the utmost value, there must be no bounds set to the possible intellectual achievements of colored men and women of ability. The race is taking greater and greater pride in its teachers, its artists, its musicians, its scientists. The attendance at the funeral of Florence Mills in Harlem was reported to have been the greatest outpouring of people in New York City since the funeral of General Grant. The achievements in agricultural chemistry of Professor G. W. Carver of Tuskegee and in biology of Dr. E. E. Just of Howard University—his work has won such marked recognition abroad that he has been asked to lecture at several European universities—these, and numerous others are increasingly known in the white South. No colored leader that I know of now goes up and down the country deriding the intellectual aspirations of the select of the race. There is a united front for equality of opportunity. Hampton Institute itself has graduated from a normal school into a college. And the Southern negro colleges, which are relatively as overrun with students as the white colleges of the North, are viewed with more tolerance where they are not receiving additional aid from Southern white people.

As for the colored people's greater insistence on their rights, that has been especially notable in the courts under the able and effective leadership of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It long ago accepted the challenge of the violators of the Constitution which was thus voiced a year ago by Senator W. F. George (*Liberty Magazine*, April 21, 1928):

No statutory law, no organic law, no military law, supersedes the law of racial necessity and social identity.

Why apologize or evade? We have been very careful to obey the letter of the Federal Constitution—but we have been very diligent and astute in violating the spirit of such amendments and such statutes as would lead the negro to believe himself the equal of a white man. And we shall continue to conduct ourselves in that way.

Knowing that the Constitution has been violated in its letter as well as in its spirit, the Association, with the aid of distinguished white lawyers, has won from the Supreme Court of the United States five vitally important decisions. It has established the illegality of the Grandfather Clauses, drawn for the disfranchisement of the negro; it has ended the so-called Texas White primary; it has defeated the efforts to segregate negroes in cities by the Supreme Court's ruling in the Louisville and Louisiana cases; and it has won the Arkansas peonage cases, establishing that a trial dominated by mob passion is not due process of law. In numerous criminal cases it has also begun the building of law to insure to the negro his civil and personal rights. In this campaign the Association is receiving distinct encouragement from Southern sources, and there can be no doubt that its standing guard has profoundly impressed its antagonists like Senator George, who do lip service to the Constitution while stabbing it in the back by cowardly subterfuges. The man who stands up for his rights is bound to win confidence in himself and growing respect from others.

Here an episode in Florida is of interest. A colored school has long existed near a public bathing beach in one of the best known of resorts. The city authorities recently sent for the remarkable woman head of this school and told her that certain restricted premises had been set aside for her, her teachers, and pupils to use for bathing purposes. The principal flatly refused, saying, "You shall not segregate us. You can put us in jail as often as you please; we shall go back on the beach where we have been for thirty years just as soon as we get out of jail." This attempted segregation has never come to pass. It will be recalled that there was a fierce fight over the Veterans' Hospital at Tuskegee, Ala., soon after the War, when the government proposed that negroes operate and direct that institution. White place-hunters not only declared that the negroes were unfit to manage so large an institution, they even demanded all the nursing places for white women, each white nurse to have a colored woman assistant so that she would not have to touch the black patients! The negroes refused to consider any compromise. So high ran the excitement that there were fears for the life of Major R. R. Moton of Tuskegee Institute, and for the safety of the Institute itself. The government stood fast, and the hospital ranks to-day as one of the most efficient in the United States and it is entirely manned by colored physicians and nurses. The community has accepted the results—as Southern communities regularly do when faced with an inevitable advance of the negro.

It is a happy augury, moreover, that in some Southern communities there is a growing sentiment for justice toward the negro in the courts. Thus in Macon, Ga., a policeman has been tried for arresting a negro without cause, and a negro has actually been freed after shooting a white policeman because it was held that he had just cause for so doing—in many communities lynching would still follow such an acquittal. It is in Macon, Ga., too, that the colored people with white help have so far successfully resisted a determined effort to close a negro amusement park because it is near a white residential section. "The battle on this front in Macon is excellent from the spectator's point of view," writes a white liberal. The same report comes from many other cities.

At times industrial or social changes work for the negroes. Nothing has galled educated colored people more than the Jim-Crow railroad cars for, aside from the segregation, the railroads rarely give adequate service, much less the equal service paid for by the colored traveler, but instead furnish dirty and run-down cars, with inadequate toilet facilities, etc. Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, the editor of *The Crisis*, reports having just ridden seventy miles "in a miserably dirty car any decent State Board of Health would condemn." He adds:

> My chief joy in these Jim-Crow rides was these empty cars. The automobile is certainly bringing just retribution upon the silly profiteering of Jim-Crow. All over and everywhere the colored people are traveling in their automobiles. . . . I remember once that the venerable Bishop Turner, stricken with paralysis, could, for neither love nor money, hire a Pullman berth from Savannah to Atlanta. They fixed the old man up in a Jim-Crow smoker across two seats. Yesterday, I saw the African M. E. Bishop of Florida. He was gliding along in his Cadillac car with a chauffeur, on the way from Jacksonville to Atlanta. He looked extremely comfortable.

V

Finally, this article must include a reference to the National Interracial Conference at Washington in mid-December, 1928; for no modern gathering to discuss the negro question has ever been as stirring or as full of promise as this one. Many came fearing the usual polite generalities and avoidance of every genuine issue, of any act which might affect some sensibilities—and remained to give prayers of gratitude. Some of us who have been in the work for years agreed that we had never really expected to see anything like this. For here white and colored men and women from the North and the South counselled together and co-operated in remarkable degree. There was not the slightest condescension nor patronizing. There was complete equality of spirit and endeavor—"pentecostal" one of the most sensitive negroes there described it. It was worth the trip to Washington alone to see Clark Foreman, of Atlanta, a nephew of Clark Howell of the *Atlanta Constitution*, and a colored man bringing in a joint summary of the session on citizenship, and to hear the generous approval given to Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois when he declared that no modern working class "can permanently better itself without political power." Twenty years ago Dr. Du Bois would still have been considered a firebrand, too dangerous to be asked to speak at a conference like this. Nobody won more applause; no one seemed to fit more naturally into that conference.

The only regret was that some of the negrophobes on Capitol Hill could not have been drafted in to hear everything that was said. They would have learned much. Not that there was anything very startling. There was no "oratory," no bombast. Everything was on a purely factual, yes, a scientific basis and the conference was admirably presided over by Miss Mary Van Kleeck of the Russell Sage Foundation. It was the *spirit* of the conference which counted far beyond even the unanimity. It was as if generations-old mists of conventional fear of hurting someone's feelings or being misunderstood had suddenly been blown away. Personalities, differences of opinion seemed gone, lost in the harmonious sinking of everything in the cause—the scientific discussion of America's greatest social problem. Color line? There was not a trace of it, to which must be added that four of the best Washington hotels threw open their doors to the negro members of the Executive Committee. It was impossible to leave that Conference without a greatly quickened faith that justice will yet have its day and that the American world of color is moving and with amazing speed.

Not that I would have anyone read thus far and believe that the fight is won. It is still just beginning. A much, much

longer article could be filled with facts pointing the other way. In groups we are still bestially murdering colored men and women in America and no one is punished for it. The burning of a weak-minded negro criminal in Mississippi at the end of 1928 surpassed everything in fiendishness. Nobody punished! The Governor has refused to act. Yet the slow progress of the mob was heralded in the press and the mob photographed as it stood around the charred mass. The color line has only just *begun* to crumble in the South and meanwhile it is tightening in the North, where even the Daughters of the American Revolution bar the descendants of the negroes who helped Washington, notably at Monmouth, to win the Revolution. Everywhere race prejudice, consciously or unconsciously, is the servant of economic serfdom—share-cropping, exclusion from labor unions, peonage, wage exploitation, political chicanery, and the denial of decent housing, decent living, and decent education. It is a far-flung battle-line, and he would be absurdly over-enthusiastic who could feel that the issue has been more than joined.

But the thing to rejoice over is that, while the North grows more prejudiced and reactionary, help comes from the South. That is what this paper has recorded—that there are more and more Southern whites who are coming to the Christian position, whose lips are now unfettered, who are determined to secure complete justice and to remove all causes of race friction. Only a minority as yet—so were the Abolitionists of 1832 a mere handful in the wilderness—but a minority increasing in numbers and influence and so steeped in principle and the doctrine of human brotherhood as to leave no doubt of their eventual triumph. Let the demagogues in high office take note! Against men armed as are these Southern men and women there is no hope of victory.

Best of all is the fact that this change has come from within their own hearts; that it is the result of no Northern and no negro propaganda; that it comes not from the backward "poor whites" but from some of the most favored, often of oldest Southern lineage. In an age of agnosticism here is a religious determination to make the practice of Christianity square with the teachings thereof.

SEPTEMBER SAILING

A STORY

BY ELEANOR HAYDEN KITTREDGE

"I HAVE a young American who is on his first visit to Paris to look out for. What shall I do with him?" Ellen questioned.

Thérèse, her French sister-in-law, looked up. "What kind of a young American?" she asked.

Ellen smiled at her expression. They looked alike, Max, Ellen's husband, and his sister, Thérèse. They had the same sharp, tired, distinguished faces, the same look of *race*, of finely drawn skin over good bones; and they were never more alike, Ellen had noticed, than when they were searching for a new amusement.

Thérèse went on, "If he is nice and wants to be gay instead of to see relics, turn him over to me, I am fascinated by all the exaggerated Americans you can't endure."

Ellen seemed to be reflecting. "I am afraid he wouldn't do for you, Thérèse. I've an idea he is solemn. His mother writes that he is fastidiously aloof."

Thérèse laughed and answered, "Decidedly not for me then. I should undoubtedly convince him, quite inadvertently, that Europe is entirely corrupt. Why is it, Ellen, your countrymen consider that French people must be wicked?"

"But they don't—all of them!" Ellen protested.

Thérèse was amused at her tone. "I believe perhaps even you still think we are corrupt, Ellen," she went on; and then the conversation streamed away from Ellen's young man to the general and peculiarly fascinating subject of the false notions each continent invariably cherishes about all of the others.

With a part of her mind Ellen was listening to her sister-in-law's quick, sharp comments.

"I like your ruthless, unaware Americans," Thérèse was saying. "When they go sensitive they seem to lose the best thing they have—their sublime assurance—and they become just second-rate, subtle Europeans."

With another part of her mind Ellen was still thinking about Margery's letter. She had found it, with the boy's card and his Paris address, earlier that afternoon when she turned into the courtyard after walking home from a tiresome luncheon. It was a soft May day. The chestnut trees in the gardens were in flower, pointing their candlelike blooms to the sky—fantastic spring Christmas trees; and over against the crumbling gray walls Ellen had noticed with sharp pleasure the pink hawthorn. The concierge had come out of her lodge with the letters, and they had talked for a moment about the quality of the day. The concierge liked her young mistress, for they shared a passion for growing things. Then Ellen had taken the letters, smiled, and gone on into the house.

The name on the card meant nothing to her at first, but after a little she had realized with surprise that this was a message out of her own youth—this John Forester of the card in her hand must be Margery Forester's son. She

read the letter with a queer feeling of uncertainty. Was she really old enough to belong to the generation with grown-up sons?

Dearest Ellen (Margery wrote), here is my boy. I know you will be kind to him—at first for my sake and then, after a little, for himself. I've told him so much about you. I wonder if you have ever quite realized how, through the years here, I have loved to think of you, my old Ellen Maitland, become a countess, and living in a setting I can only dimly picture. Of course none of the rest of us could have done it, lived up to it. We should have spoiled it or been somehow out of key, but even at eighteen you had that fairy-tale quality. Lovely romantic things must always have been your destiny. I wonder if you will see in John what I have always seen—a kind of spiritual kinship to yourself. He has the same fastidious aloofness I remember in you and the same eager longing that the pattern of life should be beautiful. Dear Ellen, I feel as if I were making you both a rare gift in bringing you together. It is funny to think this little jog-trot place which goes on so unchangingly should, none the less, have produced you both.

Long afterward Ellen wondered if her restless mood on reading Margery's letter had been due to a kind of second sight, for she found herself far more curiously moved than Margery's own words would have been likely to make her. That old, static, summers-in-Jamestown and coming-out-together affection might be moving enough in a world where almost nothing lasted; but Ellen had known, while regretting her knowledge, that nothing so simple and obvious and tender could move her nowadays: that was perhaps the trouble. And yet Margery's letter made her realize that she still thought of America as an almost mythical place where simple emotions might be possible.

It was queer, Ellen was thinking, as Thérèse, Max, and the others went on talking, that after twenty years of Europe she should be able to visualize the sights and sounds and scents of Narragansett Bay with more vividness than something new she had seen the day before yesterday. And yet she had never wanted to go back—at first, probably, because she had been too happy and then, after her father died and the War came, because she had felt too empty. There was nothing for which to return now, since she knew that, if she should step on a boat to take her there, the place would only show her how implacably the years had dealt with her. Weren't the relativists saying that time could be bent—that the minute-by-minute passing, of which Ellen was too consciously aware, was merely an illusion because one felt time drifting by in little bits?

The piece of time since 1904 when Max had been a young secretary in the French Embassy in Washington did not seem a mere bent scrap to Ellen. If the War hadn't come, and Max had gone on in the diplomatic service, and they had had children, would her life have had more reality, Ellen sometimes wondered. The ten years before the War had been adequate enough—first Washington, and then Max's post at the Quai d'Orsay. It had been the sort of life that Margery Forester (who had been the only childhood friend who had gone on really caring for Ellen after she had become the Comtesse d'Evreux) probably dreamed about as diplomatic experience in the capitals of Europe. Outwardly that period had had all the conventional glamour but, after 1914 glamour had vanished astonishingly from the European scene. Didn't anyone in America realize that?

The group around Ellen's tea table now realized it, however. How many times had she heard these same phrases, "*Il n'y a rien à faire*"? The old life had gone, and if France—Europe—were to be saved, Max and his generation could do nothing about saving it. They hadn't the hope or the energy. New people were doing it; but, even in their own world, Ellen had seen that the younger brothers and sons had been caught by the American pragmatic success. They laughed a little to discover

that the modern world was exciting—amusing. The very youngest ones didn't even deprecate an attitude toward life that their fathers and grandfathers would have found fantastic. There sat Max's young cousin who was delighted with his post in an American bank in the Place Vendome, and who talked of the Bourse and the New York Stock Exchange with the enthusiasm Max's generation had reserved for a new idea.

"Do you remember Margery, Max?" Ellen asked her husband speculatively. "She was at our wedding and she gave a dance for us a night or two before we were married. She is this boy's mother."

Max tried to remember. There had been so many people about—that September in Jamestown. He had a keen and unpleasant recollection of the bucolic little island and the ugly turreted houses of wood, and the wind—day after day the September wind out of the west. It had always been his impression that they had practically plunged from the bay to the altar.

"I remember I thought, an hour or two before, that we were going to be married in bathing suits," Max said, laughing a little, "and I remember the wind, but I can't say Margery is very vivid."

"I remember the wind." Ellen, too, remembered the wind and the cloudless blue September days. Where had it gone—the feeling she and Max had had then? Until the War he had found—he must have found—her New England seriousness lovable; but, after he had come back from the front, Ellen had seen very quickly that everything about her only bored Max to distraction. He hadn't been able to help it, and she had never felt he should be reproached for it. It was as if his small stock of potential solemnity had been so heavily overdrawn that the very qualities of her character which had once amused and delighted him now merely irritated him with a profound permanent irritation. Even her beauty no longer touched him—what little she felt was left of it—for his sensuousness had gone with his solemnity, and the only thing for which he any longer searched in a woman was a genuine mirth.

Once or twice Ellen had noticed him almost eagerly watching new women laugh, and, as she had read in his face his quick disappointment at the nervous laughter where he had hoped to find healing vitality, peace, she had understood and been genuinely sorry for him. Why were women so little gay? She had tried, for a time, when she had first understood his need, to meet it herself, but she knew her effort had been grotesque.

They had referred to it only once, in that hectic spring after the Armistice. They had been driving home through the *Bois* one evening in April, and Ellen remembered cowering, ashamed, in the dimness of the car. She had also felt a little sick because she had tried to find in champagne the gaiety to set her bubbling (she, who had gone through the War without alcohol, had begun to wonder whether she could go through the peace). It was stupid, naïve of her to have supposed it would do her any good, or change her. Max had seemed to understand the effort and even to appreciate it, for he had touched the hands crossed on her evening wrap. "*Pauvre Elaine*," he had said, "don't try any more. We are both too dead, aren't we?" His voice had hurt her. It had not asked a question, but Ellen had made the mistake of trying to answer it. "Do you suppose simple people who have to work for the next day's bread have come alive more easily? Would they work at all if they didn't?" Then Max had taken his hand away and lighted a cigarette. Though his expression had been invisible, she had known he was frowning and trying to control his quick impatience. She had tried to analyze and argue about something so empty and gutted that her words merely made him angry. If she had only been able to ripple with laugh-

ter, Ellen thought, and to have answered so that he would have been forced to believe her, "But I am *not* dead!"

They had never again spoken of their conviction that they were ghosts, and their lives had gone on in the routine already established, because drastically changing anything would have been more of an effort than either of them would have been capable of making. Ellen had often wondered if she would have been able to do more for him had she understood him less well. How many other people were there, who had found out, only after the Armistice, that they too were dead? . . .

"I remember there was a terribly ugly church," Max went on at the tea table, "and dozens and dozens of ravishingly beautiful girls."

"How you must have enjoyed it!" Thérèse exclaimed, interrupting her brother, and Max laughed his answer, "I did, enormously!"

Ellen felt as if they were talking about some beloved fairy story she had read when she was very young . . . the clear blue air and the west wind blowing across the island . . . goldenrod pushing up along the white, dusty, island roads, and the tawny reeds bending as the wind swept over the salt marshes . . . and even then Max had been puzzled, she remembered, by her passionate absorption in watching the sea gulls. He had never known why she had found their fierce, wild cries fantastically beautiful. . . . And that church he spoke of! Max had never known how many New England prejudices, kept alive by a half-conscious Puritan aversion to "popery," had been ruffled by the marriage ceremony in that hideous church; but Ellen, even at the time, had been able to imagine the undercurrents and to realize how many people had been saying to themselves, "In France the upper classes are all Catholic. This is different . . . the Comte d'Evreux." They had thought probably of Sainte Chapelle and Notre Dame, but they had gone to a garishly new building where a jovial Father Sullivan had mumbled through the mystery of the mass, and where, ordinarily, only a few of the local islanders and the farming Portuguese found God.

"May I call you Ellen?" John Forester asked one afternoon a fortnight or so after he had first come to tea. He looked toward her and smiled. "My French isn't good enough to call you *Madame* with the proper intonation, and even I know that Mrs. d'Evreux isn't correct, nor exactly pleasant to the ear. I always think of you as Ellen," he said, almost shyly, and then the crinkly smile around his dark eyes vanished, "perhaps because mother has accustomed me to thinking of you like that. I don't suppose you can imagine what it is like to have been sort of brought up in your cult and then to have found you so . . ."

"So what, John?" Ellen questioned. She felt almost breathless. Thank God, he didn't know the counters of the game. He wouldn't make her a banal compliment. He wouldn't know, couldn't guess that she didn't have anything inside her to teach her how to meet his transparent honesty—that she was tremulous, eager, as uncertain as a young girl with him. She waited a second for his answer and when it came it was adequate.

He was smiling again. "So exactly what I dared to expect. I am not silly enough to try to tell you anything about yourself, you know," he added. "I once tried to write a lyric poem and it wasn't a success. It is all right about the name, then?"

"But of course," Ellen answered, "I should have thought of it myself."

John stood up. "Then that's that. And it is still settled for Chartres tomorrow?" he added eagerly.

Ellen looked up at his tall, spare, dark youth. In her old high-ceilinged salon his unspentness seemed oddly out of place. Though she had known, with her mind, that youth went on, she had

never expected to come into contact with it again, to know how it felt, nor to see what the world looked like to the young. She had lived for so long among people who had the courage to look life in the face and accept it gallantly as meaningless, that it was breaking down her reserve, her indifference, to be with this boy who seemed to go forward into his days with the unphrased conviction that life had both significance and astonishing loveliness. She was almost afraid for him. He was so young, he was untried; he came from a young country where hope and dreaming had not become outworn by disaster. To be an optimist in Europe was to be stupid. To be a pessimist in America—was that to be stupid also?

"I'll be ready at ten," she answered.

"You are sure you don't mind my crazy little car?" John was asking. "When mother hears I have dragged her precious Ellen all over France in an open two-seated Citroën . . . !" John's expression conveyed what his mother would think of the affront to Ellen's dignity and his own knowledge that where they were having such a happy time together there could be no question of dignity involved. "I don't believe it dawned on mother that I should be able to make you laugh," he went on. "I think she just expected me to sit at your feet and worship in silent awe."

Ellen laughed again at that. "But that would have been dreadful, John. It couldn't have lasted at all."

John looked at Ellen for a second, then as if he were the elder of the two and she the one who was being naïve:

"Couldn't it?" he asked gently. "You think Americans can't realize that laughter doesn't hurt worship?"

His tone puzzled Ellen a little, but then he smiled again at her solemn expression.

"It is lucky for me that I can make you laugh occasionally," he said. "Otherwise I should be frightened to death of you. You've been away from home a good while, you know. It changes people."

The words sounded strange to Ellen's ears. "You've been away from home a good while." . . . She had felt for so long that she had somehow mislaid her American heritage that this boy's unquestioning acceptance of her as a compatriot pleased while it astonished her. When he had first come she had often wondered what he might think of her life, of Max, of their whole Parisian milieu. It was important that he should see them all in proportion, for then he would realize without any words how much this unexpected friendship was meaning to her and yet how little it could mean.

He had fitted in quietly and easily enough, had come for dinner once or twice in the rue de Grenelle, and been casually accepted by all of them. Ellen had been pleased when Max found John's silence and quiet courtesy well bred. She had known she was going to like the boy almost at once but she had not been sure whether the sharp tongues in her family might not find his shy dignity stupid. They tore to tatters so effectually the helpless new individualities who fell into their clutches—not vindictively, nor even scandalously, but merely as if by seeing so pitilessly through other people's simplicity and pettiness they recreated the illusion of their own power. They appreciated a *bon mot* about anyone, Ellen had long realized, even more than they ever could appreciate the integrity or intensity or folly which had given the *bon mot* its significance.

John had mentioned Max only once. They had been lunching *à trois* almost the first day, while Ellen was still "trying him out." After lunch Max had gone away, and John had turned to smile at her a trifle dolefully.

"It's funny, you know. I don't exist for your husband. He is terribly kind and polite and charming to me, but I know all the while he is hardly aware I am alive."

Ellen could not quickly find any words

to answer him, and John had gone on hurriedly as if to make sure she understood that there hadn't been even an implicit criticism in his comment. "Of course there's not the ghost of a reason why he should be aware of me, but he makes me feel so young I am positively invisible."

Then Ellen had been able to laugh, but John's words stayed in her mind—"invisible"—she could never have found one word to describe so accurately how Max made *her* feel, but she knew she had to explain.

"It is the War, John. All of his generation are like that. People who haven't had their experience don't exist for them in the same way, though they don't talk about it much."

John pondered over that remark for a second or two. "As if we were impudent upstarts? Yes, I understand that. I suppose it's the way we all feel about children—that they are not to be judged on the same plane—and of course we *don't* understand the War! It is a legend to us—like the "Chanson de Roland"—or merely a great show we missed. We've no conception of the dullness or what the hanging on really meant; and of course the War is so much theirs that we can't even refer to it in their presence without being impertinent."

He had taken out a cigarette then and said to her, "I hope this doesn't sound like awful drivel to you. Of course I know I don't exist for you, either, but because you *are* an American, and kind, you are able to make me forget it."

Somehow that conversation had placed Max and John for Ellen so that their relationship never again bothered her. John was young and invisible to Max, but that was all right. John didn't really mind and he had understood quickly that the War was the only important thing which had ever happened to her husband and, since John appreciated hanging on, that was all right also. . . .

Just as John got up to leave, Etienne came in to announce Ellen's mother-in-law, and Ellen presented the young American boy to the old French lady. He immediately became shy and silent.

"I'm not much good with your French relations," he had said ruefully one day. "Whenever I move they look at me as if afraid I was going to bite or start breaking the furniture. I never in my life have felt so big and clumsy as in their presence. They don't seem able *ever* to be ungraceful."

And yet Ellen saw that now he was fully appreciating the perfection Madame d'Evreux offered. Ellen could imagine their discussing his impressions on the way to Chartres to-morrow. John would say something fresh and startling about Madame d'Evreux—that she reminded him of his New England grandmother perhaps. In her delicacy and reserve and reticence she was like a New England lady, for Madame d'Evreux clung to her world, her traditions, with the same granitelike persistency. The grit, the stamina were the same though their manifestations were so different. After John had left them Ellen realized that for the first time in years she was seeing her setting through unbiased eyes.

"He is charming, your young man, Elaine," the old countess was saying. "You should have had sons like that. You would have been happier."

Ellen looked quickly at the shrewd old lady. Since Max was only a second son, and the name was safe with sturdy grandsons, she knew Madame d'Evreux could afford to be charitable about her childlessness; and Ellen's American dividends *were* paying for the grandsons' schooling in England. Though her fortune had never been one of the conspicuous American heritages in Europe, it had helped to see them all through the War and the peace. That the d'Evreux clan had been able to keep up the obligations of their rank because of dim but profitable financial operations in America, had always seemed to the old countess a justification not of her own family but of that inchoate, uncivilized continent.

"*Cette pudeur-ça n'existe plus chez nous,*" the old lady was saying. "Take care you don't fall in love with him, *ma chère.*" Ellen's ears turned pink with surprise, but her mother-in-law was entirely casual. She was going on with her tea, intending to do full justice to it. Ellen always had a "*gouter*" for which it was worth while to spoil one's evening soup, she commented calmly. She was a tiny, fragile woman, and Ellen always marvelled as the toast and jam and cakes slipped away.

"I am glad he had the sense to go away, however," Madame d'Evreux continued. "I am too old to be kind to mooning young men over my tea."

"Mooning?" Ellen questioned, in astonishment.

"Yes, mooning," Madame d'Evreux answered placidly, touching one jammy finger with a delicate pink tongue. "He has not yet asked you to fly with him to his new, bold country?"

Ellen's expression answered her. As she reached for a cake, Madame d'Evreux chuckled a little wickedly. "Well he will, my dear, he will. Don't be surprised when it happens."

"But, *ma mère*, he is the son of my childhood friend," Ellen protested. How *could* Madame d'Evreux not see how ridiculous her words were? Ellen didn't quite know what she stood for in John's eyes—copy, perhaps, for the books he wanted to write, and yet not quite that either. Their friendship was too genuine, but she could readily picture how old and tired she must appear to him. Ellen tried to translate the meaning to this white-haired, rosy-cheeked wisp of a *grande dame.* "But his mother and I—we went to our *bals blancs* together," she said.

Madame d'Evreux waved a tiny white hand at her. "*Tiens, Tiens!*" This almost satirically; then, "But what does that signify?

"But you won't run away," the old lady added, almost whimsically. "You have too much sense. Here or there, it must be all the same." (She spoke with the terrible, clear, careless vision of the aged.) "Only here it would be easier. A woman has more props to lean on in Europe than in your country, where they tell me the light is so hard. And with your men it doesn't seem to be a matter of pride to leave each affair of the heart a finished little masterpiece. *Et vos projets d'été, ma fille?*"

After full justice had been done to the tea and the various interlocking summer dates, Madame d'Evreux rose to go. She didn't refer again explicitly to Ellen's new young man, but as she went out she brushed her hand over Ellen's hair. "It is not very gay for you, *mon enfant*—Max so changed since the War. After all, you aren't French really (a touch of pity in that phrase, Ellen found) and what we have all paid for it—*la victoire*—(Madame d'Evreux made a slight grimace at the word) can't seem reasonable to you, but—what would you? There is nothing to be done."

There it was again—the eternal Parisian salon phrase—*Il n'y a rien à faire*—and meanwhile they would all meet as they had met for as long as Ellen had known anything about them, the first fortnight of September *là-bas en Normandie.*

"We shall rejoin you the first half of the month." There was a pause. "Or do you like it better that I should come back earlier, bringing Max, from Evian?" the old countess questioned from the doorway.

Even Ellen appreciated this great concession. How had her mother-in-law divined that only within the last few days she had come to realize that she might be both lonely and unhappy? "But your visit to Savoie with the cousins, *ma mère?*" Ellen answered quickly. She was startled, and a shade annoyed; she must be incredibly easy to read if Madame d'Evreux felt that such a colossal change in the sacred routine might need to be inaugurated.

Ellen's astonishment brought Madame d'Evreux back to a logical appreciation of the absurdity of her suggestion.

"No, it is better as it is. You are always right, Elaine. And of course I should hate missing Savoie," she confessed frankly.

Was Chartres a prop to lean on, Ellen wondered the next day at twilight as the "crazy little car" bounded over the road through Maintenon, St. Cyr, on the way back to Paris.

They had lunched in the garden at Jouy, half a dozen kilometers this side of Chartres, as the "Grand Monarque" in the town was always filled with formidable spinsters with guidebooks and was consequently rather a dreary setting. They had been gay and young and happy together, John openly expecting that the day would be lovely and memorable and Ellen secretly holding to her heart the joy of each swift, rushing moment. She had forgotten that she could laugh, forgotten that a day could be so brimming over with sun and blue sky and radiance. The flat fields of *la Beauce* were not supposed to be particularly radiant, Ellen knew well enough. How wickedly Thérèse would laugh if Ellen should confess she had found them so. The inn at Jouy seemed delightful—the flagged courtyard filled with flowers, the pale pink walls covered with vines, the color looking almost Italian in the clear air. They lunched under a brilliant striped umbrella beneath an almost Mediterranean sky.

"You really ought to see it on a gray day," she said over the omelette and the *vin d'Anjou*. She did not know what she was eating, for she was past caring, and John was too young to have learned yet to care.

"A gray day, Ellen? How *could* it be a gray day when you take me to Chartres for the first time?" he answered. "Of course it had to be like this. Our luck couldn't desert us now."

"Our luck?"—Ellen shivered. When one had forgotten how to meet it, to be feeling again was almost terrible: fire after one had been cold; water after one had been long thirsty. Did seeds in the spring know this pain when warm life first pricked them awake after the chill quiet of winter mold? Ellen had read somewhere that people who were drowning resented being pummeled back to life, and she found that it was agonizing as one's sensitiveness crept back through one's mind, one's body. Max had been right. She had been dead. What she had felt at the dismal ruin of their own life had been a cold, intellectual apprehension of futility, a sterile regret, not this searing awareness of the quality of being alive.

"I don't believe this inn can be on any map," John said, looking around almost incredulously. "It wasn't here yesterday and it will be gone to-morrow."

With a part of her mind Ellen wondered what his frank, articulate pleasure meant. Didn't he realize how unusual this was for her—this skylarking around in a little car with a youngster who might almost have been her son? Perhaps that was why she was liking it so much—he didn't realize, he took it for granted that she lived always with her eyes open and laughter on her lips and life beating over her in warm, restful waves. . . .

As the flat fields slipped past Ellen tried to forget everything but the day they had just lived through. After lunch they had climbed into the little car again and gone on toward Chartres by the back country lanes. They had entered the town through an old gate Ellen had never before seen and then tried to scale a vertical hill marked "*impraticable aux voitures.*" The Citroën had attacked it valiantly but had finally coughed and died and they had rolled ignominiously and, Ellen thought, perilously down hill to make a more conventional assault upon the town from another quarter.

"It certainly is *impraticable* for us," John said happily, "but we saw the gate anyway. *Think* of the people who come to Chartres time after time and go

away and, finally, to their graves without ever knowing that there *is* a gate."

But his sparkling gaiety was quenched when, after circling around in the blind, narrow, cobbled streets, they finally came out into the *grande place* in front of the cathedral. They stood for a long while with their backs against the wall at the foot of the square, looking up at the *flèches* soaring clear into the blue air like a prayer or a dream.

After a time Ellen said, "Shall we go inside?"

They walked slowly up to the west portal in silence. Ellen wondered how much he knew about Chartres, whether to point out to him the unbelievably tall, thin figures; but, as she watched his eyes roving up and up and a curious surprised expression come into them, she realized that there was nothing she need say.

As she pushed open the narrow, leather-covered door to the right she turned to John and held out her hand impulsively.

"Shut your eyes," she commanded gently.

John put his hand obediently in hers and closed his eyes quite simply, and she led him in until they stood just under the rose window facing the altar, infinitely far away. Then she released his hand and whispered, trembling a little, "Now you can look."

The car swerved suddenly to avoid an unlighted peasant's cart which had loomed up on their side of the road.

"Cold?" John questioned.

Ellen shook her head.

"Curious there should be so much mist rising from the fields after such a hot day," he commented.

She had scarcely noticed the chill air, but there *was* white mist as well as night creeping over the fields. It was quite cold, now John had mentioned it; but how could anyone ever be cold again after the jeweled richness of such a day? Ellen felt almost drunk on color but she could hardly remember anything they had said. She had answered a few quiet questions about dates and what she supposed France had been like while Chartres was building. Then for no reason she could have analyzed she had heard herself saying, "Is there still arbutus growing in New England woods?" John had looked at her then, his sensitive brown eyes under the heavy brows drawn into a puzzled wonder. "Why did you ask that, here?"

Ellen couldn't have told why. Indeed, what had New England woods in spring—moist, wet earth and trailing, stubborn vines and exquisite, fragile flowers—what had they to do with the quintessence of blueness in the glass before them?

"Perhaps because I was consciously aware of beauty for the first time in the spring once in a New England wood."

Ellen's whisper went up and was lost in the stillness which had taken so many whispers through the years.

John tucked her gloved hand under his arm and patted it. "Dear Ellen," he said. That was all. Then they had gone on to other windows.

It was the old countess who finally had the last words with John. She it was who had given him Ellen's message.

The season had swung her around to the first fortnight in September and to the château in Criqueboeuf, and on arrival she had been mildly surprised to find John and his crazy little car installed in the neighborhood.

"He's sailing from Havre in a day or two," Ellen had said casually. "He's been about here for the last few weeks."

Thérèse, who had been staying there at the time, laughed and looked towards her mother. Thérèse was the only one who commented to Ellen on the boy's being so constantly about, and she had only said, half enviously, half satirically, "What it is, Ellen, to have an impeccable reputation for *sagesse!* You have been wise for so long that you are beyond reproach. You range all over Normandy in a way which would call down

upon my iniquitous head the frowns of the entire family, but no one questions that it isn't Falaise or Bayeux or Caen you are going to see!"

Ellen had been able to laugh at her. "You will never understand how simple Americans are!"

Quite irrelevantly, apparently, Thérèse answered, "You are very beautiful this summer, you know, Ellen. . . . Why I believe you are actually blushing!"

Was she blushing and was she "*en beauté*" as Thérèse said? And if so when had the summer for her begun? Ellen knew herself that July had scarcely counted, for John had gone away in the car to the Loire, to Brittany. She had received scrawled postcards and then his letter from Concarneau: "May I come back and stay near where you are? I've felt like a stupid tourist—blind—without your eyes to help me see. You spoiled me my first weeks here, and I can't get on without you."

Such a baffling little letter! She had written him that it was very tranquil in Normandy but to come if he wasn't afraid of being bored; and he had wired back impetuously, "How could I be bored?" Ellen had been almost frightened by the wire, but then when he had come, everything had seemed so simple and easy and uncomplicated again, at least for a little while. . . .

Madame d'Evreux had seen Ellen's blush. "Don't tease her, Thérèse. She has never grown accustomed to our hardy, naughty tongues. If I can't chaperon my daughter-in-law adequately . . ." She had left the phrase in the air, and Thérèse had laughed again and presently had gone away to stay elsewhere, and Ellen and the old countess were left alone in the aging, beautiful house.

The night Ellen had come in from her long walk in the forest with vague, unhappy eyes, Madame d'Evreux had begun to wonder whether she could adequately chaperon her daughter-in-law. Surely Ellen wasn't going to be silly and tiresome about this young man. It had been all very well to race over the Norman roads, if it amused her to get dusty and bedraggled; but surely Ellen would finally let him go with the calm dignity she had let everything else slip out of her life. Thérèse had been right in thinking that only Ellen's reputation for being *froide* had saved this summer friendship from appearing ridiculous in all the [illegible]es; but had they been misjudging her from the beginning? Could a young, innocent, almost gauche compatriot unlock doors in her heart which had remained closed to the polished artistry the old countess had seen lavished through the years upon Ellen's smooth, unrevealing self?

The day had been very still. Yellow leaves were drifting down in the garden, for the gardener had complained to her of the impossibility of keeping the driveway neatly swept and raked. The old countess had noticed with very slight distaste the profusion, the rank, luxuriant growth of dahlias and asters and marigolds. The flowers were growing too tall, too lush, with overlong stems, as if in a hurry to push up to the sun before it should be gone. And, though she rarely went outside the park herself nowadays, she knew what the forest was like at this season. It had been in September that Max's father had first brought her here, a shy, almost frightened bride. They had walked the green tunneled lanes and come out upon the golden vistas up the valley. They were a hill away from the sea. The old countess remembered the soft golden haze of light over the stubbly fields, the blue shadows of haystacks and the yellow leaves drifting down.

In the lanes at this season it was still green and summer, with ducks quacking behind the mud-and-root walls, and the sound of pigeons cooing in the *pigeonnier;* but at the breaks in the walls and at the top of the hill in the forest it was already golden autumn. The bracken turned early, and in the apple orchards the trees were laden with ripe fruit. The ap-

ples weren't as vivid a red nowadays of course. The trees, too, were old. They had never again been as red as that first summer. Was Ellen seeing the golden haze from the hill as she had once seen it, old Madame d'Evreux wondered, and would Ellen's disillusionment be as sharp and swift as her own had been? Would the blue smoke always remind her of this one particular autumn here? If Ellen wasn't going to be tiresome, the old countess could feel tender and almost sorry for her, but if she was . . .

She was afraid it was more than likely, for after they had dined quietly together and Ellen had gone upstairs (she said to fetch a book), the old woman heard the car come around in the driveway. When Ellen came back into the room she had on a motoring coat and she looked extraordinarily tired and hard and as if a light had failed inside her. She had a book and a white envelope in her hand.

Madame d'Evreux looked at her daughter-in-law blankly. Had Ellen taken leave of her senses?

"I find I must go to Paris, *ma mère*," Ellen said quietly. "I've already telephoned the rue de Grenelle, so they are expecting me."

Madame d'Evreux still said nothing, and Ellen went on, holding out the book with the note stuck in its pages. "Will you give this to John when he comes to-morrow? He is sailing the next day, and I shan't be seeing him again."

The two women looked at each other in silence, but the old lady's comprehension was beyond words. They were both as aware as if they had spoken of the sea and a ship only a hill away.

"You *must* run away, Ellen?" Madame d'Evreux questioned slowly. Her voice was quite kind, though she herself felt it a lack of fine breeding to admit defeat by running away.

Ellen nodded and repeated her words quite simply. "I must run away."

She bent over her mother-in-law and kissed her quickly and then she stood for a second in the doorway. The light from the hall was behind her, and Madame d'Evreux could not see her eyes. Ellen paused as if to find some quite simple word, either of explanation or farewell, but the word did not come, and she closed the door quietly behind her without speaking again.

The old countess heard the car go out of the driveway and off up to the Deauville road. She disliked intensely finding herself alone here and she hated these impulsive rushings about. She could remember when the journey from Criqueboeuf to Paris had been a matter of serious planning for a fortnight, and now one had a whim and jumped into a car after dinner. . . . But Ellen wasn't given to whims. It must be a strong necessity that had sent her out to drive until midnight along black roads.

The house seemed very empty and cold after Ellen had gone. Madame d'Evreux was glad she had ordered the fire lighted here in the salon before dinner. She sat listening as the motor raced away in the darkness and soon she could not even hear it any longer.

How strange that Ellen should leave her this task to do—but of course they couldn't have the boy turned away in the morning by servants when he came expecting to find Ellen herself still there. It was an odd task for a mother-in-law, but Ellen had been right to trust it to her, for the old woman knew, despite her own rigid observance of forms and ceremonies, that life never lived up to discreet formulæ. It always broke away somewhere, like water rushing through a dike; but, none the less, dikes were useful and necessary, and she had always done her best to keep them intact as long as possible. She would see the boy and send him away as gently as she could, and of course there probably wouldn't be much she would have to say.

She sat for a long while with the book in her hands. Though she would have liked to know what was in the unsealed letter it was safe with her, but at the book she thought she might honorably

look. She sniffed a little—poetry—only an Anglo-Saxon woman would thus send away her lover. Had he ever been her lover? Madame d'Evreux thought not, for if he had been, then Ellen would not be going away with such wide, tragic eyes. In that case the tragedy would have come only later. But only an Anglo-Saxon woman could have done it with a cold book of poems.

The book fell open at the page where the letter was inserted—Masefield: "On Growing Old."

She read English with difficulty, but because of her curiosity Madame d'Evreux puzzled through the sonnet. What was it Ellen was trying to say to the young man?

Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for roving:
Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift
flying . . .

The old countess stopped. The phrase came through to her, though the language was alien. . . . She didn't know what spindrift was, but that was what youth assuredly did do.

Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift
flying
Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.
I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves. Minute by minute
The clock ticks to my heart; a withered wire
Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.

I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
Your mountains, nor your downlands nor
your vallies
Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where your young knight the broken squad-
ron rallies,
Only stay quiet while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

The beauty of embers? The old countess felt cold and tired. Where were they all? Where had everyone gone, and why was she here alone reading cold English words which chilled her to the marrow, though she could not even understand all of them? Would that young man on the morrow make better sense out of it than she had. . . . before he took his boat and set out across the sea? Why had Ellen gone racketing off through the night to Paris? The young couldn't stay still and accept the inevitable. She closed the book with a shrug of impatience and rang for her *tilleul*. She would never understand this. . . . Why Ellen had never even had a dog. . . .

THE PEPPERMINT YEARS

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

WE were two at tea, with a crackling fire pointing its finger at thin old teaspoons and ancestral white-and-gold china, and warming mahogany to dusky red. The background might have been painted for my hostess—tiny and white; with a frail exquisiteness like that of her own porcelain, she had just celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday.

"So many thoughtful friends!" she murmured gratefully with a gesture covering piles of gifts: books, flowers, growing plants, and candy boxes.

She called the maid to bring forward several of these, which, bedecked and beribboned, appeared innumerable. They revealed every conceivable form of the sugary art—long snappy stems, flower-shaped crystals, little trunk-trays of many compartments filled with amusingly varied beads and pebbles and beans and poker chips of green, white, and pink.

"Dear me!" I marvelled, "never did I dream that the confectioner's art could achieve such infinite variety . . ."

"And," interrupted my hostess gently, "in spite of that same infinite variety, they are all peppermints."

At the moment I did not quite catch the underlying significance, although vaguely I felt it in her voice.

She paused, an odd little smile playing over her lips, a smile just a trifle elfin, as though it peeped from behind a tree at the clumsy gambols of human beings. And then that passed, and there was a touch of ruefulness and a delicate hint of apology in her tone.

"I trust you like them—they are the only sort here. . . . My friends are so very kind, but there comes a time . . ." Again she paused. Then, still very gently, but, oh, so wistfully, "There comes a time after which people never send you any but peppermints."

Her words dogged me all the way home and trailed me to sleep, and have sounded in my ears ever since. Actually, they related to nothing more important than certain green and white and pink peppermint drops; but, symbolically, they were the cry of all the old among us—the yearning, heart-aching, lonely cry to us of the younger generations—pleading to be one with us, to be friends, companions; to be understood in their desire to share, to be allowed to enter in. The old want what we want; they are willing to court disaster; they do not ask for the safety of peppermints. Let them, too, they beseech, risk the luscious bonbons of life, the wicked, worldly, dangerous bonbons bursting full of richness. And we reply, "No, no, you are children, you must be shielded, you must have mild things that won't harm you. In fact, you prefer the mild things. You may not know what you prefer, but we do. There, there, go suck your peppermint sticks and fall asleep."

And so, in our trampling, blundering, know-it-all, own-it-all, damnably blind youth and middle-age we ride thundering by, sure that the old are safe and content, and that we can comfortably forget them. They have, we assure ourselves, every want supplied. Good heavens! what do we suppose their wants *are?* Food and an easy chair, a sound roof

and a warm bed? Are they pet Persians or Scotties? But, no; we say of the Persian, "The dear creature feels a slight so deeply; she has so much temperament." And of the Scottie, "Watch him! He understands everything, and he all but talks himself. Tell us, Pet, what is it you want to explain to us?" We give time to them, we exercise the sympathetic imagination to learn and gratify their emotional and intellectual needs. We recognize the fact that liver and puppy biscuit are mere physical essentials which in no wise satisfy the higher-life longings of cat and dog. And yet we turn to our old and say, "You are infants, you must be consigned to a nursery where life is regulated by a thermometer and bran. Bran and a thermometer, a thermometer and bran. You have no longer any but the bodily wants of the new-born; and pretty soon you won't have even those. How comfortable you are, how content!"

And, having disposed of them to the satisfaction of our consciences, we go forth to display our intellectual prowess at a concert or a tea to the latest English author, at contract or at an O'Neill play. We discuss Byrd's expedition, and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, and American possessions in Samoa, and the relation of the Church to modern thought. We don't, for the most part, say much; but we discuss. Our chests expand at the thought of the countless subjects which we discuss; we are thinkers, we moderns, the adult-minded. We are thoroughly convinced that we are the adult-minded. The infants among us—who are the aged now that we have no other infants to swaddle—of course do not care to discuss. And, if they did, they would have nothing to contribute. That's the word, contribute. We, the adult-minded, must utter a great many words on the topics which are being talked about. It is by so doing that we contribute. Meanwhile our elderly babes are properly cared for and put to bed.

II

Obviously, it was the violent swing of the pendulum that led to this situation. "The day of youth" and "the day of the child" are phrases heard abroad in the land. Amen! It was, undoubtedly, time. The patriarchal and matriarchal tradition of our Puritan forbears, which for generations had expressed itself in such formulas as "Children should be seen and not heard," "Mother knows best," "Spare the rod and spoil the child," and a hundred others, brought on (as does every tyranny in the end) revolution. Youth rose in righteous indignation and demanded its right of self-expression whether or not it had anything to express. Not a single spirited boy or girl under that regime but reached maturity laden with secret declarations of independence to be enforced "as soon as I'm grown up." They fled from stony farms and village stores, from gloomy kitchens and annual child-bearing. Here a youth of twenty, being led to the woodshed for a trouncing, roused at length the latent worm within his soul and returned the trouncing. There a girl vowed to become an author for life because her verses, discovered upon the backs of old envelopes, had been burned in the kitchen stove before her eyes, and she had been sent to her room to do an extra stint of patchwork. . . . I knew a woman who always gleefully plunged her knife into every steaming loaf of cake the instant it emerged from the oven because her grandmother had never permitted her a taste until the loaf had lain shrouded in state for days, after which "she would approach it in solemn reverence and cut me a very small slice as if the cutting were part of the church service.". . . A young man ran away from a Vermont farm to hunt lions in Africa, and, although the issue proved fatal, I have no doubt that he relished the moment in which his prey swallowed him as keenly as did the lion, so weary of monotony had he become.

Now all this is as it should be. Nobody any more anywhere (unless in some isolated stronghold of ancient rule where the name of Darwin strikes terror like that of the Black Douglas, and where Jonah still lingers within the whale's digestive precincts) refuses youth its freedom—or wishes to. The Tyranny of Age has become a dim fact of the past; but in its place has come forward a myth of the present—the myth of Second Childhood. Indeed, owing to our scientific trend to-day, we have represented the progress of the individual human life by a diagrammatic line which ascends from the start, reaches its peak before, or at the middle (according to what the line-drawer's personal age chances to be), and thereafter plunges downward to the abyss.

To be sure, this pyramidal diagram may be correct judged by a physician's tests of blood pressure and albumen, of stethoscopic murmurs and corpuscles. It may also be correct according to an intelligence test. Although I do not know whether there are tabulated figures showing the reactions of the aged to a picture puzzle of dogs chasing a rabbit, or the question, "What would you do if a man gave you seventeen pennies and the kite you wanted cost twenty cents?" I am willing to wager that, if they are the sort of aged whom I number among my friends, they would snort at dogs and rabbit and refuse to answer an idiotic question about a kite and, therefore, would be solemnly set down at some way station between six and seven years old.

But there is another line which ascends persistently to the end. It is traced upon a plane superior to blood pressure and puzzle-solving, a plane where the highest mental and spiritual processes fuse into rich full-rounded thought. To measure these processes we have no intelligence test, but we display scant intelligence ourselves if we refuse to recognize the fact that the old, as one of my college friends astonishingly admits, have it on us. His grandfather, he concedes, is the entire family cheese. At eighty-two he conducts the manufacturing business which he has built up during a busy lifetime, and every problem is referred to him, from the matter of overhead stock to that of a granddaughter's love affair. Apropos, this college grandson of extraordinary perspicacity once quoted the poet's phrase, "Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers." "And," he added, "that whisker-bearing trochee-stepper of a laureate may have done his lyre-twanging in Victoria's day, but all the same he said a mouthful."

He did. For, cruel as is our bludgeon-mindedness, the suffering that it causes the old does not compare with our own suffering by loss. In our madness for knowledge we tear along the highway, grabbing a "course" here, a "course" there, and bringing up with "the tag." We snatch instantaneous French, short-cut cookery, high-speed story-writing, snap-shot nursing, get-quick engineering —anything for that tag. Meantime, while clinging to the racing car of knowledge, we completely ignore that mellow, leisurely wisdom upon which we might regale ourselves in the pauses of frenzied speed. There it waits with our old, shining in the autumn sun, a harvest ripe for our gathering; and we drive ruthlessly over the sheaves and whirl on.

One evening last winter I dined with a family in which three generations are represented. I had long cherished a suspicion that Mr. A, the grandfather, was its most interesting member; and it was through my sympathy with him that I became involved in guilty intrigue. The others were leaving the dinner table to attend the performance of a Spanish dancer whom I had already seen, and I had elected to remain behind for a while and then go home to write letters. As the party set off someone observed, "From what everybody says, it really wouldn't do to miss this Spaniard and her castanets."

"Castanets?" Mr. A inquired with sudden briskness. "I saw a great dancer in Spain when I was young. I'd like to compare them."

The family exchanged glances. "Why, dear, it might raise your blood pressure again," his daughter gently explained. "You'd better have a quiet evening and go to bed early. There's that new book. Such a quaint, pleasant little tale, nothing *modern* about it." This was said with a meaningful lift of the brows, intended to go over her father's head. A whirlwind in the hall, a banged door, and Mr. A and I were alone.

We strolled into the library. He picked up the pleasant tale, laid it down. He cogitated. Then:

"Is this dancer really remarkable?"

"Extraordinary. Her impression of a bullfight leaves you gasping—it's beautiful, it's savage, it's splendid."

The heavily veined hand was on my arm, the faded eyes were alive. "My dear, if you wouldn't too much mind seeing her again—let's go!"

In justice to myself let me state that I really did protest. I recalled that ominous mention of blood pressure. But he was already hurrying into his overcoat. The next I knew we were in a taxi.

Never have I seen a boy glow and throb more than that man of seventy-nine. "It's four years since I've been allowed an evening entertainment," he whispered, the music of those magic heels and castanets trickling through his veins like some rare Spanish wine. . . . It is true that he spent the next day in bed, much fatigued; but to my relief he was soon as well as usual, and our truancy never leaked out. "And, my dear," he stole an opportunity to say to me, "even if I had died I trust you would have felt no qualm of regret. I'd far rather die seeing that dancer than live to read the books which are selected for me."

Now, it happens that Mr. A is the only member of his family who has ever visited Spain, and his memory of it is vivid. He talked with me later on about the native dance as he had observed it there, and compared the interpretation of this new artist, spreading before me a feast of delightful comment. Meanwhile his granddaughters had uttered their high-pitched "Marvellous! Simply gorgeous! Absolutely adorable!" His son-in-law had grunted, "Say, that hot little mamma of a Juanita delivers the goods all right." And his daughter had hunched her shoulders and gushed, "My *dear!* Perfectly *astounding*, never heard anything as *amazing* as the symphony that woman produces with her heels and her castanets—positively a *symphony!*" And they had speeded on their several ways to a bridge for the benefit of something or other, a tea for somebody who had won a prize for I don't know what, a directors' meeting, a dressmaker's fitting, a golf-course conference, a shampoo with massage, and a lesson in rhythmic control of bodily poise. They had tossed a glance at the precious stone of art which the dancer had proffered, and flung it away; Mr. A had deliberately cut its facets with exquisite touch and presented it to me to behold in its enhanced gleaming.

III

It is in this deeper, fuller, better rounded form of thought that the old so frequently excel us. For one thing, their memories greatly surpass ours. Memory is one faculty which threatens to be lost altogether if we continue to snap multitudinous exposures upon the film-pack of a single human consciousness at such a rate that the result is nothing but a hopeless muddle of superimposed pictures. The old, having used and hoarded their films more frugally, have an orderly array to bring forth for a fresh printing. Add to this their opportunity for reflection, which comes with more retirement; their tolerance, born of much living and much forgiving both of others and of self; and their sense of humor (humor, indeed, is fading like an enchantment before the bald hot stare of this new literal-minded generation, which has nothing enticing up its sleeve because it wears no sleeve); and they offer a point of view that we can ill afford to lose.

In some cases I have found, too, a modern outlook. For instance, during the witchcraft episode in Pennsylvania I heard the subject summarized by a woman far past her threescore-and-ten as I saw it summarized in no current editorial. She harked back to a period when the Salem tradition was better remembered than now, poking good-tempered fun at two prominent American authors of to-day in whose books occur allusions to the "burnings" on Salem's hill. She covered briefly the history of the fanaticism in both Europe and America. Finally, she threw upon it the searchlight of the new psychology, a volume by one of our leading psychiatrists lying on her table while she talked. More than anyone else whom I heard discuss this subject, she talked with perspective. Perspective, both intellectual and spiritual, is the treasure won by the long and difficult climb to the top of the hill.

And we, with all our prating of "utilization of values," are ignoring one of the highest values that we possess. We labor to conserve everything else—trees and water power and infant health and the softness of our arteries and the by-products of canned soup. Everything except the wisdom of the old, which we cast to the four winds. My attention was recently called to the fact that the World War developed no outstanding young leaders; the great generals were men who remembered other wars, who stood where they could gaze over the whole prospect, past and present, and form a broad judgment not possible to younger men. It may be banal to say that experience teaches, but, like a good many banalities, it is the truth. That is, it teaches the teachable. Those who have been unwilling to learn, who have let the years wither their powers, who have become crabbed, arbitrary, reactionary, who have refused to grow as life led on, ever inviting growth—such have weeded themselves out of the reckoning. But to the fit who have survived we may look for a certain point of view impossible to us who, still in the thick of the struggle, cannot see the woods for the trees.

Bless the day that introduced youth with its fresh standards of judgment to offset staleness! The open-minded are taking advantage of it on every hand. A girl recently from college is one of the readers for a leading New York publisher who heeds as much her opinion of a manuscript as he does those of his mature editors. Many boards directing large business institutions nowadays include young men; and their conferences are greatly stimulated by the alertness and flexibility of these eager minds. The new mood of giving attention to youth's slant is one of the happiest signs of the times; but why, in availing ourselves of this, should we deprive ourselves of that other and widely different slant of age? Complementing each other as they do, we cannot afford to throw away either.

IV

In every phase of life we are wreaking our blind vengeance for a long-dead tyranny by shelving the old or near-old —who, oddly, are the very generation that won freedom for us. Department-store managers and business heads turn with chilly gaze from a gray-haired applicant. Woman need no longer conceal either her cigarettes or her knees, but her age must be hidden like sin.

Youth has distinct values of its own to offer. Physical attractiveness is important in certain positions. Also, its quickness has rightly caused many employed ranks to be recruited from among wide trousers and boyish bobs. This quickness, requisite in some lines, is partly due to sharper hearing and eyesight, to a more vigorous physique in general; and partly to a different thinking process. Older persons often do think more slowly; but if they are intelligent, this makes for greater thoroughness and balance in the performance.

Employers are arguing that older men have not shown themselves amenable to

the radical changes in industry, that they resist innovation. Why not, then, offer evening courses for the resistant as we teach youth to apply its go-get-it-iveness to those industries which maturity has built? "Adapting the Improved Mentality of Mature Years to the Improved Machinery of the Modern Plant" might start the ball rolling. As for the women: I have questioned a great number of shoppers, and I find the majority preferring the older saleswomen. "The girls find matching a ribbon for me less important than the talkie they attended last evening with the boy friend," is a typical reply.

Here and there we find business and professional men who, in age, hold a place of authority not by the mere clutch of possessiveness but by genuine leadership. Like those seasoned generals who knew better how to guide the new war because they had gleaned from both successes and failures in the old, so these generals of various peacetime battlefields have harvested the past. One, "the grand old man" of finance; another, the president of a great insurance company; and a few similar outstanding figures rouse our cheers. But they are few; probably they possess more health, more stubbornness, or more stock than the most of their contemporaries.

Woman, who possesses less frequently the property rights which may enable a man to hold his place, is even more easily consigned to the nursery. A Mrs. L whom I knew, however, lived beyond ninety and held her own by sheer resistance. Although her appearance was of the utmost fragility, her vitality was amazing. She was impatient, her earrings bobbed, she tapped her dainty foot at a world of sloth, she must be off to an Italian lesson or her piano practice or her embroidery. Never knitting—knitting was for the old, who bored her. They were so elderly. For years she had been spending the summers at a resort frequented by ladies of sixty, seventy, eighty; the last summer, following her ninety-first birthday, she wrote me, "I am going to a new hotel where I hope to find the guests younger and more congenial."

And there, among strangers who set out to patronize her years, she sprang at one leap to the aggressive. She met her juniors critically, a bit scornfully, forcing each to prove himself young enough for her society. "Reactionary!" she scoffed one day, catching a spinster of forty reading Rossetti. "Do put yourself on a diet of Masefield and Sandburg, and see if you can't look less jilted by life." She was outrageously rude at times; rudeness was a weapon foreign to her, and she took it up as a last resort. "If I don't insult the young they insult me by treating me as a child," she confessed.

"Now, there's that young clergyman. He talks with men of affairs and authors and globe trotters, but he patronizes me," she went on. He approached, a man in his early thirties, one already widely known for his brilliant thinking and courageously liberal utterance. A keen, intelligent-looking man, rather the up-to-date lawyer in manner; of the most modern type found in the church to-day; but at sight of Mrs. L the traditional saccharinity spread over his face as if a sweetmeat were being dipped in sugar syrup.

"Good morning, good morning!" He patted her shoulder. "Well, well, we're pretty spry this sunshiny day, aren't we?"

She surveyed him with a glance which caused his hand to drop from her shoulder. "A pity you weren't more spry when you were preparing last Sunday's sermon. Didn't your Seminary teach you the correct pronunciation of 'Isaiah'? And if you will look up that phrase you quoted from *Creative Evolution* you will find that what Bergson says is, 'A beneficent fluid bathes us, whence we draw the very force to labor and to live.'"

To the credit of this young man be it recorded that, having first stared dumbly,

then uttered a "Great Scott!" he sat down beside his challenger and entered into talk as brain to brain. The two discussed schools of philosophy and the higher criticism; they debated, they agreed, they flatly disagreed, but as equals. And they were, from that hour, fast friends. She had opened his eyes, and he was big enough to enjoy their opening. He admitted later that "we ministers, I believe, and doctors too, have a professional habit of treating the old as children."

This is true, although a specialized branch of medicine, dealing with the diseases of age, is now developing. An able young physician whom I know has been led into it through his sympathetic understanding of the old. He says that its greatest difficulty lies in rousing any interest in the fight for health: "The old are not interested in themselves, largely because nobody is interested in them." For years, however, he has been able to hold at bay the angina pectoris of a woman past eighty because her family so ardently co-operate with his medical efforts. "If they had been indifferent, had given her the spiritless, perfunctory care that the old so often have, she'd have gone long ago. Her will to live, backed by theirs, has held her."

Both in the prevention and the cure of disease, medicine and surgery have already lengthened the life span, as hosts of tabulated figures show; and they will, no doubt, lengthen it much farther. What is more important, the physical comfort of old age has been increased by these sciences. We, here in America, are eminently practical. Physicians are attending to old age's health while economists and legislatures are beginning to consider old age's pension, and employment preceding old age. Most properly. Rheumatism and anxiety concerning the rent must be relieved. But while we look to our elders' blood pressure and their annuities, while we give them pensions and acidophilus, let us not neglect the spirit. Let us, instead of coddling them, seek to understand.

Hypocrisy is rife among us. We raise them to a throne. "Grandmamma must have the heart of the celery, the perfect portion of the tenderloin," we sentimentalize. "She is queen among us." We throw a sop to our idea of "filial duty," whereas nothing so bores an intelligent grandparent as the thought of filial duty. Probably the old, as well as the young, nowadays are skeptical concerning its existence; obligation on the part of a compulsory guest seems illogical. But comradeship they do desire. In Europe, where the family remains an institution (as it was formerly in America), where its social life is unified, where grandparents refuse to be relegated to the nursery, one finds them often dominant (sometimes domineering). But with us they are too often swathed in the cotton wool of luxury and forgotten—save when we approach them to converse upon inane topics or to present them with some gift from a fixed list of our own invention, which consists of (in addition to peppermints), mufflers, footstools, and spectacle wipers for old gentlemen, and bed slippers, knitted bed jackets, and small articles colored lavender for old ladies. To say nothing of the products of religion. "Why is it assumed," one asked me, "that we are always pious after seventy, no matter how entertaining we may have been before?" I for my part have registered a vow never to give an old person anything colored lavender or flavored with peppermint or piety.

Even to the opening of the last door do we patronize our elders. Indeed, there is no field of thought where we more profoundly fail to comprehend than their interest in death, which is as normal as a "prep" school senior's interest in whether or no college is to follow his graduation. Death among most of us in America is an improper subject, anyway. One doesn't speak of it. One discusses sex relations and the Œdipus complex and the Wassermann test, but death is indelicate and when it insists upon occurring it is quickly

hushed. I heard a man of eighty, with complete poise and cheerfulness, say to his son who is a college professor of philosophy:

"I should like to talk with you about death, as it cannot be far from me. What would you, familiar with modern thought, say is the consensus of sound present-day opinion regarding the possibility of survival?"

"Nonsense, Dad!" in the tone employed by some when a child normally questions the stork tale. "Don't think about such things. You'll outlive us all. Anyway, death's nothing to be afraid of. . . . You ought to get outdoors more. Get the cook to walk with you if you're wobbly on your pins."

His elder turned away, knowing pursuit of the subject futile. But if that son of many degrees had been capable of reading the contempt upon that fine, haughty old nose, his A.B., A.M., Ph.D., and the rest would have withered to no more than the discarded letters of an alphabet soup. Looking on, I wished the father had the son where he had been (or should have been) forty years earlier: across the paternal knee. Afraid of death! A man who had journeyed through eighty years without once quailing before death's far more formidable predecessor, life. I have been honored with the confidence of many old persons upon this subject, as vital to them as the next step ahead is vital to each one of us, and I have yet to find a noble spirit even touched by fear. Believers and unbelievers alike meet it without morbidity and with interest. In some cases, I fancy, the possibility of what religionists term a "hereafter" offers hope of more congenial companionship than the therebefore. Possibly one reason that we do not follow Edison's suggestion, and push toward the scientific proof (if there may be one) of survival, is that its discovery would give the old too great an advantage over us. Meantime they, keeping their thought to themselves, bide on the shelf that we have built, as wistful as a Gaffer and a Granny Tyl, waiting for our thought to come and summon them.

V

But let us remind ourselves once more that we are the major losers. Can we not, for heaven's and for common sense's sake, salvage for our own use this priceless value that is the essence of age before it is too late? Too late, because, if the habit of disuse continues, it is conceivable that it may disappear eventually, or become merely vestigial, as infrequent as the caudal appendage. We may reduce the old to infancy or imbecility by our insistence. That particular wise, mellow aroma which only time can create may be lost to us forever, while in its place will reek a swollen mass of brain cells inflamed with mechanical information, radio hook-ups, and data on the newest jazz steps.

Can we not, for the sake of all that is precious, create within our midst a mingling that shall blend youth, age, and the between as a chef blends his savors to an exquisite perfection? Europe knows how. Europe accomplishes the feat. And Europe has commented that America has no authentic society. It is fair to reply that America neither has nor desires the same basis for such an institution. We don't possess duchesses and we are not going to start manufacturing them, even in Detroit. But there is a nobility, there is a royalty of mind and spirit, and the sooner we elevate some of our own to the rank where they belong, the sooner may we hope to possess a society authentic after its own nature, an aristocracy supreme by virtue of its very democracy. In fact, we have the advantage. For whereas, over there, some quite intolerable old lady must be permitted to hold forth because of her title, here we may choose our gracious leaders in what once called itself a land of the free but has become a land of the fettered.

Fettered to its follies. They are innumerable, and no one among them is

more ruthless than the institution of age-grading. Society is handled with the same awful efficiency as coal in the sifter, graded meticulously to the last. Even as a lump of egg coal must never by any error slip into the nut-coal bin, or a longing bit of nut coal dream of mixing with the buckwheat grade, so sixty is barred irrevocably from forty, and forty must stay outside when twenty-five is giving a tea.

This is not society in anything like a rounded-out sense. To be sure, it is rational that the young should meet for dancing, sports, many amusements suitable to their physical vigor and normally youthful tastes. Dancing is, fortunately, much more popular than formerly; but it has been a potent factor in thrusting out the older guest. I am not for a minute arguing against the partial segregation which it brings about; but why put an end to all mingling of the ages? "We can't ask her, she must be sixty-five," hostesses say when they are making out their dinner lists. If they did ask her, an American man observes, it might make for better manners in our midst.

Good manners and good talk. Both of these priceless charms do exist in our United States, despite the cynics, but they exist in narrowly limited circles. So rare are they that the majority have never known them. Those Americans who visit Europe with entrée to its distinguished circles return to stare in dismay at the contrast. There, at a dinner, they have been listening to politicians who understand world affairs rather than campaigns on the radio; to brilliant and sometimes violent and terrible old ladies who have known great men for half a century and can keep the party going with their personality sketches; to the traveled, the highly read, to men and women ripe in affairs, in sophisticated contacts, familiar with politics, literature, the arts. "I'd rather sit beside Madame C as I used to in Paris, than beside any woman I know of any age, and she was past seventy," someone says. "She had known more personages, and known them well, than any single individual I have ever met, and her reminiscences were a feast in themselves." Madame C, being a Parisian, was invited to dinner, you note. In America she would have been crossed off the majority of the lists. And not only in conversation, but in other intellectual games do the old often excel, such as bridge, whereas the list of many a bridge party would suggest the conclusion that it was selected not upon the basis of skill to be displayed, but of manicured beauty and rings.

We were never so rash as to throw out old-vintage wine because the label had grown shabby, and we no longer scrap early American maple because it is less fresh than the specimen from Grand Rapids. But we are daily committing a far more serious vandalism. Again, for the sake of heaven and of common sense, let us stop it. Let us seize upon and restore to society our human treasures of age as we do our desks and dressers, setting them forth to adorn. We shall do so only when we rouse at length to the irreparable loss that we are inflicting upon ourselves. And the first step in that rousing is to become acquainted with them.

EVE IN THE APPLE ORCHARD

A PORTRAIT OF NINON DE LENCLOS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THREE hundred years ago Ninon de Lenclos was just such a girl as New York breeds to-day by dozens, fearing neither God nor man, daring everything, challenging everything, perfectly reckless of the tattered conventions of a worn-out morality, mocking the tame taboos of a more timid generation, determined to give full development and outlet to every power and vigor of the spirit, to suck from life every drop of rich and varied sweetness that it could possibly be made to yield.

The long life of Ninon or, as she was christened, Anne de Lenclos was contemporary with almost the entire seventeenth century. Born in Paris in 1620, she died there in 1705, and during that time she was intimate with many of the most prominent people in France. Some of the greatest men were her lovers, some of the most interesting women were her devoted friends. At an early period she set out to follow her own nature, as she saw it, not showing her respect for the conventions of the world by an idle battle against them, but simply disregarding them to seek a higher and truer law. Perhaps she never found such; but at any rate she had an inborn instinct of reason and common sense which kept her head steady through the wildest excesses and enabled her after a youth of mad riot to develop an old age of dignity, tranquillity, and peace.

Naturally much that is reported about Ninon's childhood and early years is more or less legendary; but it is clear that her spiritual revolt began when she was very young. Her social position was fairly good. Her mother was timid, conservative, and pious, and was eager to make the daughter more so, but her father was reckless, careless, dissipated, a lover of life and laughter and especially of song. It was easy to divine which of her parents Ninon's temperament would follow.

The story goes that one day when she went with her mother to church and the priests were chanting the solemn passion music, the child burst out with the refrain of a popular love song:

> "Why should we care if we die,
> When we die but to live again?"

The congregation was scandalized, the mother was ready to sink with shame, and the priests labored to convert the little heathen—quite unsuccessfully. All they could get out of her was, "What you priests tell us is sheer nonsense. I don't believe a word of it."

She not only reflected freely and fearlessly on the things of the other world, but what was practically more important, she formed her own ideas on the affairs of this world and especially on the conduct of men and women. Just when she formulated her views on such subjects it is of course impossible to say but, according to the report of the Abbé de Châteauneuf, the views were formulated early, were explicit and definite, and served as a rule of life forever after. "As the first use she made of her reason was

to free herself from vulgar errors, she early understood that there can be only one law of morals for men and for women." Which certainly sounds much like the twentieth—and some other—centuries. What is interesting about Ninon is that she tried to apply the principle from every point of view, that is, she not only believed that women had a right to the same sexual liberty as men, but she believed that they should recognize equally with men all the obligations of loyalty, sincerity, and honor; and she made a conscientious effort to put this belief into practice in her own case. The experiment may not have been always in every way successful. She may have overlooked some differences in the training and surroundings of women which tend to make their lapses more serious and more offensive—to men—than those of the corresponding masculine article. At any rate, her experiment was profoundly interesting.

It is naturally not to be supposed that a young girl could work out such ideas from her own unaided brain. We have seen that Ninon's father had an immense influence upon her, perhaps all the more because they were early separated by his exile for an unfortunate duel. Her father set her to reading Montaigne, and it is easy to imagine the effect of Montaigne's skeptical naturalism on a temperament like hers, at once infinitely bold and infinitely pleasure-loving. It was not Montaigne alone. She read all sorts of books, probably with little system or profound or persistent erudition, but with that extraordinarily quick and ready wit which enabled her to seize the essential in things and people and always to adapt it to her purposes. When she discusses love, she can quote a Greek poet or philosopher. When she attacks theology, she has a church father ready to her hand. She probably knew very little about either fathers or philosophers, but she knew enough to serve her need, and she was admirably prompt and eager in the use of it, as she was in everything.

She not only kept in touch with dead authors, but with the living. The very greatest author living in her day was Molière and, if we may trust tradition, Molière used to read his plays to her and take her advice about them. According to Châteauneuf, when the dramatist read her his "Tartuffe," she matched it with an anecdote told "with color so lively and so natural that if his play had not been completed, he would never have undertaken it, for he felt incapable of putting on the stage anything so perfect as the Tartuffe of Ninon."

However this may be, it is clear that Ninon's liberty was quite as much intellectual as moral and that her independence of conduct had the independence of clear, consistent, and vigorous thinking behind it. Indeed, in her old age she reminds one of her lovers that he used to make fun of her for thinking so deeply; and it is evident that the profound and searching possibilities of thought were never alien to her.

But from any danger of excessive reflection, or of brooding analysis or melancholy, Ninon was easily saved by her intensely social instincts. She wanted people about her, all sorts of people. If there were deep questions to be thought of, she wanted to talk them over with wise and liberal friends. She had scholars for scholarship and authors for literature and unlimited clever abbés for theology. And she was just as ready for the lighter side of talk also. Her wit was as apt as her brain was keen. Innumerable quick touches and vivid repartees of hers have been handed down through the years, some doubtless invented, and some, as it appears to us, rather trivial and pointless, as is so often the case with reported wit, but many sharp and eminently significant, like her swift retort, when someone expressed astonishment at her having so long kept her beauty, "It is because I have never cared for cards or wine or women," or her apt quotation of Corneille to the pompous marshal, who was pressing a

hopeless suit and incidentally praising his own good qualities,

"Oh, ciel! que de vertus vous me faites haïr!"

And to the constant readiness to see the humorous side of others, she added the charming gift which redeems this from acidity—the readiness to make fun of herself.

The sense of fun, of comedy, was even pushed to folly, to lighter trifling, to jests and practical jokes of every sort. But there is a notable insistence that with Ninon the most extreme fooling was not allowed to pass the bounds of good taste. The wildest young nobles of the court might visit her when they pleased, but if they did visit her she insisted upon respect and manners with her as decorous as with the queen.

For it is evident that in everything the woman was an artist, and her latest biographer justly insists that she instinctively made life a fine art. There is something Greek about her, something Attic in her fine sense of restraint and delicacy, even in indulgence, even in encroaching excess. She suggests the best type of Greek courtesan, Lais, or the charming Leontium of Epicurus and Landor's Dialogue, or even the Aspasia of Pericles. She had the finest sensibility to beauty in every form, and especially in the most æsthetic form of all, music. How subtle is Châteauneuf's description of its effect upon her: "You followed in her face the different emotions and passions that the musician was trying to express, for she found expression where we should find only harmony, and you would have said that to her every sound was a feeling."

The only aspect of beauty that I do not find registered in connection with Ninon is the appreciation of nature; but I am confident that one who was so alive to the depths and possibilities of reflection must have been capable of enjoying solitary walks in wide fields and deep woods as much as Madame de Sévigné enjoyed them.

In the same way you feel, or perhaps rather divine, in Ninon the capacity for religious emotion, in spite of her violent outbursts of irreligion. She had queer spells of devotional tendency, which filter down to us through the dimness of biographical record. After her mother's death she had a time of depression which took her to a convent. Again, she sought another such refuge during a sojourn in Lyons. And still again, she was actually incarcerated for a time by the order of the Queen, Anne of Austria. You would naturally say that a temperament so quick and so responsive would feel at least the possibilities of God. But somehow when it came to actual conventual surroundings, Ninon's religion was all dissolved in her humanity. She won the enthusiastic affection of the nuns first, and then gradually a swarm of outside people—women and those fatal men—began to buzz about her, and God was easily and deplorably forgotten.

For she was a creature of this world all over, and the human touch was essential and, on the whole, sufficient for her, as it was for her close contemporary, Madame de Sévigné, who was so different in many ways and yet so obviously sympathetic and admiring on the few occasions when they came into contact. They were both thorough children of the Renaissance, that period of magnificent this-worldliness, which is rampant in Montaigne and the painting of Rubens, but reaches its highest manifestation, for us English-speaking people at any rate, in the drama of Shakespeare and his fellows. The splendor and richness of this world have never been better developed and exemplified than in the horde and herd of Shakespeare's men and women; and Ninon, who was a true cousin of Madame de Sévigné, was also a cousin, a creature, a real daughter of Shakespeare, and one he would hardly have been ashamed to own.

II

Certainly the most intense, if not the most profound or enduring, of the as-

pects of humanness is the aspect of sex, and it must be admitted that sex played a showy and conspicuous part in the career of Ninon de Lenclos. One asks oneself first, had she the physical beauty to justify this? As in many such cases, the actual portraits are not very satisfactory. There is a suggestion of rich voluptuousness, but also of heaviness, which does not greatly attract. The printed descriptions are better and give more of charm. Thus, in Scudéry's *Clélie* Ninon is pictured as the heroine: "Her hair is of the most beautiful chestnut brown that ever was seen, the face is round, the coloring brilliant, the mouth agreeable, the lips very red, there is a little dimple in the chin, which is infinitely becoming, the black eyes are shining, full of fire and laughter, and the whole face is delicate, gay, and keenly intelligent." But somehow this detailed analysis does not begin to give the grace of mobility and responsiveness that appear in another description by a contemporary: "Her countenance was at once open, delicate, fine, tender, and animated. When nothing especially affected her and in the daily course of life, she appeared cold and indifferent; but when even a petty incident roused her spirit from this state of repose, which the multiplicity of her emotions seemed to render necessary to her, her whole person was transformed: her features were touched with passion, the sound of her voice went to the heart, the grace of her gestures and of her poses, everything about her, charmed the feelings and stimulated them to the highest degree."

In any case, there can be no question but that Ninon made good use of her charms, such as they were, and got out of them all they would yield in an amorous career of extraordinary brilliancy and variety, and especially of extraordinary length. It was even said that she charmed the Sévignés of three generations, though in the last case the charm was no doubt of a social and maternal order, as with the legendary adventure of the Abbé Gédoyn, when the lady was eighty years old. The list of lovers as a whole, however, was anything but legendary. There were men of business and men of pleasure, men of the sword and men of the church, scholars, authors, and philosophers, men handsome and ugly. Their names are largely recorded in the scandalous chronicles of the time and need not concern us here.

But two general points in connection with this eminently disreputable list deserve to be noted. First, there is the delicate question of money. There can be no doubt that Ninon took from her lovers, took largely as she spent freely, and used her prudent foresight to accumulate wisely for more barren years. But she never gave her favor for money alone. She demanded other things with it, and she could and did refuse gifts, even magnificent, when the giver did not please her. Second, she exercised her privilege of rejection at all times. She loved only those who she at least thought deserved her love in some way; and if you did not deserve it, you might beg and sue and plead and pay as long as you pleased, you made no impression whatever. She herself laughingly divided her lovers into payers, martyrs, and favorites; and the martyrs had a hard time of it.

In all this wide and erratic amorousness the chief and prevalent note is gayety and mirth. Ninon refused to take love as a serious thing. Her vast experience of the world, and especially of men, had taught her—or she thought it had—that a man's passion was brief, however ardent, and the more ardent, the briefer. You should taste it, and savor it, and fling it away, and forget it. Otherwise you ran extreme risk of being flung away and forgotten yourself; and this risk she proposed to avoid. Love was an exquisite trifle, it was no more, and her way was to treat it as such. Therefore, her path was strewn with roses and laughter, and she is the center of a garland of gay anecdotes, some

trivial, some dubious, but most merry and light-hearted, and none really cynical or cruel.

Perhaps a rejected lover hurled his scorn at her in verse:

> Unworthy of my sighs and tears,
> I see at last that I was mad:
> My love bestowed, it now appears,
> Ungrateful, charms you never had,

and instantly she could toss him back:

> Unmoved I see your passion go,
> And know that you have loved it through,
> If love has charms it can bestow,
> Why not bestow them upon you?

Or, there is the story of the weary lover who fell asleep while expecting his lady's arrival. Ninon crept into his room, stole his garments and his sword, and the next morning burst in upon him in mannish attire, with the sword at her side, and threatened his life. And there is the excellent, undying jest of La Châtre. This La Châtre was a grave and serious gentleman, who was obliged to part from his lady for a short journey and begged her to give him a written pledge of fidelity to carry with him. Ninon looked at him for a moment, with a whimsical gravity, which he should have fathomed, said nothing, but signed his paper. No sooner was he gone than she sought lovers where she could, and with every one of them she broke out into a burst of laughter: "Oh, that delightful guarantee I gave La Châtre!" The story went all over France, all over the world, and poor La Châtre has been a laughing-stock for ten generations.

One asks oneself whether the laughter was really all, and whether even Ninon did not have her moments when love unveiled its deeper secrets and passion its mysteries and despairs. Surely no one would have been more capable of understanding them than she. The delicate analysis of the subject in her brilliant little story "*La Coquette Vengée*" would seem to suggest something of the kind, and even, in referring to the misery of another, she is said to have observed that "matters of tenderness produce more of suffering than they can ever give of joy." There are rare hints of jealousy, also, and it might be possible to find an occasional suggestion of satiety or disgust. Above all, in one instance love seems to have taken a deeper hold. Whereas most of her fancies were brief, and she herself designated them as caprices, light and whiffling breezes that merely fluttered the rippling surface of her soul, she did have an affair with the Marquis de Villarceaux which lasted three years, apparently with a notable and romantic fidelity. It is in connection with him that the pretty story is told that, when he thought he had occasion for jealousy, Ninon cut off all her beautiful hair and sent it to him as a token that she was constant. The details of their parting are obscure but would seem to have more elements of tragedy in them than Ninon commonly allowed to disfigure or transfigure her affections.

If this was so, she had learned her lesson, and she did not permit it to sour or embitter her life. Once more, and more than ever, she determined to identify love with laughter and with song. So taken, it could be made the grace and ornament and charm of existence. Wreathe smiles and jests and good-nature about it. Fill it full with light airs and merry, lilting verses. In other words, make it your servant, not your master, and it will serve you with grace and delicacy and delight. If she had known it, I am sure she would have reveled in the mirth and magic of the great Shakespearean love song of the world,

> What is love? 'Tis not hereafter.
> Present mirth hath present laughter.
> What's to come is still unsure.
> In delay there lies no plenty.
> Then come kiss me, Sweet and Twenty.
> Youth's a stuff will not endure.

III

But at an early period of her career Ninon made up her mind that, while love

might be worth trifling with, there were other matters that demanded more serious thought, things that did endure, the solid loyalty of affection, the assured and lasting comfort of mutual understanding. She always honestly and earnestly insisted that if women were to have masculine privileges they should also fully recognize masculine duties, and it is said that her daily prayer was, "*Mon Dieu, faites de moi un honnête homme et n'en faites jamais une honnête femme.*" "Dear God, make me a good man, but never a good woman." The delicate observation of La Bruyère, "A lovely woman who has the qualities of an honest man is the most delicious character in the world; you find in her all the merit of both sexes," is said to have been made with reference to Ninon de Lenclos.

This charming loyalty and fidelity are obvious in all the aspects of Ninon's human dealing. They show in her relations with her family. To be sure, as happens in so many other cases, she and her mother did not quite understand each other. The mother was timid, Ninon was reckless; Ninon lived for this world, her mother for the next. Yet in her mother's final illness no daughter could have been more devoted, and the mother's death was for the time a cause of acute distress.

With the father there was more natural sympathy. We have seen that to his early suggestions Ninon owed much of her general attitude toward life, and the sympathy was probably by no means diminished by the father's years of exile. When he returned to die in his daughter's arms, the words attributed to him on his deathbed are a perfect epitome of the daughter's apparent philosophy of life: "You see that all that remains to me at this moment is a dreary memory of pleasures that are quitting me. Their possession has been fleeting and that is all I have to complain of. . . . But you, who are to survive me, profit by the precious time and be scrupulous not so much about the number as about the choice of your pleasures."

The glimpses we get of Ninon as a mother are vague and elusive, culminating in the legend of the son who made love to her in her later years and was driven to suicide when he discovered his horrible mistake. But the correspondence in which she appeals to a high functionary for financial and professional assistance for the boy who was an officer in the navy has all the dignity and courtesy of an honest man and all the tenderness of a good woman.

Ninon appears to have been equally gracious and considerate with those who served her and to have been correspondingly beloved by them. In the will that disposed of her moderate possessions she left six thousand francs in different sums to her various domestics.

In money matters generally there was the same kindly wisdom and the same practical business sense. Ninon did not care greatly for either the riches or the honors of the world, at least did not care enough to make sacrifices for them. Perhaps if she had been willing to take the trouble, she might have climbed as high as her intimate friend Madame de Maintenon, have been the mistress of a king, or at least the lady of a great estate. She knew too well the burden of these things, as Madame de Maintenon came to find it. She believed in supplying the necessary, but not the superfluous, and she knew that the really exquisite things of life cannot be supplied by prevision at all. In one of those touches of delicate insight that are so characteristic of her she sums up this view, "We should take care to lay in a stock of provisions, but not of pleasures: these should be gathered day by day."

Nevertheless, in money matters she was thrifty and careful. She did not want riches; she did want independence and to secure comfort and freedom in her old age. Therefore, she administered her little patrimony and her savings with shrewd discretion and had enough put by for any number of rainy days that might occur.

As to spending she was equally prov-

ident. She was simple in all her tastes. She prided herself on keeping a good appetite till old age, but it was because she had always eaten temperately. In the same way she rarely touched alcohol. With her natural vivacity it was not needed, since it was said of her that she was intoxicated from the first taste of soup. But she abhorred a drunkard and would have nothing to do with one. Her dress was as unpretentious as her food, no display, no extravagance: "costly garments did not suit her, but what was always of the most elegant simplicity and the most exquisite freshness."

Though she was careful and frugal, she could however spend freely when the whim took her, and above all she was generous. When a friend was in trouble and wanted money, others might fail him, not Ninon. She was not only willing, she was usually able, which is less common; and her prudent habits ensured a stock of funds that could be called on at need.

The masculine business habits involved not only generosity but reliability and the certainty of response to obligations that had been incurred perhaps a long time before. There may be some legendary amplifications in the story of Gourville, but confirmatory evidence substantiates the general drift of it. This Gourville was obliged to leave Paris for a time and, not wishing to take his money with him, left half of it in deposit with a clerical friend and half with Ninon. When he returned, he went at once to the priest, but there was delay and haggling and difficulty. If the church would not pay up, what likelihood was there that anything could be got from such a one as Ninon? Nevertheless, Gourville went to her. Ninon quietly turned to her strong box and counted out the money, which was probably her idea of praying daily to be a good man. It may have been God's idea too.

The loyalty was not merely financial, and Ninon, who flitted from one lover to another with the utmost lightness, never betrayed, never deserted, never forgot a friend. The consequence was that she had friends, men and women both, in all classes of society, who were equally devoted to her and were as ready to do her service as the world ever allows, which was probably all that Ninon ever expected. Queen Christina of Sweden visited her when she was shut up in the convent and sent word to Cardinal Mazarin that the Court lacked its greatest ornament, since Ninon was not there. Madame de Maintenon, who in her early years of poverty had lived in the closest intimacy with Ninon, never lost her affection for her, and would have bestowed gifts and honors upon her if Ninon had cared to receive them.

What drew people to Ninon was not only her loyalty and fidelity, but the social grace and charm which I have already indicated and emphasized. It was her wit, her vivacity, her unfailing high spirits, and underneath these lay a profound, spontaneous appreciation and enjoyment of life, such as she herself expressed in one of her exquisite flashes of insight when she said, "*La joie de l'esprit en fait la force.*" "It is the joy of a soul that makes its force." Ninon had a gift for receiving joy as rich as her capacity for imparting it.

The interesting point is that with all the wit and all the merriment and all the keen sense of the humorous side of things, which so often estranges the foolish and disconcerts the proud, Ninon never lost a friend. One who keenly appreciated the sharpness of her sallies and the point of her satire makes this assertion with full knowledge of the facts. And the explanation is obvious, that underneath all the mirth and laughter there lay still deeper a wealth of tenderness and human understanding and sympathy, such as appears in another of her golden phrases, "I believe that I go farther than most people do in everything that touches the heart." She touched hearts because she naturally loved them, because she

turned to them with sympathetic curiosity and handled them with a gentle and affectionate skill and found in them no weakness and no folly that she could not parallel in herself. In consequence she had the rare and delightful faculty of entering into other generations besides her own, and young people turned to her more readily than even to those of their own day and type. Altogether, it must be recognized that few men or women have been more widely and heartily beloved.

IV

Thus it would appear that some of the accepted conventions of morality are pretty thoroughly contradicted in the case of Ninon de Lenclos. After a youth of riotous excess and wild license like hers, she should have had nothing but a decayed and degraded and disreputable old age. Instead of this, she passed all her later years sweetly, serenely, and with the consideration, admiration, and respect of the best people of her time. Only, as Sainte-Beuve justly points out, her case must by no means be taken as typical. There is not one young girl in a thousand who could start as Ninon did and end as she did, who would have the sanity and sense and judgment and clear vision of future possibilities to steer through so many perils and difficulties to a final port of peace.

But Ninon unquestionably did it. When she was getting toward fifty she settled herself in a modest house, with a modest, dignified establishment, and there she passed her remaining years in a noble and cultivated leisure, seeing what was best worth seeing in the whole Parisian world. The testimony as to her conduct and her standing during these years is too general and too solid to be for a moment disputed. Madame de Sévigné, whose husband and son both had had hard work to escape from Ninon's early snares, writes of her later popularity, "The women run after Mademoiselle de Lenclos as the men used to do," and again, "Corbinelli tells me wonders of the good company that he finds with Mademoiselle de Lenclos; in her old age she gets together everybody."

Perhaps the most enthusiastic witness is the Abbé Fraguier: "The old loved her from their memory of her past, but not so much from the memory of her charms as of her virtues. The young loved her for the grace and the beauty they still saw in her. . . . It was her fortune to draw to herself the most worthy people of the Court and of the City, but she drew only the worthy . . . and no one would have forgiven himself for wounding her in anything. There grew up a natural bond, an intimate friendship among all those who were intimate with her: they esteemed and loved each other naturally on that account." And if the ardor of this praise sounds a little suspicious, one can turn to the supreme recorder, the profoundest analyst of human nature, Saint-Simon, who spared no fault and overlooked no weakness, though his pen was equally powerful with grace and charm. Saint-Simon says of Ninon's social circle: "She thus had for friends all that was most select and most lofty in the Court, so that it became the fashion to be received by her. . . . There was never any gambling, or loud laughter, or disputes, or arguments on religion or politics, but a great deal of wit, of the most delicate quality, old and new anecdotes, bits of charming gossip, but without ever a trace of unkindliness. . . . Ninon's conversation was delightful. She was disinterested, reliable, secret, could be counted upon to the very end. . . . And all these qualities gained her a reputation and a consideration that were altogether unusual."

But the crowning document in regard to Ninon's old age is her correspondence with Saint-Evremond, which, though much too brief, remains one of the delightful and significant epistolary exchanges of the world. Saint-Evremond himself was one of the men most fitted to understand Ninon and to enter into her

view of life and attitude towards it. He had been a casual lover in the early days, but he was early and late an attached and sympathetic friend. He himself had destroyed his political career by an indiscretion and had been obliged to seek refuge in England, where he remained until his death, a shrewd, philosophical observer of human nature, his own as well as others. Sainte-Beuve, who found in him a peculiarly sympathetic spirit, has analyzed both his character and his relation to Ninon with delicate skill, and no one has better appraised the fine qualities of both. Saint-Evremond's broad, skeptical insight and his sympathetic humanity are well shown in his comment on belief and disbelief, which illuminates so much of Ninon's attitude as well as of his own: "The most devout cannot succeed in believing at all times, nor the most profane in always disbelieving, and it is one of the miseries of this life that we can have no assured reliance upon another." Perhaps he might have added that it is the supreme misery.

There is no more attractive portrayal of Ninon than that which appears in the letters written to her by Saint-Evremond. To be sure, there is at times a certain exaggeration of compliment, making the tone less genuine than that of the letters of Ninon herself, but in the main it is obvious that Saint-Evremond's attachment and respect are as profound as they are lasting. How delicate is his penetration of her character in the remark, "If I had been told that you had become devout, I should have believed it. It would be simply passing from human passion to the love of God and finding a natural occupation for your soul: not to love at all would be a void that a heart like yours could not endure." It recalls the complaint of Catherine the Great, that her heart could not live an hour without love. And how vivid, further, is Saint-Evremond's reading of all Ninon's story in her eyes: "I do not doubt that our friend found you with the same eyes that I used to see, in which I could always see the conquest of a lover when they shone more than was their wont."

There is an even greater grace, candor, and intensity in Ninon's letters to her friend in England. There is the regret for the passage of youth, for the flight of years and the vanishing of charm and beauty. "Ah," she sighs, "the days pass in idleness and ignorance, and these same days destroy us and rob us of all that we have loved." Memory has its charm, lasting friendship has its charm, but the things that are gone, what can bring them back? Yet if she has much to regret, she has nothing to repent. What a strange mistake is it of Matthew Arnold's, by which, in lauding chastity, he quotes a well-known sentence of Ninon, "If anyone had proposed such a life to me, I should have hanged myself," as if she were referring to her past, when the context shows clearly that it is the present she condemns, in thinking of her past success and triumphs. No, there is little in the past that she would change, and her attitude is precisely that of her father, who regretted nothing about vanished pleasures except that they were so brief and that they could never be renewed.

Equally wise and serene with her acceptance of the departure of youth, is Ninon's recognition of the coming of age. She is too clear-sighted not to appreciate all the drawbacks. The drooping of the spirits, the stiffening of the muscles, the decay of the faculties, and the loss of those we love—no one understands these things better than she. But it is the course of life, and must be met as such, with a cheerful smile and a larger comprehension. There is no trace in her of Sainte-Beuve's fierce appraisal, "Ripen! Ripen! We never ripen. We rot in some places, we harden in others, we ripen never." There is not even the milder complaint of Shakespeare:

> And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
> And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
> And thereby hangs a tale.

It is rather the serene naturalism of Ninon's great teacher, Montaigne, "I have seen the sowing, the blossoming, the fruiting, and I now see the falling of it—happily, because naturally." Surely this is the attitude of the spirit which could declare that "it is the joy of a soul that makes its force."

And if there is a tranquil acceptance of life, so there is also serene equanimity in the face of death. There is no delusion. Ninon let the priests bustle and chatter about her, like the rest of the world, but they did not impress her, late any more than they did early. The best she could find to say of the future was that it would be pleasant to believe, with Madame de Chevreuse, that one might spend it in converse with one's friends; but when she lay upon her deathbed, she is said to have written these verses:

Qu'un vain espoir ne vienne point s'offrir,
Qui puisse ébranler mon courage.
Je suis en age de mourir,
Que ferais-je ici davantage?

I put your consolations by,
And care not for the hopes you give:
Since I am old enough to die,
Why should I longer wish to live?

Still—happily, because naturally.

So, in this wild and wayward woman, who flung herself into life as a girl, fearless and independent, and lived it out to the last grip of old age, just as independent and just as fearless, I think we may trace something of the splendid spiritual poise that Matthew Arnold celebrated in the greatest of the Attic dramatists:

Whose even-balanced soul
From first youth tested, up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull nor passion wild,
Who saw life steadily and saw it whole.

But I prefer to associate with Ninon the untranslatable loveliness of the line which Sophocles himself puts into the mouth of Antigone,

οὗτοι συνέχθειν ἀλλὰ συμφιλεῖν ἔφυν

I was not born to hate, but born to love.

No epitaph could be fitter for Ninon de Lenclos.

PIONEERS

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

ARCHIE CABOT had no idea but that he loved New York. Tamman Krokaw loved New York. Two of Archie Cabot's great-uncles went west in the wagons of the Fifties, one to Nebraska, the other to California, pioneering; they loved New England but they wanted elbow-room. Elbow-room has moved in seventy years. When Archie Cabot started out to "digge after gold & trayde with the inhabitants" he packed a kit bag with clothing, a golf bag with clubs, and a dispatch-case with his new pet South Carolina Canal and Power Development paper, taxied to the Grand Central, and got up into a Dixie-bound Pullman; for, though he was as young as the uncles had been, his race was older in the land.

Tamman Krokaw's was not so old. He loved New York but he wanted to be "in on the ground floor" somewhere. On the running boards of the superannuated Cadillac taxi he had bought from his cousin Felix Poululos, all his goods and gods were tied in bundles; inside of it he had Rachel, his wife, and little Tamman, little Rachel, little Greta Garbo, little Henry Ford, and little Al, and still one other little somebody, for Rachel was big. And in his wallet, in his pocket, Tamman had a draft for ten thousand dollars.

They would much rather have turned back. They were homesick. Hive-dwellers, the open spaces frightened them. But now they couldn't turn back. The covered wagon had them.

Archie Cabot would have been amazed to be told that he did not altogether love New York. Where one does well one is naturally happy. In the eleven years since his graduation from Carnegie Tech, which had been twenty-three years after his birth in Nantucket, Massachusetts, he had forgotten Carnegie and he had forgotten Nantucket Island, and he had done as well as the next young man in the financial district; the evidence of the trust the Firm put in him was in the semi-independent "flyer" in the shiny, fat cowhide dispatch-case.

The case was no fuller of it than Cabot himself was. One with his age, "bull-minded," shrewd salesman, yet it was good to know that this was not a thing that had to be "put over" on anyone. Obvious destiny was his selling-point. South Carolina, Power, Development—mathematical. No, there would be no call for anything but a straight eye in saying his say to the people down there in Charleston and the Sea Island country, "Finest harbor on the South Atlantic Coast . . . logical, inevitable outlet of the industrializing Piedmont . . . Not that this wouldn't be underwritten in a day in the New York market; but we feel that the bigger the block that's covered here in Charleston locally, the bigger your stake in your own power-development, the solider a proposition it's going to be for our subscribers from Maine to California. By that much, it's up to you. That a man can't lift himself by his own bootstraps, that's un-American and it's bosh. There's no other way *up*."

Cabot's young enthusiasm was puissant precisely because it was pure. Though he hadn't been south, he could see the thing ahead of him vividly. Fallow fields and sleeping money, sleeping men. Then of a sudden, harnessed water, channelled lightning, fields astir, chimneys rearing, smoking, men and money awake and working. . . .

It was still daylight through New Jersey. Forests of chimneys. It came daylight again in the Piedmont of North Carolina. Chimneys. Hives of glass and steel and concrete against the skyline; trunk-lines of copper walking from horizon to horizon on cantilever legs. In the washroom Cabot apostrophized a fellow-shaver, "You know, by Jingo, this state pays the second biggest internal revenue in the Union. Yes, it does."

But where were the sleeping fields, the dreaming men?

The land lost altitude. Red clay, blue hills and black smoke-towers gave way to dunner hues, browns and grays, the only brightness left, the brightness of the green. The swift cathedral chill of a cypress swamp; sudden lowering of the pulse-beat: accolade.

And here they began at last, the sleeping fields, half-planted squares, half-whitewashed cabins, sun-drugged negroes blinking after the train. Or wider clearings, wraiths of clearings, regrown in briar and dogwood, mounds of centenary live-oak avenues leading in to scars of brick-dust and fallen pillars. Or still again, penumbral on the edges of slow yellow rivers, memories of laborious rice-squares forgotten under the reconquering reeds, mile on mile, thousand-tinted, giving up marsh fowl in staccato flight.

Cabot felt strange: the hollow at his midriff was like a kind of sickness.

The road that kept a wiggling pace alongside gave him the blue devils with its emptiness. Sometimes a mule, a nodding black man, a wagon with wobbly wheels; once in a while a car, but nearly always at a standstill, having a tire changed. Cabot would have liked to laugh, but he couldn't. It wasn't simply the depression; it was the internal queerness, the feeling that something mysterious was about to grab hold of Archie Coffin Cabot of Nantucket, Pittsburgh, and Broadway, and do something funny to him, and he didn't know what it was. He tried to lay it on the livid moss that wept from all the trees. "It gives me the willies!" He thought it was the idiot meandering of that sun-white road. "Look there now; still another fellow with a flat tire. Can you beat it!"

Nevertheless, that one came nearer to giving him the relief of a guffaw than anything else had, because the stalled car, its running-boards swollen with belongings and its insides stuffed with frowzy heads, looked so like a superannuated New York taxi gone pioneering, lost in the wilderness.

When Tamman Krokaw had got the tire changed he was too worn out even to scrape the grease from his hands. He had changed so many. Climbing in, he put his foot on the starter. A dying gasp, and the battery was dead. He sat there deaf to the sixfold despair of the family, resting desperately a moment. Then he got out and cranked.

The next two or three miles it was easy going, one of those breathing-spaces without which Tamman would never have got so far. At a crossroad, always fearful of going wrong, he hailed a black man, who, with another, basked in sun-soaked idleness, "Whatcha say, boss, would I be going right yet for Charleston this way, yes?"

The negro, white eyes for incredulity and white teeth for mirth, could only give him half a nod. "Do-Jedus, hear dat t'ing de white man do call dis-yuh nigguh, he call me 'boss,' he done do."

Tamman, as he rattled on, wrung sweet water of hope out of that episode in the desert. It went like that; the minute the dream of the pioneer was nearly done with weariness, some little fillip, and it glowed a dream again. To another the sight of those able bodies loafing the good day away while earth

lay fallow would have augured but drearily for the Promised Land ahead. To Tamman, who, with his rounded shoulders, greenish temples, and skinny chest, asked no more of Heaven than to be let work the eight hours the world worked, and eight more while it played, and then the third eight, even in his sleep dreaming how to save—and to Rachel, horn-of-plenty of a woman, indefatigably fruiting, her handsome, dark, insect-mother eyes wanting nothing of the future but room on earth, room for her egglings to grow in, batten on, and in their hour fruit a dozenfold—to these two the sloth of the Philistines was milk and honey for their busier, hungrier hands to take.

That was the trouble with New York. It seemed as though teeming ten thousands were as bent on it, eight hours and eight and eight, sweating, scheming, fecundating as industriously as they, weazening the profits, narrowing a man's room as fast as his elbows could make it. When Tamman had got a little fruit-drink stand, then a second to go with it, then four in a chain, what good? A big chain of a hundred began to reach his way. He might have fought, might have just survived. So might his parents have done before him, and just survived in north Hungary, if they had been content to. They too had loved their town.

One reason Tamman loved New York was that he knew it. He knew the streets, the ways, the peculiar chances and perils. He was a timid fellow and he felt safe there. So did Rachel, and so did little Tamman, and little Rachel, little Greta Garbo, Henry Ford, and Al. Out here there wasn't a mile that might not be the end of them, and no end of miles. The swamps were the worst.

They came into that big swamp a little while after Tamman had hailed the negroes. Where there had been sun on the road dust, now there fell a shadow on ruts with threads of glimmer in them, like glimmers of cold sweat. It wasn't simply the shadow of the sun shut out, it was more a Thing; it got into the throat and started to say "Ooooo!"—then stopped and was very quiet. At first Rachel and the children held so, very quiet, watching Papa. He had to keep those wheels turning in the slippery ruts, keep them going somehow, or else—"Good night!" He had to do it all with his two weedy wrists and the two greeny-white cords at the back of his neck, or else . . . There was nothing but a lake of water as black as black ink and as still as black glass, mirroring the innumerable gray boles of cypress trees, and the "knees" they breathed with, and the pale, long, windless hangings of the moss. "Good night!"

When the car did stall, even yet for a few seconds the children kept still. The only one that moved was the one without a name, and Rachel felt that one bumping against her heart. And catching at herself in panic, in all weak, wicked mutiny the woman thought, "This is a swell business, this is! Why for God-sake should it have Tamman, that fool, such a dumb head we should give up a good enough home and ride around nowheres like a lot of bums like this? *Now* we gone and done it! Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" But she only thought it, and kept her mouth shut and, when Greta got a breath for yelling, she gave the girl a good one on the side of the head to hush her. Hush? With that, front seat, back seat, the whole kit of them let it out with all their lungs.

Well, then. Tamman Krokaw could yell a little, himself. He laid about him with the strength of his completed terror. "Shut up the mouths! Take that! I'll give you! With this here wrench I'll give you. Such a cry-babies! *Mama!* You got it a stomach-ache, you got? What would *I* got it, you think? Henry, if you wouldn't stop crying, Papa going to give you a—aw, listen, give Papa a minute he could get out of here and fix it."

Tamman started to open the door beside him, so weak it took all his strength. Then he quit and sat. He had never seen a snake alive in his life. Thirty

yards ahead a five-foot moccasin flowed in a soft, slow wave across the drowned ruts and entered the water on the farther side without a ripple.

But there was a ripple, by and by. One ripple. It came from somewhere beyond sight. Here the pediment of one cypress took a piece out of it, there another took another. But in a queer way the undulant black water mended itself; wider and wider the ripple ran.

One of the children began to yell.

A man has to be alive these days to sell anything. Archie Cabot had the names of a few Broad Street men. At the full tide of three that afternoon he started out to establish his Charleston connections and, because he had not yet got rid of his mysterious "willies," he took care to make his feet ring sharply on the pavement of the wide, low-built, harmoniously colored place of affairs. It would have been better to walk gently and raise no echoes, for the echoes from the soft old walls of the "sea-drinking city" came back and got into a lump in his stomach, like cold milk on a hot day, swallowed too fast.

Seeing him so headlong, the genius of the Low Country smiled a little, withdrew, and took him in ambush. The first and the second of the offices on his list he found as dead as dead, save for the negro factotum, whose "More bettuh you come back to-morruh, suh; he done jes' now gone home foh he dinnuh," where it should have exasperated him, only confused and depressed him, at the same time that it so strangely excited him, the more.

"Dinner! Three o'clock in the afternoon! And *this* is in *America?*"

The third, and set down as one of the best, of his prospects was a lawyer, Tradd St. Julien. When Cabot had climbed one steep flight of hollowed stairs through the half-night of a building perfumed by the legal ruminations of a hundred years, it came to him, "Why, no, it's not within a thousand miles of America." When he had climbed a second flight, knocked on a dim door, and found St. Julien actually in he was almost sorry for the anticlimax.

St. Julien, sensing it, apologized with a twinkle. "We dine at two-thirty at home; ordinarily I try to be there by three. But we law fellows are as bad as doctors. I've some rather important clients coming here, supposedly at two o'clock, and so I . . ."

At the word "clients," Cabot was up quickly to go, but St. Julien would have none of it.

"Sit down, sir, and tell me how you like our Charleston. We've hours of time."

He was about of an age with the Northerner, yet in a way he seemed twice the years. Cabot had known two or three old, admired men in the Street who had made so much money that they could afford the luxury at last of a clear-eyed, mellow-minded pessimism. This fellow, St. Julien, still half in his youth, had amazingly the look of that. Surrounded by the gracious, grimy panelling, the high brown shadows, the gray-brown, green-brown books of this office that was like no law office in Cabot's experience, as fit in the hollow of his leather chair as if in truth it had taken himself two hundred years to shape it, his long young face was not so much lined as deeply bitten, cordial, cynical, museful, balanced, and in a glint of away to puzzle the other, devil-may-care. For whatever he had, it was not in any sense a negation of living. In the regret he expressed that Cabot could not have come to the Low Country at an earlier season, when the ducks were flying, and the snipe and partridges, and the deer running, and the 'coons and 'possums climbing and shining in the chill red torchlight, and toddies and Hoppin'-John a-steam in the sylvan halls, and beauties dancing, there was betrayed a simple gusto of living as exciting as is the measured sipping of an old, strong, mellow wine.

"But you are just in time for the gardens," he said, and there was a gusto in that too. And he went on, "I'm glad you've come to Charleston, sir. You

were born in Nantucket, you tell me. Well, Nantucket and Charleston were as different as two places could be, I imagine. And yet, in a way, sir—well, they were alike in this: they knew how to live with a certain comeliness. They could walk without running, talk without shouting, take without grabbing. And they built their houses roomy and strong and beautiful, to last them a long, long while. I'll bet, sir, you've lived in yours there for half a dozen generations; there's that in—how do you whalers say it?—the cut of your jib. There are a good many 'Americans' through here, nowadays, in a hurry to get to Florida. Charleston, to them, is quaint, it's slow, it's amusing, it's 'not America.' But I'd like to lay a wager, sir, that to you coming to Charleston will be like coming home."

Cabot felt his face getting hot. Ridiculous, but what could he say? He couldn't break out guffawing, "Nantucket! Good Lord! I left there when I was hardly more than a kid; there was the old house, to be sure, but I've hardly thought of it in years; we in our business haven't time for that sort of thing." He got hold of his dispatch-case with a grab, like the drowning man, his straw. Desperately he tried to marshal his talking-points. Power! "The finest harbor . . . inevitable outlet . . . Piedmont . . . untapped resources. . . ." Harnessed water, channelled lightning, fields astir, chimneys rearing, smoking. . . .

It wasn't St. Julien's fault that it didn't seem to go quite as it had gone in rehearsal. He listened with an impeccable interest, his eyes, slightly wrinkled at the corners, fixed on the talker's. It was apparently with regret that he said then, "I'm sorry, but I think I hear my clients coming at last. No, please don't go, if I may ask a favor of you."

The clients were in, an old, very black, dried-up woman, hugging a basket of eggs, and a strong black man, her son, she turbaned with a towel and a hat with a feather on top of it, he in overalls and a starched shirt, a miscellany of root-vegetables and live fowls clutched in one hand, a soiled, folded paper in the other, and the dust of all the way from John Island on everything but his shoes, which were painful and obviously just now put on.

What a hullabaloo! What volleys of perfectly incomprehensible words, and what a gamut of grins and tears! "Important clients"! Cabot was human; he didn't like to be had.

By this and by that, the much-folded paper was signed at last, and Cabot, asked to witness the two crosses, did so, a little hot, but not so hot as he was sick with the mysterious lump of swallowed echoes that seemed to be growing bigger and bigger all the while in the hollow pit of him. Old Venus Gaylord and her son departed then, vociferous in joy, ferocious in a last-minute squabble with St. Julien, who would *not* have their grateful turnips and squawking hens left on him, confound them! but compromised finally by accepting the eggs. When they were gone he explained to Cabot.

"A Chicago man, an Italian, was by way of getting some acres away from them. That spikes his guns, I think. But I must keep track of it. They've always been our people."

St. Julien took up his hat and the basket of eggs.

"If you'd be good enough to drop in some other time, Mr. Cabot, about the Power—"

"To-morrow morning?"

I'm sorry, to-morrow I must go to Castle River Plantation; it's Grandmother Tradd's birthday. The day after is Saturday; then there's Sunday. But if, some time early in the week . . . I'm walking toward the Battery, sir, if you happen to be going that way."

Cabot was not used to walking around town for nothing, and especially he was not used to walking so with an impeccably dressed young gentleman carrying on his arm a country basket of

Adam-naked eggs. St. Julien himself did not seem aware of anything incongruous, however, nor did any of the few friends to whom he nodded or spoke in passing, queer fellows. Why "queer"? Cabot undertook to analyze it. Then he perceived it was because it was like the last refinement in stage armies, always the same man, doubling around in front again, so much these Carolinian Americans were all alike in conformation and speech and bearing, and so strangely, to the eyes of Manhattan, they were American.

For a man already an hour late to his dinner, St. Julien kept to a grave pace. At the corner of Meeting Street, turning south under the pillared shade of St. Michael's, he found time to put back the iron lace of a gate and step inside the high-walled yard. Bright as it was outside, the sunshine seemed brighter here, asleep on the grass and the ranked white headstones. He stood there so careless of the sliding minutes that the great, time-soft bells in the tower were chiming four when he spoke.

"Didn't I tell you, Cabot, it would be like coming home? For I've no doubt that in Nantucket, too, you've a churchyard where, wandering, reading the names on the stones, you wonder why they sound so familiar, and wake up to discover that you've been reading pure pages in American history. Eh?"

It made Cabot miserable and it made him mad. Had it been St. Julien with whom he was angry, the two might have conversed politely for weeks without its ever showing. It was precisely because it was not against St. Julien, but because, with a sudden intuitive flair, he saw himself and St. Julien, himself and this yard full of dead men who had known how to live in a certain way, himself and this worn, defiant, contained, and beautiful city that stood at bay between its colonial rivers on the shore of an English sea—it was precisely because he saw himself with them, all in the same boat, that he could turn so fiercely.

"What about it? What the devil has this got to do with my trying to sell you Power?"

It was amazing. Something had clicked. Now it was as if they had known each other, not for their years, but for their generations. St. Julien grinned belligerently, sadly.

"What's it got to do? For the life of me, I can't say. Can you, Cabot?"

"No, I can't. Just because some of us keep up with the parade, and some of us—"

"Well, well, perhaps you're right. Come on along."

They went out and down Meeting, St. Julien less than ever in a hurry. Cabot had had to do with many kinds of "boosters"; he had been shown some towns. He had never been shown like this. Little said. Here, "The Lucas wisteria is flowering heavily this season, isn't it?"—so much, and no more, for a garden like no other town garden on earth, glimpsed through an iron tapestry of gate in a yellow wall, a garden of blossoming wood breaking up in one great, caught, breathless wave against the tiered, slenderly-pillared galleries of Berkley House. And there, for the wind-worn heights of Laurel Court, despair of living architects, "The wild gobblers are gobbling this month, I see; Cousin Will Pinckney's blinds are shut, and they've all gone up to the turkey woods on the Santee." And as little, with a machiavellian wisdom, for twenty others. And nothing at all for the green of trees and blue of water filling the bottom of the warmly noble vista.

Once, before another gate to another garden, St. Julien paused and lifted an aimless, unintelligible hail. When an old and ragamuffin darky had come slipper-flapping out of nowhere he put the egg-basket in his hands. "See here, Mingo, take that in to Cousin Lou Rutley. Tell her they're no good and she can throw them away if she wants to; certainly *I'm* not going to lug them around any more. . . . And now, Cabot, if you don't mind just stepping over into Legare Street, there's a gate

I'd like to have you see. I'm curious to know if you-all in Nantucket have got a finer one."

"St. Julien, look here, I left Nantucket when I was fifteen. I don't know one thing about it and care a damned sight less. And I thought you were late to your dinner."

"Well, I've decided I'm not very hungry yet."

"But that doesn't alter the fact that it's waiting for you all this while."

St. Julien appeared to wonder at him. "What of that? It's a great deal easier for *it* to *wait* than for *me* to *hurry*, isn't it? I eat my dinner; my dinner doesn't eat *me*." But then a fine, satirical line went down around his lip. "I see what you mean. When all this is gone—" he waved a hand over the spacious, gracious edifice—"when we've bought your bonds and you've built our chimneys, strung our wires, deepened our rivers, and torn all this wreckage down, then it will be my dinner that eats me."

He began to laugh as he walked westward, as if at a great joke. "Do you remember when Marion jumped out of the window, Cabot, when the Britishers were after him?" He pointed with a shoulder. "That is the window."

"Yes, but I still think you ought to be at dinner."

"And now, getting down into Legare Street—"

South of Broad, east of Orange, north of the Ashley's sea-turn, and west of the Cooper's tide—Legare, King, Meeting, Church, East Bay, East Battery, Atlantic and Lamboll and Water, the streets of the peninsula lie in a maze and a dream. Not asleep, not altogether quiet. Negro children dance in the sunny mouths of areaways, and white children with hair as blond as Swedes, and long, long knees like French children, tow their enormous-bosomed black "dahs" toward the pleasance of the Battery. There is a melodious laughter of older young girls behind a garden wall. There is a small, unhurrying come-and-go of straight, lean people, punctilious in the amenities, sensuously alert, preoccupied not with yesterday, in this town of yesterday, nor with to-morrow, but with to-day's half-past-four and its errands, melancholy or pleasurable, its drifting scents of tree-flowers, and its slanting rays of sunshine that lengthen the arabesque shadows of high, slim balconies on warm old plasters bearing scars of wars.

Cabot had entered this maze with the trouble already in him. He came out with it established, a nostalgia no logic could account for, a sickness, not of a man, but of a race.

For logic protested, "My stock and their stock, my New England and their Carolina, manners, aspirations, anything—what the devil had they in common?" He remembered the white villages of his hard-mouthed, hard-handed coast; here, wherever his eye went, it found only conflict of colors harmonized by sun and time, terracottas and faded beryls, ivory and primrose and rain-streaked pink. Once he spoke his puzzlement aloud.

"It isn't, either, that they didn't like to make money. You did, and so did we."

St. Julien nodded gravely. "I've thought about that a lot, too. Maybe it's like the dinner-eating; maybe it's simply they didn't like the money to make *them*."

"I don't know. I don't even know if the older thing was actually better, but damn it—"

"Come in here, and ask." St. Julien had stopped before a tall, pink-washed East Battery mansion, slender handrails leading up in perfect congruity to a massive door. "My Great-aunt Elinore Rutley will be serving benne-cakes and rice wine just now; she and Great-uncle Edward will love to see you. Great-uncle ought to know about the money-making, for he's never made any. He would have loved a little money if he could have loved it enough. The trouble is, he loved too much to fight—he was the handsome aide to handsome Beauregard—and next to fighting he

loved fair women, and he loved camellia japonicas, and most of any, perhaps, he loved chemistry, and he taught it seven bad years for nothing at the College."

"Wait!" Cabot grabbed his arm. "That reminds me. I had a grandfather. He was a whaler. He never made the money he would have liked to make, and partly it was because he loved ocean currents more than he loved the sperm. What he should do was to chase the whale; what he *had* to do was to discover a lot of little coral specks and map upwards of a million square miles in the South Pacific that had never been honestly mapped before, and the whales wouldn't always go with the currents where the new islands were. I remember him in the big house on Orange Street, a quiet-voiced, red-cheeked, sitting man in broadcloth and hard linen, in a big, quiet room with ivory-white panels to the ceiling, and his neighbors and relatives around him—an aristocrat, St. Julien, if ever there was one. . . . And I remember my grandmother there, in silk, because she was a fine lady, and gray silk because she was a Quaker, serving vanilla wafers and elderberry wine. And discussing—Lord! how long since I've thought of it—Emerson and Whitman and free love."

St. Julien grinned and opened the door, "Ask Great-uncle Edward. And then if you want the truth of it all, ask Great-aunt Elinore."

Cabot gazed about him at the sumptuous austerity of the Georgian hall. "This house is not anything like that old house in Orange Street. And yet, damn it, St. Julien, there's something—Say! I didn't know it was a *party!*"

"It's not. They just drop in."

Figures a little shadowy at this hour that got on toward dusk in the vastness of drawing-rooms, fiercely gentle old people and people in middle-age, bowing with a cordiality enriched by reserve when his name was given, and among them, as if to confound him the more in his nameless nostalgia, not a few youngsters, boys of college years, and pretty girls, and merry ones, showing by no sign that they were not content to waste their priceless, irretrievable moments in such staid amusement.

Oh, but it was a bad place for Archie Cabot, cog in a polyglot wheel, to find himself.

"Why, these, damn it! *these are my people!*"

Now that Edward Rutley, who had loved fighting, women, camellias, and chemistry, was an old man, he sat in a chair. But when his young kinsman, speaking with a glint of mischief for his Yankee friend, wondered why the living in other days should have seemed handsomer than the living now—no matter if it was bad for the old gentleman—spleen had him up. Erect, gaunt, transfigured, "the handsome aide to handsome Beauregard," he stood and struck out, not bludgeoningly, but in passionate quiet, like the swordsman of an old, pure race wielding a thin blade. And Archie Cabot was thrilled, and the more fiercely thrilled when he perceived that the argument was little better than invective, and the blade was blind.

Let it be blind! Who cared! Hit 'em! Slit 'em! The go-getters, the boosters, the hundred-percenters, the melting-potters, the high-gear fellows, the efficiency boys.

Caught in the grip of an amazing atavistic loyalty, Archie Cabot of Nantucket saw red.

"And then, if you want the truth of it all, ask Great-aunt Elinore."

Of a patrician poise, a tranquil humor, a beauty still arresting at eighty-odd, Elinore Rutley had perhaps done more fighting than her lord, and loved it less.

"Who knows whether it was handsomer or happier or better? I'm only a little over eighty. When I'm a thousand I may dare say." She put an arm around St. Julien. "It's not that it was better, or worse, but that it was ours." She had been studying Cabot with her shrewd eyes. She laid her other hand on his shoulder of a sudden, making them

three. "And we are growing old," she said.

"*I!*" Cabot protested to himself, rebellious. "I am *not* growing old!" He could understand the alarm in it; what he couldn't fathom was the melancholy sweetness, the tragic thrill.

"You should have opened up your Power in there," St. Julien mused, when they were out of doors again. "For doing your business in a lump, that was your God-sent chance."

"That house! Those people! No, by God! sooner than tamper with that priceless—"

"Wait a second. Let me see the names you have." When St. Julien had read the list of prospects in Cabot's notebook, his malign grin deepened. "They were there, nearly every one of them, and nearly all my kin."

For a moment Cabot felt really scared, really sick.

"Damn old man Morganthaler, why did he let me come here? I hate this town."

It was only a step to the Battery. On the quiet walks under the trees, or on the pavement at the water's edge, hundreds of people loitered to watch the changing sky. The ray of the sun, on top of the St. Andrews woods, came down the seaturn of the Ashley and emptied into the broad room of the harbor. As it cooled, as it withdrew the heart of its fire from the water level and swept it higher and higher up the sky, it left only the islands out there burning, jewel-size and jewel-bright.

"That one," St. Julien pointed, elbows on the sea-wall, "you ought to know. Sumter."

"*Fort* Sumter?"

"Fort Sumter."

"Lord! Is Fort Sumter *real*? Somehow I always thought of Fort Sumter, well, like Washington Crossing the Delaware and the Pilgrims Landing—a picture in a book, in black and white, with shells bursting—"

"Didn't they, though! We licked you there."

"Licked us! Say, if you want to talk of *lickings*, what happened at—"

"Of course, with all your factories, and your money. But we were in the right."

"Right, nothing! You ought to know by this time. Listen, Johnnie Reb . . ."

Old men in the twilight. No heat, no bitterness, only a divinity of fraternal raillery, old children playing with old lead toys turned gold.

"You couldn't hold it as a fort, you Yanks, so you'll hold it as a Sight-to-See. You couldn't take it with gunboats, so you'll take it with excursion-steamers, like a Coney Island, lugging your lunches with you, and your brats, by your thousands—"

There was an interruption, amazing.

"Please to excuse me, gents."

A face with greenish temples and narrow-set, excited eyes came up beside them.

"Please to excuse me, but I heard what you said already. Please, you should tell me, they got it a concession already out by that island you talk about?"

"A—what?"

"Con*cession*. You don't know? Like you should be a licensed vendor you should sell ice-cold drinks and nut-bars and gum and magazines. Didn't I heard you, you says it was excursioners? . . . Excuse me."

When he had left they eyed each other and snorted. The sun was gone with its fire; the peace of dusk lay over the water and the town.

When Tammam Krokaw left them he went back to what was left of the taxicab, parked by the sea-walk, spewing out its freight. Little Tamman, little Rachel, Greta, Henry, all out on the concrete of the Land of Promise under the fabulous sky of Journey's End; big Rachel and little Al, in arms, half through a window, gaping.

There was something strange about the way Papa walked. It wasn't that he walked like a tired man, for they had grown used to seeing him do that in the

days of the migration whose beginning began already to be dim—a very glutton, Papa, for weariness and fright. No, it was that he did *not* walk like a tired man, dull-eyed, but shiny-eyed like a man who has taken a drink of whiskey on an empty stomach, his feet stepping high.

"Look it, Rachel! What a dumbheads, they don't know even what it is a concession. They got it an island already for excursioners like Coney Island with steamers, and is it so much as one news-stand or soda-fountain on that whole island? Not!"

"Oh, Tamman! Oh, Tamman, we got here. Could you believed it yesterday?"

"Got here!" Papa had shoulders and a chest between them. "Why wouldn't we?" Papa had biceps. "Who would stop us, please you would tell me, Mrs. Krokaw!"

Mama looked out the other way. "My, it's a lot of people at that, but so funny; they got nothing to do with themself, only loaf around; no amusements. It reminds me my mother, the town she was born before she come over, and that one wouldn't have so much as five hundred inhabitants in the town."

"Wait!" Papa looked momentous, mysterious. "You would be a little bit thirsty, eh? Wait a minute I should go there where it's the people I should buy a pineapple drink and maybe a bag peanuts by the refreshment stand. You'd like?"

Chorus: "I'd like." "I'm hungry." "I want a piece apple pie."

"Yi! What a joking! You find for Papa a place he could spend a nickel in this here park, he would spend you a dollar, each and every one."

"And it's such a nice park here too, Tamman; for the ocean breezes and the lovely foliage the Battery could be no better."

"The Battery! You talking about New York, are you yet, Mrs. Krokaw? If you would not be so ignorant—wait a minute—give a look." His fingers all thumbs with eagerness, Tamman unfolded the map of Charleston he had got at a gas-station. "Give a look."

"I never could see much from a map."

"What it got here printed, eh? '*Battery*'! Give a look the shape the city—squint up careless the eyes. Suppose now, listen, where it says printed 'Cooper River' I should print it 'East River,' and where it stands 'Ashley River' it would stand 'North River'—wait a minute—and look it this street it runs down through to the Battery—what it says? 'Meeting Street,' eh? If I would take it and print it 'Broadway'—so? Eh?"

"Could you believe it! 'King Street' it would be Sixth Avenue, and—I would write Miriam Shuber she should come here she should live cheap in the Bush Terminal Building."

"I would write Alex, and yet his brother Steffin, they should come right away down here they should rent for nothing an entire building on Broadway, they would have the market to themselves in Misses' Outing Creations. . . . Rachel, you don't got it the stomachache no more now; you look better in the face."

Why shouldn't she look better? No more worry about Tamman's worry, no more road-bumps to look forward to with the bitten lip of terror. All the lines as fine as hair were erased from her face and the color brought back again, like the rich color of the fruits pouring out of a picture of the Horn of Plenty. Supper? A roof and a bed? Yes, of course, presently. But just for now, like Tamman, so drunk with weariness she forgot she was weary, she wanted nothing but to roam, weave fantasies, and build castles.

Just so, on the night in the Fifties when Cabot's Great-uncle Bancroft reached San Francisco overland, he was so dead-beat he could have slept in a gutter, it seemed. Yet all that night long he went roaming through the golden camp, laying out kingdoms and dreaming palaces. And so, on the night when Bancroft's cousin Adam out-spanned on the Nebraska prairie, he could not rest

his racked bones beneath the wagon canvas, but had to be out in the starlight, shooting at coyotes' shadows, peering here, there, and everywhere, at the way his dominions folded down to the winding river, feeling with his soles the firm softness of the womb of the wheat. And so, probably, their fathers before them, room-hungry, land-hungry men, rolling up their axe-arm sleeves against the morrow in the beauty of the dark New England forest, pioneers.

But if the primeval forest was beautiful to those pioneers, how doubly beautiful was this wood of Charleston to these, Tamman and Rachel and their young, where the great, cluttering trees stood already girdled and sap-dried for them, so easy to the axe!

"What a out-of-daters! You wouldn't lose it a lot, you would give a foot and push all this old, homely-looking, overgrown shacks of houses down, so then you could put up some modern lofts and apartments, with the unemployment it looks here, cheap. A man would be a go-getter in this town, he would be willing to work hard and look ahead, he would own it. Don't let me forget, Rachel, I should write it a letter to my brother and Felix Poululos, they should sell out and come down here quick to get in on the ground floor."

"Look it . . . look it!"

This wasn't Meeting Street they drove up; it was a Broadway for the making.

"Look it!"

"Look it where that window has got some boards over, a man would put a tailor shop in there for day-and-night valet service, and no competition. I would maybe put your cousin Berg in there, Rachel, he should make his fortune and bring us in some profit."

"What a loafers, Rachel! Can you imagine, that grocer store there, a fine residential corner, shut up for business at here seven-thirty P.M.! He should sell out cheap, the money he would lose, such a loafer. I would go in there, I would put in a nice line delicatessen for the evening trade. . . . Look it, the engine it's gone and stopped again. . . . No, I *got* my foot on it, I tell you. Out of gas; a leak maybe in the feed-line. What to do?"

"You would go in this apartments, inquire where it is the nearest gas-station."

"Apartments!"

"Well, it wouldn't be a loft building, or yet a theater, would it, so it could be only apartments, so big. Because it is dark in front? Go then by the rear, in the gate there, Ignorant, you would find maybe somebody home in the rear."

When Tamman had been gone for some minutes, they heard his voice coming back through the huge old gate. "Rachel, come right away in here."

"I should come in there, I can move hardly? . . . Wait now, you children, if one of you would so much as put it one foot from this car, I'll give you . . . Yes, I'm coming."

Wonder smote Rachel as she entered the garden, an immensity of vine and blossom silhouetted against the beginning stars to open her eyes, a fragrance to dilate her nostrils. She almost forgot Tamman. The Promised Land? No, something ran back farther. The Garden of Eden, the very Garden, and she walking, dreaming, possessing, the regnant, pregnant Eve, got back somehow or other past the flaming sword, and into it again.

But there was an Eve already. She was to be seen as no more than a slip of gray in the shadow cut by lamplight from a kitchen window at the rear of the pillared gallery.

Tamman loomed at Rachel's shoulder.

"She would be maybe bashful or maybe scared a little to talk with a man. So ask her."

"Mrs., excuse me, but the car it's out of gas, we should want to know simply—"

The interruption from the gallery was as colorless and quiet as the figure there.

"I have no car myself, so I really *can't* say where the nearest gas-station is."

"I know, but wouldn't it some other

family in the building could tell us maybe?"

"Other family? There's no other. It is my house, and I live in it alone."

"You live, excuse me, you mean to tell me—but look it, my gracious, Mrs., you must got it twenty rooms at the very least."

"I believe I have just ten."

"*Just* ten. Just simply a mere ten, Tamman, you listening? We would have this house, we would have not only a living room with a separate dining room, we would have for each one a separate bedroom so big it would be a house for an ordinary family, one for us, one for Tamman, one for Rachel, one for little Al even, and this lovely garden—Mrs., listen—Tamman, you would wait a second—Mrs., would you rent to us one or maybe two rooms, we would make you no trouble?"

"I'm sorry, I don't rent rooms. You might ask about the gas-station next door if you—"

"Wait, but *listen!*" Here was passion. "What a wastefulness; even for yourself it ain't right, lady. Even you would have money already to burn, you would be foolish—"

"Money to burn!" A sound of queer mirth in the shadows. But then quickly, half imploring, half sharp, "Please! Oh, do, whoever you are—they may pick a few of the flowers if they want them—but do please don't let them break the vines!"

Invasion. Stealthy patterings. Whoopings under the breath. Lootings in the fabulous half-lights. Vandals. Scandals.

"Tamman! Look it your children, you stand there, be ashamed. . . . Children! Out! The idea! Is this your property already? Greta, you would say excuse me to the lady. Rachel! *Rachel*, you would let it be the vine and you would give it the flower into Mama's hand. Such a shame! . . . Give a look, now you done it, in the gate there, the policeman maybe."

In the gateway, beyond which a street-lamp had come on, two men stood silhouetted, their voices, as they communed, clear in the sudden hush of guilt.

"Cheer up, Cabot; to-morrow you'll be your rational, practical, hard-boiled self again."

"Not here, I won't. Not if there's a train out for the north. If I stayed here, I'd have to—why, I couldn't even make a living as a street-sweeper, because I don't want even the dust on the streets disturbed. If Charleston had a neck, I'd wring it, for what it's gone and done to me, St. Julien. No, if anybody's going to re-pep and re-prosper your good-for-nothing burg, it's got to be somebody else but the idiot I am. Damn it all!"

The woman in the gallery called, "Cousin Tradd."

Tradd St. Julien turned an ear. "Cousin Lou? Get the eggs? What's wrong?"

When he perceived the serried Krokaws, he roughened it, "What's wrong? What are you doing here, you people? Tell me at once. Or else, get out."

Tamman Krokaw was a timid man. But he had his bigging mate there, and his young.

"You should talk so to us, what we done? We ask simply, of the lady, where it is a gas-station. You look at me, you think I'm a bum, but I am no bum, I am an American citizen, I come here to settle with my family, do some business, and I got a good deal money I would invest it in this town. So, that begins to make a difference, yes?"

St. Julien's eye went to Cabot's. He laughed, a wry, malign, satiric merriment.

"Come, clear out," he bade Krokaw, "out here, and I'll show you where the gas—yes, all you little tikes, out here—but where's the woman gone? She started with us."

They went back into the dark and found Rachel at a corner of the fair old house of many rooms, looking up at it with a light of covetous patience in the darkness of her insect-mother eyes.

WOMEN AND THE SPORT BUSINESS

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

"I REMEMBER the bitter controversy which arose over the argument, 'Should a lady ride a bicycle?' In those days a woman's legs were supposed to be known only to herself and God. Before that it had been 'Could a real lady ride outside an omnibus?' or 'Might a virtuous female ride alone in a hansom cab?' The woman question would seem to have been always with us. The landlady of a hotel in the Ripley Road much frequented by cyclists went to the length of refusing to serve a rider who, on close inspection, turned out to be of the feminine gender. The Surrey magistrate supported her. The contention was that a good woman would not wear knickerbockers—'bloomers,' they were then termed—that consequently any woman who did wear bloomers must be a bad citizeness, in legal language a disorderly person. This decision turned out to be a blessing in disguise for the cyclist trade. It stirred them to invention. To a bright young genius occurred the 'dropped bar.' A bishop's wife clothed in seemly skirts rode a bicycle through the streets of Leamington."

All this, which I quote from Jerome K. Jerome, *My Life and Times*, is delightfully amusing; it gives us a comfortable feeling of superiority over the England of the late nineties and the first years of the present century. Only Mr. Jerome's contemporaries in the United States recollect that our own attitude toward women, even toward women upon bicycles, was much the same in those days. Do you doubt this? Reflect then upon the position of the American woman in sport during those very years.

In 1895, when the first woman's golf championship was held, there were not more than a hundred women who played the game in this country. The winner, Mrs. C. S. Brown, turned in the amazing score of 132 for the eighteen-hole course at the Meadowbrook Club. Lawn tennis was at the time a game played by a few society women in Newport and Southampton; the competitors wore long skirts and wide hats, they served underhand. Feminine participation in track and field athletics was confined to a small minority of the girls in the women's colleges, who, in turn, were a small minority of the women of the nation. Only a handful of collegians attempted basket ball. There were no swimming championships and if there had been, the bathing suits worn by women would have prevented active competition. There were no skating meets, no contests in field hockey, in archery, in squash racquets, in fact, almost no competitive sport of any kind for women, except perhaps a little garden-party tennis, a little croquet now and then, or for the more advanced a round of golf—after the men had finished. That was the status of sport for women in the United States during the latter part of the last century.

Girls' athletics sprang from men's athletics and, as women began to obtain more freedom, they began to ask why they should not play games as well as their brothers. The answer came after due thought that there was really no reason why they shouldn't. And they

did. The advances made during the past thirty years scarcely need elaboration. Since 1926 six women have swum the English Channel, one of them the mother of two children. Miss Helen Wills, the woman's tennis champion, last summer defeated Mr. Frederick Mercur, the seventh ranking man player. Miss Glenna Collett, the woman's golf champion, allowed a handicap of seven bisques, defeated Jess Sweetser by three and two at about the same time. Naturally this does not mean that Miss Wills can defeat Mr. Tilden or that Miss Collett is as good as Mr. Jones. It certainly does show, however, that women are no longer far behind men in the sports which they were just beginning to learn some thirty years ago. To-day there are women polo teams, women track teams, women field hockey teams, squash racquets teams, basket ball and swimming teams. In fact, women are proficient in every branch of athletics under the sun except in games like football, for which they are obviously unsuited.

That this growing participation of women in sport has been a magnificent thing for them and for the race, no sensible person would deny. You have only to watch the modern girl, at home in the saddle, in the water, or at the wheel of an automobile, to look back with astonishment and pity upon the women of thirty years ago. If you like statistics—and I do not—you will discover that the health of the nation has improved immeasurably since women in increasing numbers began to take up outdoor sports. Nor is it generally realized that the freedom and convenience of woman's dress to-day are largely due to her interest in games and sports.

The spread of athletics among women has brought blessings of a less material but even more important kind. The lessons learned upon the fields of sport are the lessons of life. Through sport she has been taught things that men were forced to learn long ago in business: the advantages of co-operation, of fair play, and that self-reliance which was not a characteristic of the Victorian woman. We take much for granted at the present time; but we have simply to look upon the position of women thirty years ago to realize that the world does advance, and to be impressed with how much we owe to their steadily increasing interest in sport.

II

Despite many of the benefits that women have reaped from outdoor exercise, there are signs, unfortunately, that some of the excesses which have come to characterize men's athletics are beginning to spread to athletics for women.

American athletics have done more than any one other thing to establish the health and strength of American youth. At present our sports are copied by every nation in the world. The youngster in this country swims, rides, and plays games as a matter of course; his health profits without the old-fashioned systematic attempt to build up his constitution by regulated exercises. In the new gymnasium to be built for Harvard University only a few square feet out of several thousand will be devoted to pulleys, weights, and dumb-bells; the rest will be given over to games and sports arenas.

But although athletics have done a vast amount for the health of the youth of the United States, the tendency in recent years has been to over-stress competition as opposed to play. Abuses have crept in, commercialization of amateur games has increased rapidly, and at the same time there has come into existence a large, highly organized class of men professionally dependent upon sport, including many news-gatherers, heads of athletic associations, coaches and trainers, as well as others far more devoted to games for the sake of their own careers than for the sake of the game. These men have, it is true, succeeded in producing world's champions in every branch of athletics; but in so doing they have often neglected the great mass

of American youth who need physical development and recreation. Mr. G. F. Taeusch of Iowa State University sums up the situation by explaining that there is not too much emphasis on athletics nowadays, but too little. "It is apparent to everyone," says he, "that we are going to extremes in intercollegiate competition, that we have a highly specialized team in the field and a lot of ballyhoo in the bleachers. It seems obvious that as long as this discrepancy exists, we are not pursuing the proper policy in athletics." And it might be added that Mr. Taeusch's remarks apply with equal force to sport in extra-collegiate athletics, in clubs, and in a few boys' schools. These are some of the evils that are likely to spread to women's sport both within and outside the colleges if it maintains its present trend.

To understand the nature of the danger it is necessary first to realize that sport for women is no longer confined, as it used to be, to the colleges and the socially desirable country clubs. Numerically, the college undergraduates form an inconsiderable proportion of the mass of girls all over the land who are interested in athletics to-day. Nearly all the big industrial concerns, the big banks, the big insurance companies, and large corporations conduct sporting activities for their employees. There are, it is true, some college women on the teams; but it is mainly from these girls —girls in factories, girls in offices, girls in shops—that the material comes which makes up our women's Olympic teams every four years. In some cities the principal corporations are organized in groups like the Industrial Recreation Federation of New Haven which, in conjunction with the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., has leagues and regular playing rules in half a dozen different sports for both sexes. And it is the great mass of American girls, the thousands and thousands of girls in industry —not the comparatively few who attend college—who are most likely to be injured if the evils which now exist in athletics for men should creep into athletics for women also.

There is no Vassar-Smith basket ball game, no Wellesley-Bryn Mawr crew race, because the authorities in the colleges believe in sport as a form of recreation rather than as a means of establishing athletic superiority. Those entrusted with the direction of women's sports in this country are without exception women of high principle and high educational standards, women trained for their work, who have a firm belief in the value of real sport. Under their leadership there has been developed in the colleges a broad program of athletics that includes not merely one or two games for organized competitive teams, but many sports that can be enjoyed by everyone in after-life. They have succeeded in emphasizing the spirit of play in athletics, something free from all overstrain and exploitation. This, unfortunately, is not generally true of those who have charge of industrial sport.

Obviously at the present time one cannot dogmatize upon the physical ability of women to stand the strain and stress of athletic competition; but one can say conservatively that in competitive sport women are far more in need of medical supervision than men. Those who doubt this statement should have stood beside me during the eight-hundred-meter run in the Olympic Games at Amsterdam last summer. Below us on the cinder path were eleven wretched women, five of whom dropped out before the finish, while five collapsed after reaching the tape. I was informed later that the remaining starter fainted in the dressing room shortly afterward.

The fact is that the women in many branches of sport have begun to ape the athletics of men, and in so doing have succeeded in making almost every single mistake the men have managed to make.

III

Certain forces are attempting for their own ends to entangle the girls of this

country in highly organized competitive sport. Briefly, there are among them the following interested bodies:

First, political organizations such as Chambers of Commerce or Boards of Trade in towns and cities, which see in a championship woman's basket ball team an excellent advertisement for the community. Some such organizations, more frank in their methods, sponsor Bathing Beauty Contests.

Second, industrial concerns, sporting-goods houses, department stores, and other big corporations which also derive publicity and benefit in the same way.

Third, the churches, particularly the churches in the smaller cities and towns. Some of the worst athletic leagues in the country are the inter-church leagues, because, although their leaders are men of character they are frequently ignorant of many fundamentals of modern athletic problems.

Fourth, certain national sporting organizations which for their own sake desire a woman's championship system with all that this implies, in order that they may extend over women's athletics the power they now exert over athletics for men.

Let me take you to a typical contest between the women's basket ball teams of two large industrial concerns. The men's team of the Johnson Manufacturing Company is playing the William Smith's Sons Corporation and, as an added attraction, the athletic directors have arranged that the girls of each company shall meet in a preliminary contest. The small hall is crowded with five or six hundred young men and girls sitting on the floor right up to the lines of the court; the smoke is so thick you can hardly see the closed windows at each end of the room, and the sultry atmosphere of a rainy spring evening outside is deepened and intensified within. Add to this the keenness of the struggle, the hundreds of watching—and sometimes leering—eyes, the incessant cheers and jibes from the spectators, the emotion produced by constantly being tumbled against the front row of onlookers, and the result is that the players are in a brittle state of taut excitement. The nerves of the strongest are on edge; one of the players, weaker than the rest, collapses completely before the crowd. In the dressing room she becomes racked by hysterics, her body tightly drawn into a knot; for the moment she is a nervous invalid. Although she is physically sound, so acute is her nervous suffering that it will be weeks before her health is fully restored.

A woman who refereed a game of this kind between two girls' teams tells us that "the girls were worked up to a frenzy of nervous excitement. They pulled hair, hit one another viciously in the ribs with sharp elbows, tripped one another, tore one another's clothing, in fact did everything but play basket ball. Finally one girl kicked her opponent a terrific kick in the abdomen which sent her sprawling to the floor, doubled up with pain." If this were an isolated case it would hardly be worth mentioning; but it is the sort of thing which too often happens in championship contests with big stakes at issue. Nor is a little roughness, without which sports of this kind are almost impossible, anything to view with alarm. When, however, kicking, biting, tearing, and tripping are included in the roughness, it is nearly time to draw the line.

"The physical effect of games under such conditions," says a leading director of women's athletics, "is often disastrous, and the fatigue resulting from them—even when the girl gets through without apparent distress—may require several weeks for complete recovery."

The possibilities of danger to women in strenuous sports are plain enough even when they are conducted by capable, competent, and conscientious women directors. It would be an excellent thing if the athletic directors of the various commercial and industrial concerns throughout the country were leaders of this type. Unfortunately they are almost always men and, more-

over, men not interested primarily in the physical well-being of their charges. They are not alert, and indeed cannot be alert, to see that the girls under their care do not compete at times when they should not, and thus run the risk of some permanent serious injury. It is obvious that the attitude of these men toward games is quite different from that of the trained women directors of physical education in colleges and universities. And, after all, why should it not be different?

For if the physical director of a great university turns out a woman's basket ball team or a crew capable of defeating everyone in the state, it will remain unknown because there is no intercollegiate competition in which it can shine. But if the physical director of the Insomnia Insurance Company can turn out such a team, or better still, develop a girl athlete from the cost-accounting department who can run a hundred yards in record time, his name is made. Not merely will the girl's photograph—with his own, perhaps—be printed in every daily newspaper in the city; but his feat will redound to the credit of the corporation. And when the physical director helps his employer, he helps himself. Naturally this gentleman whose job depends on turning out a winning team is primarily interested in that team, and only secondarily in teaching the girls a game they can play and enjoy. The more girls come out for the team, the less time he will have, it is true, to look after the ordinary individual, but the more chance he will have of developing a record-breaker.

Speaking of these athletic directors, Dr. E. M. Bilik has remarked: "Various industrial corporations hire star athletes as physical directors, their only qualifications being their athletic records and pull with some official of the company. These trainers are utterly ignorant of the principles of physical education, and yet they are entrusted with the 'care and health of the employees of our institution.' The aim is a noble one; but a potential stevedore is hardly the right man for the task. Thus our much-advertised women athletes of to-day do not come mostly from the schools where properly qualified educationists control the situation; but from the athletic associations of department stores, insurance companies, and industrial plants."

These are the sort of persons who have the health of the American girl in their hands. What they teach is not, as one prominent educator observed, "physical training," but rather "physical straining." In the industrial and commercial leagues the girls from offices and factories—the very girls who most of all need healthy outdoor exercise—are being forced into competitive sport, often without medical supervision of any sort, by masculine directors far more interested in the size of their pay check than in the health of the athletes in their charge.

Meanwhile what of the selected few, the ones who succeed in making a team like the organization that competes in the Olympics? An observant man who traveled with the last American Olympic team testified as follows: "The whole voyage was the worst possible thing for the women on board. It was all entirely animalistic; the competitors, both men and women, ate, slept, and worked daily like animals rather than human beings. Not once during the entire trip of six weeks was any appeal made to the morals of these young people, any suggestion of the Olympic ideal, or of what the Olympic oath meant, any hint that in the eyes of the world at Amsterdam these young people represented their country. Nothing in fact but a strenuous effort to develop winners for every event. In fact there was little difference between the management of the last Olympic team and the management of a kennel!"

IV

Have you ever stood near the track exits of a great city railroad terminal in September and watched the girls pour out

from the trains after a summer at camps in the mountains or by the lake shores? Tanned, healthy, sturdy, these girls have grown in every way in three short months; grown so that their parents hardly know them. They are more mature, more self-reliant, more confident of life; they are proud of their ability to manage a canoe, of the mountain peaks they have climbed, of the distances they have swum, and the miles they have ridden on horseback. The participation in athletics of these girls has not been sacrificed to the needs of a few star performers; at camps of this sort every girl has been in sport all summer long. Here is the best of athletics at its best, in contrast to those factory and industrial leagues, the recruiting places for the women's Olympic teams, where only a few girls compete as a rule, while the rest are left to their own devices because they are not of championship caliber.

Luckily for American sport, there is an organization anxious to see that there are equal opportunities for all women in athletics, that the "winning team" idea which has so obsessed the masculine mind is changed for something more nearly approaching a real athletic ideal. This organization is the Women's Division of the National Amateur Athletic Federation.

The National Amateur Athletic Federation, of which Colonel Henry Breckinridge is president, is not to be confused with the Amateur Athletic Union, which has charge of club and institutional track and field sports in the United States. The National Amateur Athletic Federation is exactly what its title suggests, a loose organization of the amateur athletic societies of this country and those other bodies (such as the American Legion and the Boy Scouts) which have anything to do with sport. The Women's Division was created in the spring of 1923 for the purpose of co-ordinating the work of all individuals and groups interested in girls' and women's athletics. In other words, an attempt was made to take the control of women's sports out of the hands of men and place it where it belongs, in the hands of women.

So sensible is the policy of the Women's Division of the National Amateur Athletic Federation that it is worth while to quote in some detail their platform of sporting ideals, called by Dr. John Cooper a "Declaration of Independence that promises to free the girl and the woman from the thralldom of the hereditary lord of the athletic realm."

A. The Women's Division of the N. A. A. F. believes in the spirit of play for its own sake, and works for the promotion of physical activity for the largest portion of persons in any given group, in form suitable to individual needs and capacities, under leadership and environmental conditions that foster health, physical efficiency, and the development of good citizenship.

B. To accomplish this ideal for women and girls, it aims:

To promote programs of physical activities for all members of given social groups rather than for a limited number chosen for their physical prowess.

To protect athletics from exploitation for the enjoyment of the spectator or for the athletic reputation or commercial advantage of any institution or any organization.

To stress enjoyment of sportsmanship and to minimize the emphasis placed upon the individual accomplishment and the winning of championships.

To eliminate types and systems of competition which put the emphasis upon individual accomplishment and winning rather than upon stressing the enjoyment of sport and the development of sportsmanship among the many.

To restrict recognition for athletic accomplishment to awards which are symbolical and which have the least possible intrinsic value.

To discourage sensational publicity and to guide publicity along educational lines and to stress the sport rather than the individual and the group competitor.

To eliminate gate receipts.

To discourage athletic competition which involves traveling.

To avoid countenancing the sacrifice of an individual's health for the sake of her participation in athletic competition.

Reread this statement and you will be more and more struck by its strength and sanity. It discourages the amateur athlete traveling from one end of the world to the other in pursuit of her highly amateur sport. It obviates the crowds clicking at the turnstiles, it does away with the money complication which has ruined so much sport, it eliminates the columns of laudatory matter in the sporting pages about this or that stellar athletic performer. That a pronunciamento of this sort—embodying nothing but the veriest common sense about athletics—should even be necessary, shows how far we have departed from the ideals of real sport in the United States. The women of the country are to be congratulated that such an organization is looking out for their athletic future.

V

Women's athletics to-day are at the crossroads. Which way they turn will mean much in the future for American sport and for the womanhood of the country. Should they turn in the wrong direction, even the present sane policy of the majority of the women's colleges throughout the country will be endangered; who knows whether a public mania for championship contests and winning teams in the colleges could be long withstood? Already pressure is being exerted on all sides to force women into the competitive whirlpool. Any physical director familiar with the situation will agree. The professor of physical education at a large Middle Western university said in this connection:

"The principal of a high school called me recently on the telephone. 'I want your help,' he said. 'We have a girls' basket-ball team that we are mighty proud of. We have gone to considerable expense to have the team coached and now we're sure we can defeat any other team in this part of the country. Can you put me in touch with some other teams we can play? We really want to put our town on the map.'"

Commenting on this request the professor remarked, "One wonders what kind of an educational ideal these men have. Here they are at the head of our school system, yet so readily sold to the American slogan of 'Growth at Any Price,' that they are willing to sacrifice the health of the girls in their high school in order that their own particular town may become better known.

"These basket-ball tournaments are interesting developments. The organization back of them is exceedingly complex. First of all, a certain high school girls' team won a so-called 'tri-state tournament.' The team was utterly exhausted by having to play six games in two days, and girls were removed from the floor in a fainting and hysterical condition; but all of this was soon forgotten and the team—together with a few enthusiastic supporters—went home to paint the town red. The Chamber of Commerce and some of the leading business men met together and with a burst of local patriotism decided to build a large gymnasium and hold tournaments in their home town. The experiment was successful as a business venture; the men promised the girls almost anything if they could win these tournaments. Farmers came from miles around and the gathering attained social significance rivaling that of the annual fair. Local patriotism knew no bounds, the audiences grew wilder and wilder, all at the expense of these small groups of girls who became every minute more tense and excited. There was only one result; instead of playing together in a friendly, normal sort of competition, the game became a wild frenzy. The referee was an ogre and victory was all that mattered."

Exceptional? An isolated case? Perhaps. But one is led to doubt it. For instance, the situation became so bad in a girls' basket-ball league in a Western city that an investigation was made, and it was discovered that some of the players were members of no less than five different teams simultaneously, playing

practically every night from November until March. (And, of course, receiving money for their efforts.) In another large city a girl playing in a church league came in tears one day to the coach, saying she hated to leave the team, but was joining an "outlaw" team playing under boys' rules, which represented a commercial firm in the city. She did not wish to leave, but her mother wanted her to do so because she would obtain more publicity! This girl developed into a real star, playing a game a week for some sixteen weeks, and finally was sent abroad with the Olympic team. On her return her heart was found to be overstrained so that she is now unable to take part in athletics of any kind.

A well-known woman in charge of college athletics in the Middle West tells of a basket ball game she refereed, with the audience sprawled out along the edges of the court so that "the opposing rooters would reach out and trip up the girls as they ran near the sidelines." So close was this contest and so loud the yells and catcalls of the crowd that the players were "worked up until they committed so many fouls my lung power gave out, and finally the boys' coach went and got a revolver and for the remainder of the game he would shoot it whenever I put the whistle to my lips."

The director of athletics at one of the largest state universities in the country told me of a request made of her to referee a game between two leading high schools in a neighboring city. When she refused, this answer was given: "Why Miss X, you will have to. Last year when the game was over, not only were the students not speaking to one another, but neither were the principals from the competing schools, there was so much feeling."

In an Eastern city a man employed by a commercial firm gathered together a girls' basket ball team, one member of which was taken from the local Sunday School league. This girl was in the eighth grade, and in four successive games she fainted away. An investigation of her doctor's examination card showed that she had a rapid heart, malnutrition, and anæmia. This girl staggered through a whole season of championship contests and at the end attended a banquet at which the male coach of the team made a long speech about the benefits of sport for women!

No, these incidents are unfortunately not exceptional, and this is why the Women's Division of the N. A. A. F. stands against competitive sport of this kind. What it is attempting to do is to frustrate those who see in the advent of women in athletics more chances for exploitation and publicity. The Women's Division does not believe that the Olympic Games as conducted are beneficial to women. It thinks that the coming Olympiad, to be held in 1932 in Los Angeles, for which strenuous efforts are being made to include women's events, "throws not light, but a cloud of darkness, over a program that is as wide as the nation. It is black with menace to the progress in athletics for girls."

Naturally enough, there are many who do not agree with this statement; and you will hear all sorts of arguments used against this anti-Olympic policy of the Women's Division. It has been said that interest in athletics will be increased by the entrance of women in the Olympics. But in whom will that interest be increased? In the few women selected for the team? Certainly. But what about the hundreds of thousands of girls not worth bothering about because they cannot run, jump, swim, or dive well enough? And if increased interest results, what kind of interest will it be? Will it be that of the gentlemen whom Mr. McGeehan so tenderly calls "the Badgers," those gentlemen who as heads of athletic organizations are anxious to see a team of American women in the Games because their authority, prestige, and power will be thereby doubled? You will also hear the word "sportsmanship" glibly brought in. Sportsmanship for whom? For the few dozens of competitors, or for the thousands of girls

who are non-competitors? You may even hear it said that the girls want it. Those who enjoyed a trip to the Olympic Games are obviously anxious to repeat the opportunity. Making the team means publicity, publicity means fame, fame means a better job, and there you are. All this we have heard before. It it simply the story of masculine athletics all over again.

Mr. George F. Smith, the editor of a newspaper in a small Texas town, tells of a woman's basket-ball meet held under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union. "Twenty-one teams entered for our meet here," writes Mr. Smith. "Each team paid an entry fee of $7.50, plus 25 cents for each player. That averaged over $10 a team; a total of $210 that went to the A. A. U. Twenty-five per cent of the gross receipts of $1,129.75 went to the A. A. U., calling for another check of $282.43. A. A. U. referees, their traveling expenses and eating, added $206.30 more. Trophies cost $250, and were purchased from the A. A. U. . . . That makes four checks to the A. A. U. totaling $948.93." Possibly this may suggest the sort of interest which is increased by the entrance of women into competitive sport.

Once let the mania for competitive athletics of this kind grip women as it has gripped the men, and the sane and constructive attitude of the majority of the colleges and universities toward the participation of their girls in intercollegiate athletics will be seriously threatened; soon we shall begin to have Vassar-Smith basket ball games, with the scramble for seats, the vast sums coming in at the box office, the eligibility rulings, the amateur-professional tangle, and all the other absurdities which at present are found in athletics for men.

Enough has been said to give a fairly general idea of the situation of women in the sport business at the present time. On the one hand is an active and articulate group endeavoring to foster competitive sport of the worst kind, attempting to develop champions and world-beaters at the expense of the mass, attempting to drag women's sport into the morass of hypocrisy into which masculine sport has sunk. On the other hand is a group—not of obstructionists, but of idealists—who are anxious to keep the American girl from this commercialized competition, to safeguard her health by placing her athletic activities under the direction of properly qualified women supervisors, and to provide for her a program of games which will spread a love of sport not only among the minority but also among the majority of the women of the United States.

VI

At a meeting of the Women's Division of the N. A. A. F. held in New York early in the year, a resolution was passed against the inclusion of women in the coming Olympiad. The next morning a city daily paper carried a picture of one of the American champions of the 1928 Games, a charming young lady in a track suit clasping her bare knees, with the caption:

THE OLYMPIC BABY. WOULD DEAL DEATH BLOW TO HER GAME.

The Women's Division, eager to promote real sport of all kinds, would deal a death blow to no one's game. Its slogan, "A team for everyone and everyone on a team," is not a meaningless phrase. Nor is the Women's Division against competitive sport, for its members are aware that you cannot have a match of tiddledywinks without competition. Their stand in this matter was stated at their second annual meeting in 1925:

No athletics can exist without competition.

The object of the Women's Division of the N. A. A. F. is to promote wholesome athletic competition for the greatest number of girls and women.

The type of organization which fosters extramural games does not build toward these ideals.

Therefore the Women's Division encour-

ages a broadly planned *intramural* program and for the present time stands firmly against the policy of extramural competition.

Favoring, in other words, competitive sport of the best kind, these women have looked about to discover some form of organized athletics which will have the necessary competitive element and yet possess none of the obvious disadvantages of gate money, publicity, championships for the few and neglect of the many. This they believe they have found in the Play Day idea.

The Play Day idea is new, original, practical, and best of all beneficial. It can be utilized in elementary schools, in high schools, finishing schools, colleges and universities, industrial and civic groups, in fact, in all bodies of girls and women in need of physical education and sport. Despite the handicap of an unfortunate name, which suggests folk dancing or community singing, these Play Days, started in California, have spread the country over. Briefly the idea is this:

Fifty girls, let us say, from ten different institutions meet for a day of athletics. They are formed into ten teams of five girls each; but these teams do not represent the various schools or business houses participating—they are mixed teams, each girl on each team being chosen from a different group. Each team plays against the others in any number of sports: volley ball, field hockey, tennis, and—if time permits—golf. Each girl plays instead of watching a few play, yet there is enough competition to furnish plenty of rivalry and keep up interest, although the allegiance of the player is transferred from her school or institution to the team.

Thus while retaining the advantages of outdoor exercise, Play Days remove many of the disadvantages of the former system, under which a girl who failed to show a marked aptitude for a sport never made the team and thus often missed a chance to learn the game. Play Days can be adapted to the use of small children or to that of the college undergraduate or factory employee, merely by varying the sports to be played. They can be held outdoors with games like golf, tennis, or field hockey in summer; in winter with games like basket ball; in a civic swimming pool in July, or in a winter-sport country in January. At Play Days there is no star team playing with another star team; there are large groups of girls competing together in as many different sports as time and the facilities at hand will permit. Many girls who would not try for varsity teams for lack of ability do not hesitate to play beside others as awkward and unskilled as themselves; and few there are who do not care for one sport or another during the course of the day. Here the play is the thing, not the winning for one's college or club. There are no gate receipts, no grandstands and spectators; there is nothing sensational for the newspaper reporter. Play Days can be, and have been, the means of breaking up petty jealousies between schools and institutions, of making those real friendships of sport so often talked about and so seldom made, of turning athletics into the thing it should be—a means to an end instead of the end itself.

I do not know whether Play Days offer the only or the best possible solution of the problem of athletics for the American woman. But to encourage them is certainly to take a step in the right direction. Mrs. Herbert Hoover, who has lent her help and influence to the movement, thinks it will make "good sports" of the average girl and boy, and explains that when she speaks of "good sports" she is thinking in terms of character. She says it will make "happier individuals, happier citizens, happier communities."

Now if Play Days can do this or one-tenth of this they should be widely promoted by those in charge of athletics in the United States. And at the very least they suggest the sort of attitude which must prevail if the evils of masculine competition are to be avoided. Anyone who queries the prevailing tem-

per of American athletics is constantly called upon for "constructive ideas" by the authorities in charge of men's sport. "Do not," they say, "be destructive. Do not harp upon what is wrong, upon the many errors inevitably committed, the mistakes unwittingly made." Well, gentlemen, here is your constructive idea. Moreover, it is a constructive idea put forward by a constructive body of women who have no ulterior motive but are merely interested in seeing that sport for girls remains a recreation and does not become a vocation or an industry, in having it supervised by women who best know the needs and limitations of their own sex. It is by no means an easy task that the Women's Division of the N. A. A. F. have before them; but they can tackle it in the confidence that all who care for real athletics the country over are behind them in their efforts to keep women out of that great new commercial undertaking of the twentieth century: The Business of Sport.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

NOT in slight nor in derision,
But with pencil-point precision,
He who made Pythagoras
Made the snake that parts the grass;
Made the texture of its skin
Parchment to work problems in.
He who drew an adder's spread
To a rhomboid at its head,
Let no ferrule falter loose
On the straight hypotenuse
Obliquely slanting the dull eye
Of the snake that rustles by.
Not the rod of Roman lictor
Could lay lashes any stricter
Than the stripes, exact and neat,
Parallels that will not meet,
Running straight from tip to tail
On a buckling coat of mail
Fashioned out of lozenges.
And as intricate as these—
Pointed triangle and square,
All the rigid shapes that are,
Octagon and pentagon,
He has deftly patterned on
Some unscrolled and rippling back
As a method of attack
Till every scale and single joint
Proves some problematic point,
Working out with subtlety
A divine Geometry.

THE TENDENCY TOWARD PURE POETRY

BY MAX EASTMAN

IN a previous essay I described "modernism" as a tendency of poets to keep the values of their poems to themselves—or offer them to the reader incidentally, to be enjoyed as a kind of colored puzzle. If all literature may be described as a verbal communication of values, the modernists may be described as absorbed in the values to the neglect of the act of communicating them. They are unsociable poets, unfriendly, and in extreme cases their language approaches that of the insane or idiotic. Indeed, the word *idiot* means in its origin nothing more slanderous of the character of much of their poetry than "private."

But that describes only one-half of its character, the unlovely half. The modernists are distinguished not only by their absorption in values, but also by the kind of values in which they are absorbed. It seems to me that what they are cultivating in their privacy—and what they communicate at such times as they do consent to a social relation with their readers—is the values of pure poetry, isolated, so far as that is possible, from values which belong properly to practical, or scientific, or prose language.

By pure poetry I do not mean a "mystic essence" supposed to reside in certain lines which happen to be beautiful or moving, or to suggest perfection, for reasons not easily analyzed.

"*La fille de Minos et de Pasiphaë*"

is the line usually chosen by French critics to illustrate this mystic essence. (You will destroy it neatly if you neglect to sound the final *e*.) In English we have "Kubla Khan," or

"The sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing."

And lately we have been instructed that T. E. Hulme, with the few rather watery poems he published in a volume with Ezra Pound, entered into the inner shrine of the temple of this mystic essence. To my mind this way of talking about poetry, proper to the age of alchemy, has in this day a rather sophomoric flavor, and I mention it merely to avoid a misunderstanding. By pure poetry I mean to designate a real thing—a way of using words that can be identified, and to some extent at least explained, by the psychologist.

Perhaps the best way to see what poetry is in its own nature, is to imagine it originating in the incantations of medicine-men or magicians. Names are supposed by all primitive people to have an occult power over the thing named. They have the power of evoking the being of that thing and compelling its obedience. But in order to do that, they have to be just the right names. And the medicine-man or shaman or poet-magician, who had also some of the gifts of the quack-doctor, would get the idea spread abroad that he knew the right names of things. He could bring rain, for instance, by standing out under the sky and saying the right words. That is a very wonderful and exciting way to use words, and yet totally unrelated to science or everyday practical communication. The ordinary way to use words when the garden goes dry, is

to say, "Well, don't you think we'd better find the old sprinkling pot?" And the scientific way is only a little more elaborate, "Let's build a dam and dig ditches and irrigate the whole valley." But the sorcerer, the poet, this wonderful and deep-eyed man who is in touch with the heart of reality through language, gets out there in the middle of the valley, and spreads out his hands, and says words which *do not mean a thing*. And then the rain falls. Or else it doesn't. In any case it ought to. And among almost all primitive peoples, all human tribes who have not yet passed under the affliction of statistics, the opinion is that if the poet has got the right words, the rain does actually fall.

Mr. Briffault tells us that the Greek words *ode* and *epode*, the German *lied*, the English *lay*, and similar words in other languages, have meant in their origin a magic spell or incantation. The Latin *carmina* meant indifferently verses or "charms." *Vates* was a magician or a poet. In several languages the word for magician, like the word poet itself, means "maker." And so we infer that the poet was so named, not for any of the edifying Carlylian reasons that we tried to believe in when we went to school, but because this sing-song man was supposed to be able to bring things into being by naming them. He was a sorcerer; his rhyming language was a magic spell; his function was not to edify soulful people, but to "produce the goods."

That was undoubtedly the principal mother-lode from which poetry arose. But that is not what poetry is. In the mind of that verily gifted magician, naming the raindrops out of the sky, there was an actual vision of the drops he named. His words did have the power to evoke the being of things—in his imagination. For him, moreover, the line between imagination and sense was not too clearly drawn. He was not entirely a sorcerer, but something also of a child. And he had an *interest* in raindrops, an absurd and altogether important interest in raindrops, which had nothing whatever to do with agriculture or the problem of watering the soil. He had a like interest in the sky. It is not too much to say, in view of what we know about his successors, that he sometimes loved the sky, in a mournful way, even when it failed to rain. Whether with joy or sorrow, he loved—or was fascinated by—the whole business of "being" in this world. And, like all people who love a thing, he enjoyed calling it pet names. Set free by his profession from any other very steady occupation, he developed a great habit of sitting around thinking up pet names for things—the names that would most exactly and vividly evoke them into his imagination. That was how he kept awake when he was not working, and that was pure poetry.

The American Indians believed that a good poem could accomplish almost anything. Putting a child to sleep was a mere hint or routine application of its almost omnipotent occult powers. And yet there were pure poets among the Indians also, as is shown very aptly by Natalie Curtis in her *Indians' Book*. She quotes the following song or tuneful incantation designed to bring rain, from a young Navajo poet:

Yellow butterflies,
Over the blossoming virgin corn,
With pollen-painted faces,
Chase one another in brilliant throng.

Blue butterflies,
Over the blossoming virgin beans,
With pollen-painted faces,
Chase one another in brilliant streams. . . .

Over your fields of growing corn,
All day shall hang the thunder-cloud;
Over your fields of growing corn,
All day shall come the rushing rain.

The magical intention or, at least, the surviving form of such an intention, is here quite obvious. And yet the poet, when he was questioned by Miss Curtis as to the "meaning" of his song, had nothing whatever to say about this form or intention.

"My song," he said, "is about butterflies flying over the cornfields, and over the beans. One butterfly is running after another like the hunt, and there are many."

I set this answer apart from my text, because it is, in effect, another poem—another pure act of realization through language. The poet is asked for the meaning—or as Walt Whitman would say, the "purport"—of his poem, and he only attempts again, and by a fresh manipulation of the magic contained in names, to evoke into consciousness an experience of the being of the things he named.

II

It is to this original and pure form of poetry that the modernists, with all their sophistication and their city things, are tending back. They too are abandoning purports, themes, meanings, preachments, all that so recently and extravagantly admired stuff of edification that led Matthew Arnold almost to the definition of poetry as a "criticism of life." In place of a criticism, these poets are offering us in each poem a moment of life, a rare, perfect or intense moment, and nothing more. They offer us awakening—they even offer to keep us awake for the few moments while we are reading their poem—and that seems to them enough. Poetry is a thing like music or the morning, which stands in no need of meaning anything for those who are sensitive enough to perceive it. Edith Sitwell, in her *Poetry and Criticism*, says that "the modernist poets are bringing a new and heightened consciousness to life." Hart Crane describes the whole province of the poet's art as "added consciousness and increased perceptions." Neither of these poets clearly conceives what he is saying as a psychology of poetry, or holds with any continuous force to its implications. But at least for a moment they forget the mystic essences, and speak of their art with the same modern intelligence with which we speak of "locomotives and roses." For the length of that moment they confess themselves to be devotees of pure poetry—understanding by that term the original simple thing as it emerged from the practical employments of the magician.

Paris; this April sunset completely utters
utters serenely silently a cathedral

before whose upward lean magnificent face
the streets turn young with rain,

spiral acres of bloated rose
coiled within cobalt miles of sky
yield to and heed
the mauve
of twilight (who slenderly descends,
daintily carrying in her eyes the dangerous
first stars)
people move love hurry in a gently

arriving gloom and
see! (the new moon
fills abruptly with sudden silver
these torn pockets of lame and begging colour)
while
there and here the lithe indolent prostitute
Night, argues

with certain houses.

It is only necessary to select such an example as this—where by accident, or by some momentary act of grace, a modernist poet has actually communicated his whole poem—in order to see what in their privacy these poets are trying to do. They are trying to surrender themselves, more utterly than this has been done before, to the mere uninterpreted qualities of experience. And it seems quite possible—to judge, at least, by this exquisite example from E. E. Cummings—that they are succeeding.

Of course all poets have written pure poems upon occasion. No genuine poet has ever accepted the obligation to support with a criticism of life his every offering of an increased perception of it. Mr. George Moore not long ago compiled an *Anthology of Pure Poetry* which contains verses from all the great periods of English literature. Through a predi-

lection for lyrical song—or perhaps through an influence from the mystic essences—Mr. Moore left out of his volume some of the more rich and slow-moving of pure poems. He left out Keats' "Ode to Autumn," which says absolutely nothing throughout thirty-three lines except just this one very thing—Autumn. But, upon the whole, his anthology accords with our definition, and it proves that there is nothing new in abandoning meanings, or the problem of adjusting man with his environment, and devoting oneself to the pure art of heightening or diversifying his consciousness.

The new thing about the modernists is the extreme to which they carry this devotion. Pure poetry is not an occasional exploit with them, but a regular duty. In all their poems you feel, not so much a tendency as a determination, to avoid all valid or verifiable judgments or opinions about anything. In their critical essays they boast of this attitude of detachment. They call it "intellectual" or "classical"; but I do not think we need to take that very seriously. When T. S. Eliot dismisses Bernard Shaw and Bertrand Russell as "emotional" and offers in the name of "intellect" to replace their arduous thinking about important problems with his wilfully meaningless poetry, his narrowly literary learning, and rather pedantic prose, it is quite obvious that words are being misapplied. Still more obvious, when our American propagandist of modernism, Gorham B. Munson, lays Randolph Bourne away among the "emotional," and brings forward Ernest Hemingway and E. E. Cummings as showing a revival of interest in ideas! In my opinion, if Mr. Eliot and Mr. Munson had the intellect of which they boast, they would not be found, fifty years after the birth of genetic psychology, still taking seriously this old-fashioned dichotomy, intellect versus emotion. Virginia Woolf repudiates her predecessors as resolutely as T. S. Eliot, but she puts her finger more knowingly upon the line which divides her from them. In order to complete their books, she says, "it seems necessary to do something." The reader must "finish them actively and practically for himself." The kind of book she admires in contrast is "complete in itself; it is self-contained; it leaves one with no desire to do anything." In short, it has no meaning, in the technical and matter-of-fact sense of the word.

The modernists not only abandon meanings more persistently than other poets, but they abandon, whenever they want to, those logical and grammatic forms which are the established vehicles of meaning. They allow their poems to move without the support of these emptied vehicles—without a certain false dignity that they have in the past imparted to the procession of the poet's images. Let us compare, for illustration, a pure poem by E. E. Cummings with one by William Shakespeare. And let us give Shakespeare—for the moment—the precedence. Here is a pure poem which he contributes to Mr. Moore's anthology:

> When all aloud the wind doth blow
> And coughing drowns the parson's saw
> And birds sit brooding in the snow
> And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
> When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
> Then nightly sings the staring owl,
> Tu-whit;
> Tu-who, a merry note,
> While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

This is, you see, in its grammatical form, not a poem at all, but a scientific observation. *When* all those first things happen, *exactly then*, simultaneously with them, the owl sings, "Tu-whit; tu-who." That is, I believe—provided neither the owl nor the roasted crabs are moving with the speed of light—an accurate observation. And even people who do not know what poetry is would be able to read it through with composure, and concede that Shakespeare was sane and of sound mind, and that he might perhaps have discovered something original or important about owls—about the hibernal habits of the *strigidæ*, I should say—if he had carried his

observations a little farther. Poetic people know that the scientific observation, as well as the grammatic form which conveys it—the compound declarative sentence—is a mere accidental convenience, a piece of old clothes-line upon which the acts of imaginative realization are strung.

Now the great revolution accomplished by the modernists, in their more extreme and Presbyterian devotion to pure poetry, has consisted of occasionally throwing that piece of old clothesline away. In Mr. Cummings' realizations of a mouse, for instance, we are not led astray from the poetry by any compound declarative sentence, or by any sentence whatever:

here's a little mouse) and
what does he think about, i
wonder as over this
floor (quietly with

bright eyes)drifts (nobody
can tell because
Nobody knows, or why
jerks Here &, here,
gr(oo)ving the room's Silence) this like
a littlest
poem a
(with wee ears and see?

tail frisks)
(gonE)
"mouse", ...

Here the scientific people will throw up their hands in disgust—the thing doesn't make sense. But poetic people will be satisfied to receive the mouse, and leave the business of making sense *about* mice to the zoölogist.

In still another way the modernists carry pure poetry to an extreme. Pure poems in the past have always been single or closely unified moments of realization. If two or more of these moments were united together, some narrative or argumentative connection was supplied. The modernists unite them arbitrarily, at the dictate of taste or a purely creative impulse. They pile up poems out of imaginative moments as architecture is piled up out of blocks of stone and stone images. T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" appears to me to be such a work of purely creative architecture. Most of his admirers—dominated by the traditional opinion that long poems must be held together by some narrative or conceptual thread—find it necessary before they can enjoy this poem to tell themselves that it is a treatise on the futility of human enterprise, or the decline of western civilization, or the discontinuity of modern life. They attribute this meaning, not to anything the poem says, but to its *structural character*. But in order to write a treatise on the discontinuity of modern life you do not have to write a discontinuous treatise. In order to expound in poetry the thought that human enterprise comes to nothing, you do not have to compose poetry that comes to nothing. For me the essential distinction of "The Waste Land"—in so far as it is something more distinguished than a "passionate cross-word puzzle"—is that it expounds nothing. It means nothing. It is a symphony of pure poems composed as freely in the air as symphonies of musical sounds and phrases are composed. The attempt to attach a meaning to its very meaninglessness—to make of T. S. Eliot the prophet of a sort of philosophy of fragmentism—is but the last gasp of the practical intelligence drowning in a sea of pure poetry.

T. S. Eliot himself, to be sure, has not wholly escaped from the bondage of the meaningful tradition. He feels obliged to pose in his "Notes" as a sort of scholarly wizard with meditative deep thoughts and purports which the *cognoscenti* may pretend to understand. This also, I think, should not be taken too seriously. Other modernists in their character as critics have made the same mistake. Allen Tate, in discussing his friend Hart Crane's poems, says that "the vision often strains and overreaches the theme." To this the English modernists reply that, on the contrary, "Mr. Crane is preserving his vision from

a theme . . . the movements of his poems are the fluctuations of surfaces: they give a sea sense of externality: the moon, frost, tropical horizons. . . ." That is the true way, and I think the only way, to receive the values of these wilfully pure poems—poems which steadily refuse to criticize life, which abjure even grammar and logic as a bondage, and which evolve upon threads of connection as tenuous as those of a musical symphony. Remember that they are the legitimate children of a magic incantation. They have abandoned their pretense to call forth actual events and objects into the air; but they have not on that account acknowledged the empire of practical science. They remain proud. They refuse to deck themselves out with meanings. They stand there, offering you nothing—only themselves, and that only if you will surrender to an invisible spell.

III

It is absurd to describe this arrant and absolute revolt of the motive in the heart of all poets against the central mechanism of practical civilization, meaningful language, as a neo-classic revival, a return to the eighteenth-century tradition, a revolt against the tyranny of the general reader. That is a poor and weak way to defend a crusade that takes its force from the aboriginal fountains of life. The revolt is not against the tyranny of the general reader, but against the tyranny of the practical mind. Instead of describing it as a return to the eighteenth-century tradition, it would be more adequate to say that there have been throughout human civilization three fundamental schools of poetry—three distinct positions of the poet.

First he employed his meaningless but life-enhancing words, under the impression that they performed a magic function. He so justified them to the practical common sense of the race. That was the first school of poetry—the incantation school.

When the belief in word magic declined, he began to offer his words as a kind of colored clothing in which to dress up meanings, and make them more alluring and exciting. Even when he did not actually intend a meaning in the creation of his poem, he would look around until he found one and stick it in somewhere (as Poe confesses he did), because it was now only in this way that he could justify himself to the practical common sense of the race. That was the second school of poetry—the meaningful school. It has held the center of the stage throughout the historic period.

The people in our world to-day who are most boldly gifted in the poetic use of words are attempting to go back to the forms of the incantation, but without the pretense that their words have power to evoke real objects or events. They form a third "school" of poetry—the modernists, as they happen to be called, although their hearts were old when civilization began. They should be called by some name to indicate that they are interested in poetry as a thing by itself—a realization of life through imagination and language—distinct both from science and sorcery.

If this is a true account of the tendency toward pure poetry, its association with a more trivial Cult of Unintelligibility was natural and almost inevitable. The commonest function of words is to communicate practical meanings. This function has determined the whole growth and structure of language; poetic communication has been ritual or incidental. To cease communicating these practical meanings without also ceasing to communicate would require a rather dexterous discrimination. It would require at least that the poet should know what he is trying to do, and that he should have some sense of the special nature of his material. A poet who knew that he was trying to get rid of the practical meaning in words—their perfectly, automatic stimulation of action, or active attitude, in those who hear them—and yet preserve

their power to communicate experience, would devote a great deal of attention to the *strategy of communication*. The modernists, who do not know exactly what they are trying to do, and who talk about words as though they were a material as simple in its values as dyed chalk or porcelain, have followed the opposite course. They have abandoned meanings and at the same time ignored the strategy of communication, as though these two things were one and the same. It is against this obtuseness of theirs, this foolish confusion, that I have attempted to initiate a gentle rebellion of the reader in these two essays on the Cult of Unintelligibility and the Tendency toward Pure Poetry. . . .

IV

It seems to me that the tendency of poetry to make itself independent of meanings is deeper and has endured longer than the movement called "modernist." It began in the "art for art's sake" talk of the nineties—if not long before that, in the abandoned sentimentalism of the pre-Raphaelites. An impression prevails that there was an effective moral reaction, or reaction of social intelligence, against the devotees of art for art's sake. But I think, in the world of artistic creation, the opposite was true. There was a realization that in their preoccupation with sin, their exaggerated delight in a freedom from moral meanings, these people of the nineties were feeble in their own impulse and superficial. They were exemplifying the very bondage to morals which they denounced. They were failing to see, moreover, that morals is but one kind of practical thinking. The deeper tendency, of which their sinful and delightful excitement was a mere top-ripple, is the tendency of art to declare itself independent of, and irrelevant to, all practical thinking and all actual truth. Artists are no longer sages, and they no longer wish to be. They offer us no guidance, no instruction, not even a directed inspiration. They offer us a "heightened consciousness," an "added or increased perception." They deride us as antique and rural bumpkins if we ask them what it "means." In short, the other arts are not only aspiring, but in our day they are actually moving, toward the position occupied by music. Painters can find no more contemptuous name for a painting which they do not like than "literary." Poets can find no language but that of painting in which to express their own new aims. It is a universal flight from meaning in which the poets—because meaning inheres in the very material of their art—inevitably lag behind. But their revolt, although so recently become violent enough to assail its last enemy, the logic of grammar, is only the culmination of a deep and general tendency of all contemporary art.

There are two reasons for this tendency, and for its culmination in modernist poetry. One is that the meanings which poets used so confidently to clothe in the bright colors of their experience are no longer convincing. The old codes and creeds have ceased to command the artist's mind. The intellectual world is disillusioned—deeply, as never before. I think we may assert that Hart Crane has not had to put up a very stiff fight in order to defend his vision against a theme. There has been no vast multitude of themes besieging his restless pillow, begging him with the old passion and conviction to give them a poetic utterance. It is so with him, and it is so with the other poets—the older ones going back to Arthurian legends to escape the problem of meaning anything in this modern world, the newer ones bluffing it out with a hollow-voiced glorification of the machine—a mere piece of bravado.

What could be more pitiful than the attempt of civilized man to make an ideal of the tool which he invented? He invented the tool to create with. What then shall he create? An imitation of the tool, an expression of the influence of

the tool, a reflection of the age that is dominated by the existence of the tool. What a reduction to absurdity of the grandiose ambitions of an ingenious and self-bewildered savage! A creative artist really at home in a machine age would not ask himself: What are these machines doing to me? He would ask: What shall I do with these machines? The poets and dramatists of the New Masses and the New Playwrights Theater, in their loudly conscious attempts to exemplify the effects of machinery upon them—to make a crusade of this subjection to influence—seem more distracted than revolutionary. You feel that in the depth of their hearts there is one poem they would sincerely love to be able to utter:

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside the still waters;
He restoreth my soul.

Deprived by their education of the possibility of saying that, they are, like the modernists and like those who have fled to the legends of Arthur, saying essentially nothing. Poetry is abandoning meanings because there are no meanings enshrined in the poet's heart as truth.

That is one reason. And the other is perhaps only the same reason more thoughtfully expressed. Science is becoming unintelligible to the poet, it is becoming *absolutely* alien to his art—and science is the one thing we do securely believe in to-day. We believe in the new physics, the new chemistry, the new astronomy. We believe in Bohr and Lorentz and Einstein. But *we cannot understand them.* Teachers of the new systems are kind-hearted enough to tell us that Newton and Copernicus were as difficult for the people of their day as Einstein is for us, but we know that this is not true. You can draw pictures of the Copernican universe. You can make diagrams of the Newtonian physics. When it comes to units of "space-time" and curves passing into the fourth dimension, the imagination drops back. It is not geometry any longer, it is algebra. And algebra is the farthest that you can go in language from suggesting the experience of things. It is the farthest from poetry.

The ordinary intelligence by which men live is at a loss among these meanings abstracted from life. The poet's intelligence, disposed by its essential character to cling to the experienced qualities of things, is still more at a loss. The minstrel cannot sing the truths we believe in to-day because he cannot understand them. And if he could understand them, he would find that they cannot be sung. They cannot be realized by the imagination. The intrinsic and aboriginal conflict between the two ways of using words, the poetic and the practical or scientific way, has become absolute. Einstein is unintelligible because he has gone to the extremes of pure science. The modernists are unintelligible because they have gone to the extremes of pure poetry. The common man, the survived savage, his mind a quaint mixture of color and meaning, of poetry and science, stands bewildered between these prodigies. He does not know what to put in the cup of his curiosity or his life thirst. . . . He is wiser in a way than either of them, for he knows that there is a conflict, a trouble, a slightly insane separation of knowledge from experience, a problem to be solved.

Poetry will not die in this conflict, nor stand still while awaiting the solution of that problem. Like other artistic movements—although less quickly than some people imagine—modernism will give place to new creative tendencies. Grown-up poets will not permanently content themselves with writings, no matter how rich in vividness, which seem as deliberately impotent as words without an active meaning seem. An impulse to make their poems virile will prevail over the impulse to make them pure. And out of this there will arise—if I may be foolish enough to attempt a prophecy—two new schools or tend-

encies in poetry. A mystical reactionary school will profess to have a meaning planted in these modernist poems, an ultra-logical, arduous, occult meaning, an escape from the confinements of the cerebrum, not by returning to the varieties of pure experience, but by flying out through the skull into some supernal region inhabited by a knowledge still more pure. There are signs that this school of poets, linked with the "mystic essence" school of critics, have begun already their work of retarding the progress of human intelligence. William Carlos Williams tells us that the great task of the twentieth century will be the placing of "literature" on a plane superior to science. "Literature will lay truth open upon a higher level." And Gorham B. Munson, professional evangel of modernism, leads us by the gentle strings of literary criticism straight into the dancing prayer-meetings of Gurdjiev and Orage—professional evangels of anti-science, wizards of the cult of the new psychosophy.

Another kind of poet will emerge, I think, from the weariness of modernism—a poet more like Goethe than any other poet of the past, though not too like him. He will know the difference between poetry and science. He will know when he is doing one thing and when the other—when and to what end he is combining the two. He will know what he is doing. In that he will differ sharply from the modernists. But his language will be brilliantly enriched and liberated by these experiments in pure poetry lying behind him as a tradition.

BOY'S HEAD

A STORY

BY FRANCES WARFIELD

THE trolley grated sulkily to a stop at the Brown-House corner. Maplewood people still called it the Brown-House corner, though ex-Governor Brown had moved his family to the city years before, when his son got mixed up in that dreadful scandal. The motorman got out, changed the switch with a long iron rod that hung on the front of the car, tossed the rod back on its hook, and climbed in again.

Sixteen minutes before the hour.

At her upstairs window, Miss Fanny Meers replaced the red-ribbon marker in *Daily Food from the Scriptures*. Would that be sixteen to two or sixteen to three? Miss Fanny seldom looked at a clock. During the ten years she had been living in the Brown House she had come to regulate her life almost entirely by the trolley, which passed every hour coming out from the city. The squeak of the wheels and the clatter of the iron rod divided her day into neat segments—time to stop this and begin that.

It was sixteen to three. Esther was coming up the driveway from school, to do her practicing. Miss Fanny watched her. The child must learn to stand up straight. Miss Fanny rapped on the pane with her signet ring and motioned Esther to throw out her chest. Through her mind passed the memory of Miss Laura Brown's sharp voice.

"Fanny, look at that child. Pale as a cup and saucer. It's that hair, I tell you. Any fool could see all her strength's going into it. If you take my advice, you'll have it cut off."

Miss Fanny had shaken her head stubbornly. The other girls Esther's age in the neighborhood, Mrs. Green's child and that Jean Alger, had short hair. Loud, forward children they were, too; you couldn't tell them from boys by their heads or their actions either. Even the sidewalks weren't safe any more, with them whooping and whizzing everywhere on their roller skates; Miss Fanny was thankful her niece was not like them. She herself had had just as heavy a head of hair at Esther's age, she reflected. It ran in the Meers' side of the family. Laura Brown had been envious enough of it in the old days when they were in school together. She and Laura were second cousins; but on the Brown side it was the men who seemed to get all the good looks.

Miss Fanny smiled, recalling the time Laura had tried to turn Harold Frey against her by telling him she put something in the rinsing water to make her hair more yellow. She had never thought of such a thing, of course.

With sudden decision, she straightened up and called Esther to put off her practicing for an hour. They would walk down street and deposit the money from last night's church concert with Mr. Frey at the bank. Miss Fanny was treasurer of the Presbyterians' committee to raise the money for a new organ.

They walked down Maplewood Street, past the Baptist Church and the Oakwood Hotel, past the old harness shop that had been remodelled into a moving picture theater, past Rohrbach's grocery

and the drugstore with its desirable piles of remedies, tooth-paste, and soap.

Esther skipped a little, gravely, excited at the thought of seeing Mr. Frey. Mr. Frey was the nicest man in Maplewood; everyone said so. Everyone knew there were plenty of women, even married, who made up excuses to go into the bank and talk to him. He was always the same, always polite—listening carefully and answering in his deep, interested voice. She could hear his voice now . . . "Good-afternoon, Miss Esther." . . . As they neared the dry-goods store she watched for the first glimpse of herself in the plate glass. The sun glinted on the top of her head, brightening the pointed, sallow little face, spinning the fine threads of hair into a gold-lace cap.

It was a hot afternoon, unusual for May, and there were few people out. There was no one else in the bank. As Esther and Miss Fanny entered, Mr. Frey looked up and then came round from behind the teller's window, smiling his nicest smile.

"Well—good-afternoon, Miss Esther. How is Miss Goldilocks this fine day?" He bent his head, as though he were talking to her alone.

Esther looked at him as steadily as she dared; not directly at him but at his lovely, even teeth, the shining white points of his collar, his hands with their smooth square nails. She could not answer him. She never could. She nodded and looked away quickly, hearing Miss Fanny reply that Esther was very well.

"Do you know," Mr. Frey was saying to Miss Fanny, "Esther will be a real young lady before we know it. I was thinking of it last night at the concert. That lovely hair." He lifted one of Esther's braids and weighed it in his hand admiringly. Esther trembled. He had never really touched her before, even though he sometimes shook hands with her in his ceremonious, grown-up way. She felt happy and queer.

Miss Fanny said that would do now. The child was vain enough already; he was not to spoil her. If he kept that up she'd have to have Esther's hair bobbed like the other girls. Laura Brown had been plaguing her to do it for over a year.

Mr. Frey laughed—a rare, youthful laugh.

"Never you mind, Esther," he said. "I'll stand up for you. We won't let them cut off that beautiful hair. Esther's my girl, anyhow, aren't you, Esther? You're going to wait for me, aren't you?" His hand slipped across her shoulders.

Esther could not drag her eyes upward from the floor. Still holding her protectingly, Mr. Frey turned to Miss Fanny and spoke in a lowered voice. About Laura Brown, he said, he had heard that she was planning to run up to Denver in a few days. Miss Fanny said, "Oh, really?" and told Esther to go over and stand by the window.

Her eyes still burning, still shaky and feeling his touch on her shoulder, Esther stood tying and untying knots in the window-cord, blinking at the dusty sunlight that poured in pale grains through the glass. With his words sounding in her ears, her mind raced ahead to the time when she would be tall and slender and not afraid to talk to people any more.

She smiled secretly. In her imagination she was walking down the street, alone, hatless, wearing a beautiful, fluttery dress, going into the bank and straight up to the teller's window to speak to Mr. Frey about something important. The immensity of the idea made her wriggle against the wide bank window. . . . "Good-afternoon, Miss Esther," he would say. "You're still waiting for me, aren't you?" . . .

Waiting for him? "Oh, *yes!*" Her forehead against the hard glass, she just dared whisper the words softly to herself, drawing her breath with a sharp stab of happiness. She would wait for him. Oh, she would always wait for him. She felt tears coming in her eyes and she

twisted the window-cord so that it made a white mark around her hand. The interior of the bank and the street outside seemed to have receded to a great distance, leaving her standing alone.

It wouldn't be so long. Mr. Frey was thirty-five, her aunt had told her. In six years she would be eighteen, old enough to get married; thirty-five and six made forty-one. Mr. Frey would be forty-one when she was eighteen. That wasn't old for a man, though it was awfully old for a woman. Aunt Fanny was thirty-three and said herself she was getting to be an old lady.

Esther wheeled about, startled, when her aunt spoke to her. They must go along, Miss Fanny warned, so Esther could get in her practicing.

Back behind the teller's window, Mr. Frey was emptying the church money from Aunt Fanny's beaded bag.

"Well, Miss Goldilocks," he said, "playing at the concert again next month?"

She was, Miss Fanny answered. She added that last night's concert had paid better than any of the others; nearly a hundred tickets had been sold. She would bring the rest of the money down and deposit it as soon as that Jean Alger turned in what she had collected from the Sunday School. She never felt safe with church money lying around the house.

On the way home Esther's eyes traveled brightly over the shop windows. He had smiled just at her as they left. Miss Goldilocks, he had called her. A row of gaily striped boxes in the drug-store window reminded her of her new hair ribbons. She would wear them next time they went to the bank. The dry-goods store window displayed household linen with a large placard—For the June Bride.

"Is eighteen old enough to get married?" she asked her aunt.

"Why, I suppose so." Miss Fanny spoke absently.

Esther drew in her breath, swallowed it, and drew it in again before she had courage for the next question.

"Why isn't Mr. Frey married, do you suppose?"

Miss Fanny seemed not to hear. She hesitated. Then she pressed her lips together resolutely.

"Mr. Frey is married—that is, he was. He is divorced."

Esther's heart beat fast. Divorced—that meant a man and his wife didn't live together any more. One of them went away, like Anna Green's father, who had gone to the city to live. Anna never saw him. At school the other day she had said she wished her mother would get married again.

"Aunt Fanny," she ventured, "don't people marry again after they have been divorced?"

Miss Fanny was severe.

"Never," she said. "If they do, they are committing a sin. The Bible expressly forbids it. It says plainly that if a man puts away his wife he shall not take another unless his first wife is dead."

"But Anna Green—" Esther began. Miss Fanny cut her short. The trolley would be coming. Esther must run on home and practice. Miss Fanny had some more errands to do.

Esther waited for the trolley to turn the corner; then she went up the driveway and into the house. Her mind full of exhilarating thoughts, she forced her fingers in uneven march through the scales. Up and down the keyboard, wrists low, knuckles high, thumbs crossing under at the right places, right hand tugging to get ahead of the left. Then the Czerny exercise in the thick yellow book. How she despised it! At last she could start on the new piece—"The Evening Star," from "Tannhäuser"—the one she was to play at the next concert.

Mr. Frey would be there. Suppose this were the concert and Mr. Frey were here, sitting in the big chair in the corner, listening. Smiling to herself, her solemn eyes sparkling, she ran into the hall and faced around. Now to cross the stage. She walked back primly to the piano and seated herself on the stool, letting her

skirt fall properly on the side toward the audience, as Miss Fanny had showed her. Then, her fingers tingling, she went through her piece, quite fast, putting in all the expression. Where the left hand crossed over the right she arched her wrist with deliberate grace. She held the last chord, gazing raptly at the ceiling, letting her hands drop in her lap, as she had seen her music teacher do. She fetched a little sigh. Then she rose, bowing and smiling toward the armchair, and hurried off the stage. Fun to practice that way, pretending he was listening.

As she reached the hall she saw Jean Alger hobbling up the gravel driveway on her roller skates. Jean had brought the money for the concert tickets, she said, digging one screwed-up lump from her middy blouse pocket and another from the pocket of her skirt. Some of the Sunday School classes had been late handing theirs in. She asked Esther to come and play, but Esther shook her head. Miss Fanny didn't allow her to play in Jean's yard—she had a slide and a bag swing, regular boys' games, Miss Fanny said, that ruined your clothes and were dangerous besides.

Esther put away the money and hurried back to the piano. Now they would surely go to the bank again to-morrow. She sent a gay little nod over her shoulder at the big chair in the corner as she began glibly to tick off the harplike arpeggios of Tannhäuser's accompaniment, half-singing, half-humming the words of the serenade, printed in small letters above the notes . . . "Oh, *thou*—um *umm*—sweet *eve*—ning *ummm* . . . Good-afternoon, Miss Goldilocks . . ."

The hour passed swiftly. The squeak of the trolley around the curve cut short poor Tannhäuser in the midst of his lay.

"Time to catch your car." Esther beckoned importantly to the armchair as she jumped off the stool. "Be quick, now."

From the porch she looked down Maplewood Street in the direction of the bank. Mr. Frey and his mother lived out in Maplewood Highlands; he took the street car home every evening. The bank closed at four. That gave him just time to close up the books and lock the safe before catching the sixteen minutes to five trolley. Sometimes he walked slowly up the street and stood waiting at the corner five or ten minutes. At other times the work at the bank was heavier, and he was late.

He was coming now, hurrying. He would have to run; the motorman was slamming the rod back in place. There; he was inside. The car moved off and Esther sat on the top step looking after it.

She wondered what his wife had been like. Horrid, probably, if Mr. Frey hadn't wanted to live with her any longer. Perhaps she had been loud and forward. . . . Suddenly Esther remembered something—a chance remark overheard and immediately forgotten. Aunt Fanny entertaining the Ladies Aid; one of the ladies pausing, her cocoa cup almost to her lips . . . "A common little thing with short hair—put me in mind of Aileen Frey. That type."

Why, Aileen Frey must be his wife. He had no sisters; his mother had sent Aunt Fanny a check for the church organ signed "Sarah M. Frey."

"A common little thing with short hair. . . ."

Drawing herself up with delicious superiority, Esther pulled her braids forward over her shoulders. She poked her fingers inside the curls at the ends of her braids and smoothed them all around. Then she leaned back against the porch railing, erect and proud in the late afternoon sunlight, her eyes far away and shining.

Six years. It might be even more; his wife might not be dead in six years. She would wait, no matter how long, until she herself was an old lady. She pictured herself smiling gently and shaking her head when other people asked her to marry them. Handsome men with deep voices who came from a great distance. They bent over her hand

and sadly turned away. She felt dreadfully sorry. Her heart ached for them, but she could never love anybody except Mr. Frey.

Next day she beat the trolley home from school. As she finished brushing her hair and tying on the new striped ribbon bows, she heard her aunt calling her.

Miss Fanny stood holding the morning paper, folded back to one of the center pages. She was half expecting Cousin Laura to-day, she said, and didn't want to be out if she came. It was possible Laura might drive out instead of coming on the street car, though she disliked driving. Esther should do her practicing now, until the next trolley. They would go to the bank just before closing time, if Laura hadn't come by then.

Miss Fanny moved restlessly about, shutting the newspaper inside the table drawer, putting the Sunday School money in the beaded bag and handing it to Esther. She had somehow lost an hour that day, she told her niece. She had been sitting at the window reading her chapter in *Daily Food*, and the trolley must have passed without her noticing. She had meant to spend the hour tying up the ramblers. She followed Esther downstairs and sat in Mr. Frey's armchair, saying she would listen to the new piece; but in the middle of it she rose distractedly, took the shears and garden gloves and went outside.

As soon as the screen door slammed behind her aunt, Esther jumped up to make her entrance from the hall, repeating yesterday's game. She pranced a bit, feeling very smart in her new ribbons, though she was half sorry she had put them on. Mr. Frey wouldn't notice them if they went to the bank just at closing time. He was always busy then; the storekeepers came in, wearing their white coats and aprons, holding their pass-books and rolls of change wrapped in colored paper.

At last, released by the sound of the approaching trolley, she dashed through the hallway and out of doors. It was just possible Mr. Frey would leave the bank at four o'clock and walk to the corner with them.

The car stopped. Keeping careful hold of the beaded bag, Esther started down the drive. Then she paused. Of course Miss Laura would have to come and spoil everything. Now they couldn't go.

Resentfully, she watched the two women as they came, arm in arm, toward the house. She would have to sit on the porch with them now, while Miss Laura eyed her out of her shiny glasses and asked questions, and Aunt Fanny told her to speak out and not act as though she hadn't any tongue.

"Wondering if you wouldn't come to-day . . . been waiting to hear," Miss Fanny was saying.

Miss Brown's face was serious.

"Yes, Fanny," she said, "It's all over. Very suddenly, too."

"God's will be done."

Miss Fanny was breathless. She halted as she saw Esther carrying the beaded bag.

"You may as well go down to the bank with that by yourself, child," she said. "Just tell Mr. Frey what it is and hand it to him. Hurry, now, the bank will be closing."

Esther stared stupidly for a second. To the bank—by herself? She couldn't believe it. The thought—its infinite possibilities—made her feel giddy. Was she to open the door and walk straight up to the teller's window, alone, just as she had so often planned? Oh, but she didn't dare. She couldn't. She could never go across the floor alone. Yet, at another warning from her aunt, she started down the drive as fast as she could walk, feeling Miss Laura's eyes on her back, her legs moving stiffly, her braids thumping against her shoulders at every step.

She was to walk into the bank and up to the window; speak to Mr. Frey. . . .

"Just tell Mr. Frey what it is and hand it to him." . . . Here is the—Aunt Fanny said—This is the concert—Yes—Good-afternoon . . . Could she say it? Could she say anything? Would she get there in time? Only a few minutes . . . *Swiftly over the ground.* . . . She must get there in time.

It was a thousand years before she reached the dry-goods store. Her legs ached. The back of her neck felt so strained that she could hardly turn to glance at her reflection in the window where the striped bows bobbed reassuringly. She was breathing fast. There was a clock in the drugstore window—seven minutes to four. She would be in time.

The tension relaxed, panic swept over her. Her legs moved automatically. Cowardice whispered that she could go slowly, loiter until too late; then she wouldn't have to do it at all. Fifty more steps to the bank, maybe sixty. She forced her feet forward. Must not think, now. Just *do* it. Like walking onto the stage at a concert.

The bank door swung out before John Rohrbach, the grocer. It shut, and Esther saw that the shades were drawn. Mr. Frey must have closed early.

She put her raised foot down slowly, instantly calm again. She didn't have to do it. She didn't have to. Everything was all right, just as it always had been. . . . Oh, *thank* you, God. . . . She released a long, whispered breath and wanted to laugh in sudden freedom.

She could go slowly, beautifully, home. Nothing had happened. Nothing was going to happen. She could watch Mr. Frey from the porch steps, pretend he was sitting in the big chair while she practiced, plan things to say to him when she'd grown older. To-morrow she would come down with her aunt, as usual, and deposit the money. She felt the grateful, accustomed thrill of anticipation, secure in the haven of Aunt Fanny's voice, answering questions and talking for her. She was safe.

She loitered up the street and paused in front of the picture theater, walking around in the front lobby to glance at the tall posters. She was standing there, half-concealed, when Mr. Frey passed. At the same moment the doors of the theater opened, and two women came out. Esther recognized Anna Green's mother.

"H'm. There goes Harold Frey. Leaving the bank early." Mrs. Green paused before the mirror; she examined her chin critically and powdered it. "Well, now that Aileen's dead, I suppose he and Fanny Meers won't waste any more time. Ye gods, imagine it! Waiting around more than ten years just because Fanny was too religious to marry a divorced man—while the rest of us . . . What in the world does he see in Fanny?"

"Oh, I don't know." The other woman had taken advantage of the dim lobby to straighten the seam of her stocking. "For that matter, what did he see in Aileen? Crazy little fool, kiting off with Governor Brown's son like that. The paper said she ended up in a T. B. sanatorium. I wouldn't wonder. Too bad Harold didn't marry Fanny in the first place. 'A lover's quarrel,' old Mrs. Frey told me once—how's that for quaint? Lord, this town will be the death of me yet."

They strolled up the street. Esther followed slowly, her eyes on the pavement, the heavy beaded bag knocking against her knees. Aunt Fanny and Mr. Frey . . . a lover's quarrel. . . . It couldn't be true.

But, yes, yes, yes, it was. She remembered now. How often they went to the bank, sometimes without any reason; how nice Aunt Fanny always was in front of Mr. Frey; how she would smile and laugh, not at all strict the way she was at home. She had always thought her aunt was so old, though; too old to be in love, much too old to get married.

Mr. Frey was standing in the yard, talking to Miss Fanny and Miss Laura. Miss Fanny was looking at him, opening

and shutting the scissors, sometimes giving little snips at the rambler rose bushes. Esther walked up the driveway slowly, wishing they wouldn't notice her but knowing they would. She dreaded Miss Laura's voice, and hurriedly straightened up, hoping to escape it.

But she was too late. Miss Laura turned with relief from tragedy to the accustomed scolding.

"Positively *hoop*-shouldered! Fanny, I don't know what you can be thinking of to let her carry around that load of hair."

Miss Fanny started, looking as though she did not quite recognize her niece.

"Oh, Esther," she said. "Here, child, suppose you take the gloves and shears in the house for me. I'll be right there."

"Don't you agree with me, Harold?" Miss Laura demanded. "Esther's hair should come off. If she were my niece . . ."

Mr. Frey laughed. "Cut off that hair, Laura? Never in the wide world." He put an arm around Esther and drew her toward him. "Why, Esther wouldn't be my girl without that beautiful hair; she'd be just like the rest of the Maplewood tomboys. Isn't that so, Esther? How is my girl to-day, anyhow?" He leaned down, smiling at her. Miss Fanny was smiling, too.

"I'm *not* your girl!"

Her heart bursting with anguish and anger, Esther jerked herself free and ran blindly toward the house. She reached her room and stood before the bureau. Her sullen eyes looked back at her from the glass.

How she hated them all! How she hated *him!* Always smiling and talking and never meaning what you thought. That lovely, *nice* way he had of saying things, what he had said yesterday—he hadn't meant it for her at all. He'd meant it for Aunt Fanny. Making love. They were all against her; now he was against her, too. When they smiled they were really laughing at her. Now he would be laughing. "Esther's jealous" . . . "My, what a sulky little girl!" He and Aunt Fanny.

They would not laugh at her! She'd show them. From this very minute she'd be different, run away from them, have roller-skates, *be* a tomboy.

Yes, and he shouldn't talk about her beautiful hair any more, either. He shouldn't! He shouldn't! Furiously she raised the garden shears. Desperately she hacked at the nape of her neck. The other girl in the glass, panting with fury and exertion, did not even look at her.

The sixteen minutes to five trolley had just left as Miss Fanny entered her niece's room.

"Esther," she called, her voice gayer than Esther had ever heard it. "Why, *child!*"

It might have been a boy's head that lay, shaking with sobs, on Esther's pillow. It looked for all the world like that Jean Alger's.

THE MYSTERY OF OCEAN CURRENTS

BY HARALD U. SVERDRUP

FOR most of us the sea has only two dimensions. It is the restless, glittering surface we see from the shore or from a ship, rippled by gentle breezes or lifted to foaming waves in a gale. Even men of science have confined most of their knowledge to such things as the temperature and salinity of surface waters and the motions of surface currents. They know little about the deep sea except that strange fishes live there in ways mysterious and unknown. The topography of the sea bottom is less charted, even, than that of Central Africa or of desert Mongolia.

Only a few years ago everybody thought that the bottoms of the great oceans were flat; that such differences in level at short distances as make the mountain regions of the continents did not exist. The reason for this misconception was that the depth of the sea had been determined in only a few places. The distances between soundings were too great to disclose steep valleys or steep peaks. To make new soundings with wires took a long time. At a depth of three thousand fathoms about an hour and a half was necessary to let out and to haul in the wire.

Modern science has supplied a new method—that of measuring depth by the time required for sound waves to travel downward from the keel of the vessel and for the echo to be reflected from the bottom of the sea. Some time ago the German scientific vessel, the *Meteor*, on one cruise in the South Atlantic took 33,500 soundings with this sonic depth finder. Had these soundings been made in the old-fashioned way, the time required would have been more than seven years for the soundings alone, not counting time for travel.

The sonic depth finder has shown already that the bottom of the deep sea is far from being flat. Valleys, peaks, canyons, and mountain ranges offer a wide field for exploration by oceanographers. New knowledge of the world's underwater scenery may easily lead to significant new conceptions of the development of the continents and the history of the earth.

The circulation of the ocean waters, both at and beneath the surface, is another matter now being revivified by new facts and new ideas. One interesting fact about North America is the striking difference between the temperatures of the water at the east and west coasts. The sandy beaches of Santa Monica lure thousands from sunny Los Angeles to a refreshing dip in the long rollers of the Pacific. Refreshing it is; the water is often so cold, indeed, that after a short swim it is a pleasure to plunge into the heated water of the swimming pool in the club house in order to get warm again.

Wilmington, North Carolina, lies in the same latitude as Los Angeles, but on the east coast. Here the temperature of the sea water in the month of August is about fifteen degrees, Fahrenheit, above the water off California. No one needs swimming pools with heated water.

Why this difference? The chief answer is that the water off the coast of southern California is cold because it was chilled in the Antarctic, where Commander Byrd's expedition is now doing

its exploring. Five hundred or a thousand years ago, before Columbus took the first step to make Los Angeles a possibility, that Antarctic ice water sank out of sight into the depths of the South Pacific. It traveled northward as a very slow deep-sea current all the way across the Pacific Ocean. It was heated somewhat on the way by mixing with warmer water; but now that it has reached the surface off the Californian coast it still retains so much of the Antarctic chill that bathers find it cold.

This water that wells up on its beaches is perhaps the coolest and the oldest asset of warm, brand-new California; for its chill has been transported six thousand miles, and perhaps ten centuries, in the vastest but slowest refrigerator car which Mother Earth possesses.

Nor is the only effect of this deep oceanic flow of refrigerated brine the cooling off of overheated Californians. A similar northward flow of Antarctic water exists in the Atlantic Ocean. These vast circulations are the greatest factors in equalizing the climates of the world. That the famous climate of California is manufactured partly in the ice-bound Antarctic has a strong appeal to the imagination, but it must be remembered that the exchange of water between these latitudes is an extremely slow one. If a radical change in the Antarctic climate should take place now, the California real-estate dealers would not need to be alarmed. The effect on the up-welling deep-sea currents of the Northern Hemisphere would not be perceptible for many years.

Conditions in the Antarctic certainly do not alter the climate of Europe or of California week by week or year by year. That they affect it century by century is extremely probable. Among the most significant data to be expected from Commander Byrd's present exploration may be those which will indicate the increase or decrease of Antarctic ice, the movements and changes of the currents of the southern oceans, and other matters which may permit us to make deductions regarding future variations of the northward flow of cold water.

The motive power of this deep-sea refrigerating machine, like the motive power of almost everything on earth, is the sun. In the tropics the surface of the oceans receives great quantities of solar heat. The summer temperatures of this surface water are high. There is no reason whatsoever why the sea water should be cooled by contact with the bottom. On the contrary, we must expect a very slow heating to take place from below. In the tropics, therefore, we should expect to find the ocean composed of warm water from the surface to the bottom. In the Arctic and the Antarctic, on the other hand, the water is cold because cooling by radiation of heat into space is dominant.

Such conditions, imaginable enough in theory, would not be stable. The lighter warm water would rise and spread over the cold water. This cold water, being heavier, would sink and spread underneath the warm. Thus a circulation would be set up to carry warm surface water from the tropics to the polar regions on the ocean's surface and cold water from the poles to the tropics along the ocean's floor; like the two eddies which one can set up in the water of a bathtub by stirring it upward at the center and downward at the two ends. The whole vast thermodynamic machine is kept running by the fact that solar heat is supplied at the tropical center and removed by radiation at the two cold poles.

II

In the actual ocean conditions are not so simple as in a bathtub or on a uniform, ocean-covered globe. Some of the complexities are due to the rotation of the earth. Others result from the fact that the basins of both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans are unsymmetrical. Both of these oceans are in free communication with the Antarctic Ocean. Both are narrowed and restricted toward the Arctic, the Atlantic especially by the

great submarine ridge which soundings have disclosed stretching from Greenland to Scotland.

That is one reason why the circulation of water in both the Atlantic and the Pacific is also unsymmetrical, so that Antarctic water comes as far north as California before it wells up to the surface. So far as the general circulation of the ocean is concerned, the climatic Board of Directors sits at the South Pole. Arctic conditions are fundamentally important, however, in affecting the local surface currents of the North Atlantic.

The world's oceans seem to display, in reality, two distinct systems of currents. One system includes the deep, majestic general circulation like that which brings the Antarctic water north along the bottom. The other system is superficial, relatively local, and much more variable. This surface-current system is more or less a reflection of the prevailing winds.

In the Atlantic, as in the Pacific, the deep northward course of the cold Antarctic water can be followed by the thermometer. Temperature soundings show a cold Antarctic current at an intermediate depth of about 500 fathoms. This Antarctic water submerges at about 50 degrees south latitude, and can be followed northward through the South Atlantic Ocean and across the equator to about 30 degrees north latitude. The cold water of this current rises to the surface at two localities—off the west coast of South Africa and off that of North Africa, where conditions are similar to those off the coast of southern California. In these regions the surface water of the ocean is carried away continually by the trade winds and is replaced by the upwelling cold water which has been cooled in the Antarctic and has traveled thousands of miles north as an intermediate deep-sea current.

The upwelling water shows another characteristic besides temperature to indicate that it has traveled a long distance as a deep-sea current. This is the amount of oxygen in the water. Wherever sea water comes in contact with the air a certain amount of oxygen is dissolved by the water. Close to the surface, the microscopic plant life of the ocean produces additional oxygen. This oxygen is of the same importance to the fishes as the oxygen of the air to the land animals. But both the absorption of oxygen from the air and the production of oxygen by plants take place only in the upper layers of the sea. The fact that practically all deep-sea water contains some oxygen indicates that the water once upon a time was close to the surface, for in the depths of the oceans oxygen is continually used. Dead organic substances, remains of plants and animals are falling all the time to the bottom of the sea and are decomposed as they fall and afterward at the cost of the oxygen present in the water. For this reason the amount of oxygen in the deep-sea water will decrease as time goes on, especially if exchange of water with the higher-lying strata is impossible.

This is precisely what happens to the Antarctic water which comes north into the Atlantic. Examining the water of this intermediate Atlantic current, one finds that its percentage of dissolved oxygen decreases steadily toward the north. The upwelling water off the coast of Africa contains virtually no oxygen, not only because the water is "old" and has given up all its oxygen to the living creatures and organic debris met during the century-long journey from the Antarctic, but also because the stratification of the ocean's levels during the last part of the journey virtually prevents any supply of new oxygen from the air above. The upwelling Antarctic water off the coast of California has also been bled empty of its oxygen, which is one of the reasons for the opinion that the cold water off the Californian coast is also an immigrant from the farthest south.

Since the intermediate cold current of the Atlantic continually carries Antarctic water to 30 degrees north latitude, we

must expect to find North Atlantic water carried back somehow to the Antarctic. The Atlantic's surface currents, determined largely by the prevailing winds, do not replace this northward flow sufficiently. Accordingly, the Atlantic is found to have a third very deep current, running southward along the sea bottom underneath the northward cold current and adding another wheel to the complicated machinery of the ocean.

III

These deep, inexorable creepings of the ocean's life blood back and forth between the tropics and the poles are far more constant and dependable than flighty surface currents like the famous Gulf Stream. This current is sometimes called a "river in the ocean," entering the Atlantic through the Strait of Florida, following the eastern coast of the United States to the north, and finally crossing the Atlantic to flow along the western coast of northern Europe toward the Polar Sea.

That some such surface current crosses the Atlantic is indubitable. This is proved not only by the logs of ships but also by the fact that floating relics from the West Indies are found sometimes on the coast of Norway. But this surface current is irregular and changes with the shifting winds, as several ship's captains seem to have been astonished to learn last summer when for a few weeks the Gulf Stream was reported as mysteriously vanished. Nor does this surface current carry the great bulk of the warm water which flows continually into the Norwegian Sea through the channel northwest of Scotland. The great mass of this warm water comes partly from the intermediate strata of the North Atlantic and partly from the Mediterranean and the ocean between Africa and Spain. There is really a kind of European rival of the Gulf Stream, following the edge of the continental shelf of Europe northward until it enters the Norwegian Sea.

This system of currents in the North Atlantic is maintained partly by the prevailing winds, partly by the temperature difference between the North Atlantic Ocean and the Arctic Ocean. We meet again a vast thermodynamic engine, running because heat is put into it in the Atlantic and lost in the Arctic. The Atlantic represents the boiler of the engine; the Arctic is the condenser. The climate of northern Europe is in one sense the machinery which the engine has to help drive. In Scandinavia it is possible to grow rye in 70 degrees north latitude, while the corresponding limit on the east coast of North America is 49 degrees north. On the coast of Norway the mean temperature of the coldest month of the year at the Arctic Circle is 32 degrees F. At the coast of Baffin Land, the corresponding location on the American side, the equivalent temperature is 13 degrees.

The importance of this warm Atlantic circulation to the climate of Scandinavia is even more evident from some recent geologic speculations. Scandinavia was covered with glaciers in times geologically very recent. The evidence shows one glacial period followed by a period of comparatively warm climate, then a new glacial period followed by another warm period, and so on. Geologists now discriminate six glacial and five interglacial periods. The question naturally arises whether this succession of cold ages and warm ages can be referred to changes in the Gulf Stream.

Perhaps it can if the elasticity of the earth's crust is taken into account. We have reason to believe that the crust of our planet has a certain springiness about it; when a very great weight is placed upon it it will sink, when that weight is removed it will rise. At present Scandinavia is rising, measurements on the Bothnic Gulf showing a rise of about three feet in one hundred years. What will happen if the whole northern region reaching west of Scotland and Iceland is rising also?

If this is what is going on, the channel

between Scotland and Iceland will become continually more and more shallow. The inflow of warm water from the Atlantic into the Norwegian Sea will decrease. This decrease will gradually change the Scandinavian climate for the worse, the temperature will sink, glaciers will form where the land now is free of ice. As the process continues, Scandinavia, and perhaps the greater part of Northern Europe, may be buried under ice. A new glacial period will have come. The earth's crust, however, is not stable enough to be satisfied either with a glacial period or with the absence of one. The rise of the land and the damming of the Gulf Stream will gradually decrease and stop, as the great weight of ice added to the land loads down the upward-bulging crust. Finally the movement will be reversed; the land will begin to sink again as the earth's crust begins to yield under the weight of the ice. As the submarine dam sinks again, the warm water will find its way once more into the Norwegian Sea, the climate will recover, the glaciers will begin to melt away. In some such way as this, it is not impossible, were created the glacial and interglacial periods of the past. Perhaps another one is being created now. In another 10,000 years, it is conceivable, Europe may again be buried in the ice.

Any such radical change in the system of ocean currents in the North Atlantic would be apt to affect the climate of North America also. Walling off the Gulf Stream from the European coast would probably lead to no improvement of American climate. On the contrary, it is likely that the whole Atlantic system of surface currents would shift toward the south, making the climate of the east coast of America colder and realizing, for America, the fate proposed for northern Europe by fictional individuals who have suggested the impossible task of damming the supposedly riverlike Gulf Stream before it crosses the Atlantic. One indication that this is how things work is to be found, perhaps, in the conclusion of the geologists that the glacial periods in Europe and in America occurred at about the same times.

We are now becoming acquainted with only the roughest features of the oceanic circulations. Very little is known about the velocities of the currents or about their changes from season to season and from year to year, still less about the influences which such changes have on the prevailing weather or on such directly economic matters as the yield of fisheries. Wider and completer knowledge of what goes on in the oceans would not only satisfy our yearning to understand Nature but might help toward greater economic safety, thanks to better and more far-reaching predictions.

Suppose each of the navies of the world assigned one or two vessels for oceanographic research every year: to cross and recross the Atlantic—to mention the Atlantic only—determining depths, temperatures, salinities, and currents; gathering knowledge which in course of time would lead to understanding. It should stimulate such research if everybody remembers that no spots on earth except a few small parts of the Arctic and Antarctic are more completely unexplored than the oceans which cover three-quarters of the earth.

$50,000 CANNON BALLS

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

SUPPOSE during the Great War there had been constant danger that Sir Douglas Haig or General Pershing might lead an army across No Man's Land and join the Germans; that Hindenburg might turn his Big Berthas on Berlin instead of Paris—what a complication that would have made for war correspondents as well as the vast citizenry behind the various armies!

Yet reporting the recent Mexican revolution involved just this complication, for newspaper correspondents as well as for the Mexicans themselves. Many generals and political leaders wouldn't stay put; the canny correspondent found it necessary to cover the gossip-front even more diligently than the battles. The "Who's Who" of the revolution was important, but "Who's on Which Side To-day," was the chief issue.

If the news came jerkily to the public, without continuity; if rebels, who one day were reported ready to overwhelm a community, were the next day in full flight or had surrendered, the surprise was due to the fact that the correspondents had been covering the battle-front rather than the gossip-front.

When the last revolution broke out over the border, I made it my early duty to call on Don Francisco. In El Paso, on the American side of the river, Don Francisco had been for five years my favorite revolutionary conspirator. Rarely in that time had he missed confiding in me a single lurid detail of the latest secret atrocity of the hated federal government. Weekly and monthly he kept me informed of the circumstantial progress of the exile juntas' plans for the government's destruction which never came off.

Don Francisco, I knew, was justified in these enthusiasms by the embarrassing matter of the warship. Sometime during the revolutionary decade following the Diaz debacle, the Mexico City marine ministry of the moment sent him to France with the money in his trunk to buy a second-hand cruiser. The cruiser, it was supposed, might prove helpful in overawing the seacoast revolutionists of the current season.

It was most awkward then, that before Don Francisco could discharge the social obligations of a sovereign republic's naval commissioner and get his business on foot in Paris, the revolution spread inland and upset the government. Don Francisco naturally did not care to buy a cruiser for himself. As the loyal representative of a regime that no longer existed, he could not turn the purchase money over to the covetous marplots who had usurped the Mexican legation at Paris. To bring it back and restore it to the master corruptionists holding sway in Mexico City would have been cowardly, if not suicidal. So, as a man of honor whose pay and allowances had been stopped by traitors, Don Francisco did what was logical. He stayed in Paris to protect the treasure. Incidentally, he paid himself the cost of guardianship out of the thing guarded.

When the cruiser money was gone—it lasted several years—he returned to the border, necessarily a perfervid revolutionist. Nothing short of a revolution could sweep into power a government capable

of receiving sympathetically a cruiserless naval commissioner's accounts. Meanwhile the juntas of wealthy political exiles provided vague jobs for a talented, if indigent, publicist.

So now that a revolution had come, Don Francisco deserved my felicitations as a friend, while I, as a press and magazine correspondent, needed the last word of his rebellious sophistications. I approached his office on a business street of the American town's Mexican section, and all was as it should be. In new suit, spats, cravat, and fedora, Don Francisco stood on his curbstone radiating jubilance in chaste pearl gray and engaged in ardent conversation with six Mexican gentlemen. In order to enjoy his eloquence the more thoroughly, the gentlemen were craning their necks out of the windows of a battered, high-bodied Ford sedan of the design of 1922.

Don Francisco hailed me with extreme urbanity and presented me. The gentlemen, it appeared, were four generals, a former state governor, and a former national senator. Because of having taken the unfortunate side in various previous revolutions, they were exiles all. They were the utmost in graciousness—but would I mind if they continued their discussions in Spanish?

It was permitted, and after five minutes of torrential Castilian the incredible fact dawned on me through the simpler phrases that Don Francisco was pleading with his fellow-exiles and conspirators to declare themselves loyal to the federal government. Don Francisco had already done so, he informed us with an air of conscious rectitude. Hence, though the revolution was less than seventy-two hours old, amnesty had been wired him from Mexico City, his account as naval purchasing agent had been listed among the government's uncollectible assets, and he was at liberty to draw on the national treasury for the costs of conducting federal propaganda on the border, presumably including the purchase price of a complete new pearl-gray wardrobe. The federals when in distress, was the burden of Don Francisco's argument, were bound to pay well for the support of their natural enemies.

II

In Mexico, as Anglo Saxons sometimes misunderstand, revolutions are periodic industries manipulated to yield extra dividends to the shrewder patriots. Political issues and military operations provide an interesting, if somewhat illusory, stage setting. But the main function of a revolution is to provide circumstances in which it is sweet and decorous to take money both from one's country and its enemies.

The day following my call Don Francisco sailed off, at the federal government's expense, in a chartered airplane to ply further persuasions in the hotbed of revolutionary sentiment about Nogales. After this evidence of how generously loyalty pays a professional revolutionist, I was at first surprised to learn that one of the generals of the curbstone junta had crossed the river to Ciudad Juarez and offered his services to the locally triumphant rebels. The others, it seemed to me more sensibly, had won pardon and regained rank by the simple formality of registering in El Paso at the federal consulate.

The next week's developments, however, measurably improved my understanding. On a dark night the general who had gone rebel waded the river and appeared at the federal consulate to register as a loyalist. For public consumption he had the excuse that he had been forced into the rebel army by kidnappers threatening his life. Meanwhile, he had been to Torreon to see the supreme military chief of the new revolution. The supreme military chief had given him a command and $30,000 for its preliminary expenses. Except for a small outlay on necessarily roundabout traveling, the patriot had returned to the safer side $30,000 to the good.

Such backgrounds make the task of reporting a Mexican revolution unusual

but absorbing. It is not half so important for the journalist to know the strength, position, and fighting condition of armies, or the attitude of a popular politician on church or agrarian issues as it may be to know what motives a given statesman or field commander has for restraining himself in the line of duty. Mere political pronouncements and field operations require to be viewed from the angle of President Obregon's heroic aphorism that "no Mexican general can resist a $50,000 cannon ball." The canny correspondent must cover the gossip-front even more diligently than the battle-front.

For example, shortly after Don Francisco proved his superior opportunism by turning federal, a general by the name of Olachea came ramping eastward along the Sonora border at the head of one thousand Yaqui infantry, breathing fire and slaughter against the federals. But not, naturally, against the federal agents who were conducting their part in the military operations from chartered airplanes and expensive hotel suites on the American side. When General Olachea, a stocky, hard-muscled little Indian with his practicality unmarred by devotion to causes, established contact with the enemy on the persuasion front, it was more significant than if he had met the federals in overwhelming artillery force in southern Chihuahua.

Entering Naco, he was struck amidships by an inspiration resembling an Obregon fifty-thousand-dollar cannon ball, and he promptly sat down with his Yaquis to hold one of the vital junction points of the north—for the federals. Meanwhile, as things turned out, it was possibly more important that a certain insurgent general of the Sonora revolt known as Manzo had been in touch with the federalist junta in Nogales, Arizona, than that he was about to go with his army to attack the strategic Pacific seaport of Mazatlan. Señor Manzo's division conducted itself during the attack with a reluctance charming to the federals. Immediately after, Señor Manzo himself retired with some haste through revolutionary territory into the United States with fairly visible evidences that an unsuccessful campaign had not ruined his personal fortunes.

But the symptoms of ulterior motives must be sought also in the civil politics. Out of Chihuahua, when it declared for the revolution, came flying a certain political boss of the north, the wealthy proprietor of a few million ranch acres, who, for the sake of mutual confidence in the ranks of the loyal, will be called Don Pascual. For four weeks Don Pascual strode the most expensive El Paso hotel lobby, calling down vengeance for his woes and impoverishment as a refugee, and protesting his unalterable loyalty to federalism. At the same time he was receiving every few days from Mexico a small delegation of vaqueros, presumably reporting the depredations committed on his herds by the rapacious rebels.

The presumption was blasted, however, by a Mexican newspaperman who recognized one of the visitors as the trusted ranch foreman of the rebel governor of Chihuahua himself. The governor's properties conveniently adjoined Don Pascual's, and his foreman was there to report that plans for driving a few thousand of the gubernatorial cows daily on to the neighbor's ranges were being successfully executed. If the revolution lost, the conquering federals would find no cattle to confiscate on the governor's ranches, and the governor and Don Pascual could split the sales proceeds of Don Pascual's enlarged herds on whatever basis such favors warrant. If the revolution won, the favor greased the ways for the forgiveness of Don Pascual's federalism and insured his ranches against confiscation by indignant rebels.

The luck of war, as it happened, kept Don Pascual consistently pro-federal, and for reasons of discretion his situation did not make a Mexican, or even an American, news story. But the common sense of his little arrangement with rebellion perhaps justifies a generality.

If Mexican generals during revolutions are often to be found where the $50,000 cannon balls fly thickest, Mexican civil politicians will exert themselves no less heroically to choose the side which saves the most cows.

III

It all goes back, no doubt, to Don Felipe's explanation that in Mexico there never are more than three revolutionists at a time.

Don Felipe composed this epigram the day after last spring's battle of Juarez in a café where at that very instant workmen were busy replacing a bullet-shattered window. It was said over his seventh, or possibly his eighth, copita of brandy, so my first impression was that too much good cognac after a long abstinence had affected his naturally accurate judgment. Don Felipe, I theorized, was indulging in a flight from reality because the revolution in whose provisional cabinet he had once briefly served as war minister had died in the paper stage, and Don Felipe had never known the enjoyment of exercising his official functions in Mexico. Naturally, he wished to rationalize a concrete revolution out of existence.

But, no, Don Felipe was both analytical and good-humored. The three genuine revolutionaries who could at the utmost exist at a time in Mexico were, he said, three "big generals," three of the regional commanders, three *divisionerios* who were honestly indignant at the government. Three *divisionerios* were always honestly indignant at the government because their pay and expense allowances for their commands or their rake-off from the gambling and entertainment concessions in their territory did not seem sufficient; or because they were aware that any one of themselves or their pet civilian politicians was slated to be counted out in the next race for the presidency. If the three *divisionerios* could get together on a program and a tentative division of the spoils, they would make a revolution.

Other big generals might join the plot after the plans were made, but they were not true revolutionaries. They were in it only because the revolution's prospects looked promising, or because they thought they saw their way clear to double-crossing their principals, or because by taking their place on the rebel firing line they hoped to be hit by one of the government's $50,000 cannon balls.

The sub-generals counted even less, Don Felipe continued. When the *divisionerios*, with their greater troop concentrations and their command of the pay front, told these little fellows to bring up their few dozen or few hundred *pelados* from the local garrisons and fight for the *Plan de Como-Se-Llama*, what could they do? They came up, of course, and if the chance arrived to let the government mow them down with ten-, five-, and even three-thousand-dollar cannon balls, they were happy to be mowed down. Otherwise they fought, but as subordinates, not as revolutionists.

And the civil officials? Don Felipe asked scornfully. When the army turned rebel in their provinces were they going to lose their jobs and their rake-off by yelling *vivas* for the *federales*? The mere private citizens? Were they going to risk confiscations and the firing squad for the sake of an illusion called law and order?

So, said Don Felipe emphatically, you could work up a revolution with twenty-five thousand men in the ranks—and just three revolutionists. The practical politics of insurrection were settled when three *divisionerios* agreed to insurge.

Warmed by another cognac, he nursed his paradox lovingly. "Not even when they have the best of reasons to revolt are they real revolutionists," he mourned. "A bishop who had been deported for seditious activities came to El Paso last year. I am, as you know, a clerical revolutionist—though not a *divisionerio*.

"I said to him, 'Father, what are you doing here?'

"'I am deported,' said the bishop.

"'Very good, father,' I said to him, 'but what are you doing here?'

"'I *said* I am deported,' the bishop answered, getting angry.

"'But, father, I see you have two legs. Surely a shepherd of your strength and courage can wade back to his duty across so small a river?' I said this sharply, getting angry myself.

"'I *say* I am *deported*,' the bishop roared at me. 'Is it not persecution enough? Do you want me to be shot also?'

"'Better men than you have been shot for this church,' I reminded him. And he reported me to my bishop for contumacious disrespect of the clergy. . . .

"*Cobardes!*" Don Felipe hit his fist on the table. "Except for the generals who see millions of pesos in it, there *are* no revolutionists."

Don Felipe's revelations, however, had a paradoxical sequel. Somewhat later in the day Don Enrique, who was briefly enjoying rebel hospitality in Juarez while making up his mind that federal allegiance might be more profitable, plucked me by the sleeve and proffered expert advice.

"If I were you I would not be seen here much in Don Felipe's company," he said. "The revolutionists are watching him, and the federals, as you know, if they were here, would kill him. Don Felipe is good company and for a few days nobody will interfere with his having his cognac. But as a professional *Catolico*, both sides suspect him of being a dangerous counter-revolutionist."

IV

Since, then, in Don Felipe's Pickwickian sense, there are no revolutionists, revolutionary struggles tend to be conducted, to put it mildly, in an atmosphere of considerable illusion. Necessarily, for one thing, the anxiety of both sets of partisans to pick the winning —or the paying—side before courting an inconvenient death in battle affects the fighting.

In last spring's revolution at Juarez, for example, the federal garrison commanders decided after a long day of polite sidewalk debate with the rebelliously inclined civil administration that the federal cause had the better chance in the long run and that the town must be defended. Accordingly, the leading hotel was fortified as a citadel, and fifty soldiers stationed on the roof in charge of four officers to defend it from imminent rebel assault in force. The rebels arrived on schedule and were temporarily halted in the lobby by the proprietor's regretful—and wholly deceptive—information that the elevator was out of order and could not safely be used as a vehicle for a charge.

The federal officers decided that the time had come to launch a counter-offensive down the stairs and so gave orders. They had reckoned, however, without the Mexican private soldier's prejudice in favor of surviving mere strategic actions. Consequently, while the officers dashed downstairs presumably at the head of a phalanx, their troops were climbing down the fire escape at the rear and retreating hastily and safely to the river. The luckless officer corps sustained seventy-five per cent casualties before troubling to inform themselves, as a Mexican eye-witness described their folly to me, which the winning side was.

Such deplorable recklessness was avoided, however, at the revolution's crucial battle of La Reforma in southern Chihuahua. A lucky hit from a bombing plane exploded a lone dynamite car in a string of empties in the rebels' rear. Hitherto the battle had gone fairly evenly, but the noise of the explosion suggested to the army that it might have been surrounded by federal heavy artillery. Being revolutionist by orders of its *divisionerios* rather than by sentiment, the army did not care to die merely to provide the rebellion with an heroic tradition. In fact, the retreat which

began when that dynamite blew up did not seriously slacken until it reached the seacoast of western Sonora.

These fallacious appearances—the fact that fifty soldiers may not be there to defend a roof when you have just seen them there, and that drawn battles between equal opponents on equal ground may be lost by the roar of a distant explosion—make war news peculiarly difficult for the journalists who choose to travel with the armies. If accurate accounts of relative numbers, strategic dispositions, and terrain conditions are sent, the military censors permitting, they are as unreliable as rumors. They include no information as to how the best of military opportunities may be bungled, as to who will sulk or for frivolous reasons retreat in battle, or who at the first salvo will frankly rush over and join the enemy. But then, accurate accounts of the military situation rarely can be sent. Few modern Mexican commanders would, perhaps, go to the length of the late Francisco Villa in arresting a correspondent for giving aid and comfort to the enemy because he declined to send a dispatch chronicling a victory in an as yet unfought battle. But, possibly to make up for the lack of revolutionaries, the air about a field headquarters is full of plausible and strictly official deceptions.

Airplanes, vast ammunition shipments, thousands of reinforcements have arrived at a base just a trifle too distant for a correspondent of curtailed traveling privileges to check up on without a special train or cavalry escort, which will be furnished at the commanding officer's convenience after, of course, his news reports have transmitted the official announcement. Surprisingly decisive victories have been won by flanking operations from outlying bases which it is regrettably impossible for the correspondent just now to visit, but the *jefe supremo* will gladly show him all the telegrams. The reports of the defeat and surrender of the rearguard are inaccurate since, as the following day's dispatches will show, it has invaded enemy territory and is just now cutting three hundred miles of railroad vital to the federal supply system.

Even when, manifestly, the army is in full flight, the correspondent, surrounded in a Pullman compartment by eleven plausible generals, must be persuaded that it is all a strategic retreat to bring about a juncture with the force which has been sweeping up the country on the other side of the next mountain range. After all, it is the generals' official statement, not the correspondent's, and it is all that the censors will let him send. In the end he drifts into a routine of chronicling colorfully desperate marches through deserts and improvising war pictures from sham battles and air raids. Or he realizes that field headquarters in Mexican warfare regard a correspondent simply and solely as a propaganda vehicle, and so he retreats to the border. There at least he can compare two conflicting sets of propaganda daily, and with the aid of luck, a sixth sense of intrigue, and some more or less factual knowledge of what commanders are in touch with the other side's fiscal agents, he may concoct an occasionally rational account of how things are proceeding.

For the present he leaves accounts of unwitnessed battles, air-bombing successes, and of pistol duels between left-handed generals (who were verifiably somewhere else at the time and are known to be right-handed) to the type of reportorial gentlemen whom revolutions infallibly attract and who insist against all contradiction that they are under contract to write three unsigned articles for some great but unnamed magazine.

When the rebels report a victory with two thousand prisoners, and the federal communiqués fail to mention it, he knows that it either did not happen or that it was too serious for government admission, but that in any case he is no longer forced by his acceptance of hospitality into believing in it without seeing it. He appreciates now that such trifles,

whether the creations of strategy or fantasy, will not decide anything. No military actions, he knows, will decide anything so much as the shrewder patriots' hunch as to who will win in the end. In short, having ceased to be a field correspondent, he is in a fair way toward becoming, as a peculiarly inexact phrase goes, an expert on Mexico.

V

When a revolution loses its last military hope, there is still the financial front. It stretches up and down the seacoast or the border wherever rebel arms still command the ports of entry—and exit.

In the territory formerly under their jurisdiction the revolting generals have collected taxes in advance from helpless commerce and industry—a few hundred thousand or a few million pesos. They have also "borrowed" from the banks at their mercy a sum coinciding exactly with their specie reserves. Much has been spent on the army and the propagandists, but a good deal remains.

When a rebellion is dying, it is sensible to remove this cash remainder from Mexico and place it in foreign lands to the credit of the revolutionary leaders. Otherwise, it would fall, quite unnecessarily, into the hands of the rapacious federals. Revolutions in that case would pay dividends to winners only and would lose half their charm as periodic business ventures.

So after the dynamite car had blown up the last revolution as a military experiment, the "supreme chief of the renovating armies" came in the dead of an April night to the financial front at Juarez. Guarded though he was by a pageant of a thousand jaded veterans, he faced there this time unusual difficulties. The strongly pro-federal American government was on the lookout for treasure imports of doubtful ownership. Threats had even been made that money loot found in American safe-deposit vaults might be returned to its source in Mexico on the ground that the republic had experienced an epidemic of bank robberies.

I do not know how these difficulties were solved except that the border is long and difficult to guard against treasure, and that the *jefe supremo* had already taken the precaution of opening an unsupervised bank account in Canada. But such matters are not customarily discussed with *jefes supremos* while an emergency on the financial front engages them. They are inquired into more effectively from the dissatisfied hangers-on of magnificence after the disappointments of exile have soured the loyalties of mutual-interest.

So on the morning when the generalissimo attacked the financial front, the press merely requested that his excellency enlighten them on the revolution's political and military status. But in the bridal suite of the hotel which had recently been the federal citadel, the *jefe supremo* and all his spokesmen remained incommunicado.

Seeking for copy among the jaded veterans, we talked with private soldiers. Was the report true, they asked us, that the federals were feeding their prisoners? Their captain had told them they shot them to a man. In a revolution, a man did not know what to believe. . . .

We gathered up a red-headed American aviator—flying for the rebels for seventy-five dollars a day, he said, but plainly happy to borrow two from us. He had been drinking the Mexican cactus liquor, tequila, for and since breakfast, and babbled a humorously incoherent account of the battle at La Reforma. But it was difficult to stay long with him. He was a pleasant-spoken youth who might have been fired from an expensive preparatory school as late as last Christmas. But in the Globe saloon tequila mastered his inexperience, and we had difficulties persuading him not to shoot the horns off the Rocky Mountain ram's head over the bar. At length, accepting the cartridges out of his .45 as remembrances,

we dropped him. Rebel ammunition was running low and the sheep's head, we knew, was safe until he could see the general of ordnance.

We encountered a paymaster general who seemed depressed enough for veracity. He won our confidence by being the first Mexican to admit that the revolution was smashed at La Reforma. What, then, would we advise him to do with the pay-roll he carried for a brigade of one thousand whom death and surrender had reduced to twenty-three?

We urged him ribaldly to cross the boundary with it. "No," he protested, "I am a soldier." But, perhaps . . . yes, certainly—he would send his family to safety to-morrow. And would one of us have the kindness to give asylum to his bulldog until he himself could honorably escape and claim it? We consented and drank to his health and prosperity, possibly at the expense of the nine hundred and seventy-seven missing soldiers.

Down the street a fanfare of bugles sounded, and in front of a Chinese restaurant an honor guard presented arms. In the doorway the *jefe supremo de los ejercitos de la revolucion renovadora* took the salute, and emerged flanked by his staff and no longer in need of any conceivable refreshment.

We surrounded him. What were his supreme chieftainship's plans?

He looked us earnestly in the eye and affirmed in precise, deliberate English:

"I will stay here several days, perhaps a week, to buy supplies. Then, gentlemen, I will return to Chihuahua to resume my major offensive against the impositionist, Calles."

Two hours later, when the dispatches on this explicit utterance were safely filed, the *jefe supremo's* train left, heading the westward retreat into Sonora. Chihuahua and the Calles impositionists lay two hundred and twenty-five miles to the south.

VI

Next day, as the last of the rebels were evacuating Juarez, we kept our rendez-vous with the paymaster general and his bulldog.

The paymaster general came, but alone.

"One of my captains," he apologized wistfully, "deserted last night to the federals. The traitor has stolen the dog."

The Lion's Mouth

FIGHTING BLOOD

BY JOHN OGDEN WHEDON

MR. BANNISTER sat in his club and looked out the window. He was thinking. At least he assumed he was thinking, for he was quite certain that he was not doing anything else. Every afternoon for ten years he had sat in that same chair and looked out upon that same scene. It was a comfortable chair, he found, and the scene was satisfactory—people and things going by.

One of Mr. Bannister's forebears had swooped down out of the North with the Visigoths and carried off two Roman wives, leaving behind him a trail of blood and rapine. He had stormed back into the German wilderness and fought his way to the leadership of a tribe. On a dark night one of his sons knocked out his brains and ruled in his stead.

Mr. Bannister closed his eyes.

There was another ancestor who was credited with having killed two hundred Moors on the Iberian Peninsula. He was captured by the two-hundred-and-first and sold as a galley slave in an Algerian market. When he had grown tired of rowing, he ripped a two-pound staple out of an oak plank, leaped overboard, and swam half a mile to shore with the iron gyves still about his ankles.

Mr. Bannister swung one knee over the other.

Several centuries later there was an ancestor who made quite a stir in Florence. He was a passionate fellow—which is the only reason for doubting that he was related to Bannister. He fell in love with an artist's daughter who was already engaged to two other men, and threatened, unless she capitulated immediately, to throw himself from the highest tower in Florence. She laughed at him, and he carried out his threat. But before he went he poisoned the lady.

Mr. Bannister readjusted the handkerchief in his breast pocket.

There was a minor poet. His name was Bannister, but he changed it to Wrenn. His wife thought him the greatest pastoral poet of all time, and perhaps he was, but no one ever heard of him. They lived joyfully together in a tiny cottage in Ditton, until he wrote a sonnet to an imaginary "Lucy." A rival poet, slightly tipsy, expressed sentiments in the tavern which were interpreted as insults to the fictitious Lucy's honor. A duel ensued, in the course of which Poet Wrenn was stabbed in a vital spot.

Mr. Bannister shifted the angle of his chair to avoid a draft.

There was one ancestor the Bannisters never mentioned. Single-handed he had held up the mail as it came off the Dover boat, and it cost the King the lives of three husky bailiffs to capture him. As a last gesture of defiance, he kicked the hangman in the teeth while he swung from the gibbet. To cut short the disgrace, his brothers stole the body from the gallows after sundown and threw it over the cliffs into the sea.

Mr. Bannister moved slightly and glanced at the figure in the chair beside

him. "I see," he said, "where *American Can* rose five points to-day." No answer.

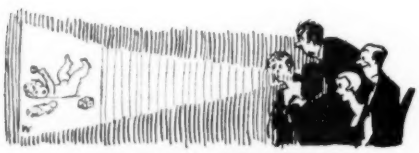
Back in the Civil War there was a Colonel Bannister who had fought Indians in the West and who distinguished himself at Shiloh. When the war was ended he founded a large metropolitan newspaper and invented an iron mailbox, which he sold to the government for enough money to enable several generations of Bannisters to sit and look out windows. At eighty he still rode horseback. He died of acute indigestion in a valiant attempt to down a large porterhouse steak.

Mr. Bannister stirred uneasily and looked about him in mild dissatisfaction. Then a slow gleam came into his eyes. Was the blood of the Visigoths leaping in his veins? Was he feeling the urge of the crusader and the poet and the Dover highwayman, of passionate adventurers and doers of deeds? Perhaps, for a scowl of determination was growing on his face. With a sudden impulse he thumped the arm of his chair.

"By God!" he cried, struggling to his feet, "Let's do something!"

The other members, dozing like ancient pussycats, dropped their papers in alarm and sat up in their chairs.

"By God, let's do something. Let's . . . Let's . . . Let's have a game of bridge."



CARDLES EXHIBITS

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

THE after-dinner coffee had scarcely been downed before Cardles began to put up the screen. We had been warned in advance at the table: Cardles had a few moving pictures, taken by himself, that he knew we should like to see. Cardles was quite modest about them.

"I know that everyone thinks his homemade pictures are pretty good," he remarked genially, "but I don't believe I'm fooling myself a bit in thinking that ours are really unusual. They are, aren't they, Amy?"

Mrs. Cardles was sweetly emphatic. "They really are. Of course, we had simply wonderful subjects. The trip west, Yellowstone Park and then, last year, the boat and Europe and all that." She waved her hand vaguely.

My wife and I nodded, silently agreeing that Europe, even taken alone, was quite a subject.

"You see," Cardles continued, "it's all in knowing your camera. Now I know mine from A to Z; but there are a lot of people who don't."

He paused, giving us time to contemplate an unfortunate host of people who did not know their cameras.

"How silly of them!" exclaimed my wife in her sprightliest tone, feeling some comment was expected.

Cardles beamed. "Isn't it? But you see they don't make a study of it, and I've always said that to do anything well you have to make a study of it. You can't just go ahead slap-bang. Well, let's adjourn to the living room and have our coffee and then get things set."

As I said before, Cardles began to put up the screen, which consisted of a sheet tacked across one end of the room between two window frames.

"I wouldn't stand on that chair, Harry, it isn't very strong," remarked Mrs. Cardles as he began operations. Cardles grunted and chose another chair.

"There, that looks about right," he remarked, descending to view his handiwork. "It hangs nice and smooth. Of course, a real silver screen would be better and give you a clearer image—they are making them now for home use, and we are going to get one—but this does pretty well, doesn't it, Amy?"

"It really does," agreed Mrs. Cardles.

"Now," said Cardles to me, "if you will help me move this table into position we can be ready in a jiffy."

"You'd better take the things off it

before you try to move it," suggested Mrs. Cardles.

We took the things off (a pile of magazines, a dozen books, two book-ends, a bronze paper-cutter, several ash trays, a humidor, a crystal elephant, and an unintentionally purloined hotel key which Cardles had placed thus prominently so that he wouldn't forget to "drop it in any mail box") and moved the table to the spot designated by Cardles. That done, he set to work adjusting his projector, chatting pleasantly the while.

"These reels haven't been functioning quite right lately, but I'll have them fixed in a minute. Put the lights out, Amy; I can work by this lamp. Amy has seen these pictures twenty times, so you two get the best seats. Move up good and close. That's it. Now, a little nearer the center: I don't want you to miss anything."

Obediently, we moved.

"Close the door, Amy, and shut out the light from the hall. I'll try the focus."

An oblong of light appeared in the upper right-hand corner of the screen; Cardles fumbled, and it slid down toward the center.

"It looks a little faint, dear," suggested Mrs. Cardles. "Why don't you move the projector a bit nearer?"

"It's all right where it is," answered Cardles shortly. "The flicker isn't working properly, but I can fix that. Now I'll thread the first film, and we'll see what we shall see. The first part shows us leaving the house for the train, and then come various stages of the trip west. Try to get in the mood. We are off for the station. All aboard, all aboard!"

There was a buzzing sound as the projector went into action and the film began to unroll, and then, before our astonished gaze, there flashed upon the screen the nude figure of an infant of about two months.

"Damn!" exclaimed Cardles. "That's the wrong film."

"I didn't think I recognized the station," I murmured; but no one heard me.

"It's Betty," cried Mrs. Cardles delightedly. "Oh, do show it, dear; there are some lovely pictures of her."

"Well, they are pretty nice," agreed Betty's father. "You see, we take a picture of the youngster every month or so, and these show her up to the age of two. Would you like to see them?"

"We should love it." My wife sounded actually interested. She is a most remarkable woman.

And then we saw them—Betty, taking one bath after another, looking very much the same in each; Betty, rolling on a blanket on the lawn; Betty playing with a rag doll; Betty taking her bottle; Betty, always and invariably in a state of innocent nakedness.

"Isn't she too cute for words?" gurgled Mrs. Cardles. "See the way she lies on her back and kicks her legs in the air. Don't you *love* it?"

"Adorable," replied my wife, while I reflected that Betty would certainly "love" these pictures when she was a young lady of eighteen or so.

"The sequence is wrong here," Cardles explained. "I made a mistake when I was clipping and joining. This picture shows Betty when she was eighteen months; it really should come after the next one, that shows her at sixteen months. But it doesn't make much difference when it's explained."

So far as I could see, it made none at all, even if it weren't explained.

"Well, that's about all there is of Betty," announced the exhibitor. (It was difficult to imagine that there might be more.) "Now we'll re-wind this and get on with the western trip."

There were difficulties with the rewinding; but after five minutes the projector was buzzing again, and Cardles had begun his lecture.

"Here we are at the station. You can't see very much, of course, because there wasn't enough light, but you can get the idea. There! That's Amy, getting on the train. It's pretty blurry, but anyone could recognize her if they knew who it was going to be. See?

She's turning around and waving her hand. The first part of the film didn't come out so well because I hadn't got used to the camera. Now we are looking out of the train window, just after starting. It's confused, but that's the way the country looks from a train anyway—it just rushes past you. There! That's a good picture!"

Upon the screen appeared an ugly, commonplace frame building, carrying across its dingy front a bold sign: LEMUEL PERKINS—HAY, GRAIN, AND FEED. This notable structure held the center of the screen, and continued to hold it for what seemed like minutes.

"That was outside of Detroit; we stopped off there to see friends. Of course I held the camera on the store too long, and I don't know why I decided to shoot it at all; but the light was awfully good, and the building happened to be there. You see, I was still experimenting. This sort of thing takes a lot of experimenting. Amy was supposed to be in the picture, too, but something happened. There! That's Amy's back now. She's walking down the station platform at Minneapolis. It's pretty clear, isn't it?"

As a portrait of a female back it was perfect.

"I was so self-conscious," confessed our hostess. "That's why I walked so funnily, I guess."

"Now this section of the film," Cardles continued, "is badly light-struck, but there wasn't much of interest in it anyway. The fun begins when we get to Yellowstone."

For a minute or two the machine ground along, producing nothing more than a confused flicker of light and shadow; then suddenly there flashed upon the screen what looked like a great column of water, which vanished almost instantaneously, leaving blankness behind.

"That was Old Faithful!" cried Mrs. Cardles.

"That was Old Faithful, the geyser," announced Cardles, not noticing her. "It should have been a perfect picture; but I was too near it, and I'd forgotten that I'd almost used up the film, so I only got a flash. I tried to take it another day, but the light wasn't very good. You could get the idea, though, couldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I got the idea," I assured him.

"Now we come to the real film," said Cardles. "This one was all taken in Yellowstone and it's extraordinary. You haven't been there, have you?"

"No," I replied.

"Well, this will make it live for you."

"It will, indeed," chimed in Mrs. Cardles. "Wait until they see Inspiration Point."

"And Artist's Point," said Cardles.

"And Tower Falls," said Mrs. Cardles.

"And Dragon's Mouth," said Cardles.

"And the Paint Pots," said Mrs. Cardles.

"And the Morning Glory Pool," said Cardles.

"And that perfectly darling 'Hold-Up Bear,'" said Mrs. Cardles, thereby apparently scoring the last word, for Cardles did not respond. Instead he busied himself with re-winding the old film and adjusting the new.

"Now we are all set," he proclaimed. "First we see some of the hot springs. Would you believe it, you can catch a trout in a stream and flick it back into one of these springs and cook the fish without ever taking it off the hook. Now—watch close."

The projector buzzed, the light flickered on the screen, there was a sudden crackling, sizzling sound, and then complete darkness.

"Damnation!" shouted Cardles.

"Oh, Harry! What *have* you done?" piped Mrs. Cardles.

"Don't be a fool, Amy! What do you think I've done? I've done nothing. It's a short circuit, that's what it is."

"But you *must* have done something wrong."

"Well, I didn't. See if you can find a candle."

"Won't any of the lights light?"

"No, they won't. They are all out in this room and in the hall, and the worst of it is that there isn't an extra fuse in the house."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," bleated Mrs. Cardles. "That means we won't be able to show the pictures."

"I am afraid it does," agreed Cardles heavily. "I'm terribly sorry to disappoint you like this," he continued, and we could feel him turning towards us in the dark; "but it simply can't be helped. You will forgive me, won't you? And you will come over again soon, so that you can see the Yellowstone film?"

"Of course we forgive you." Our answer was a chorus.

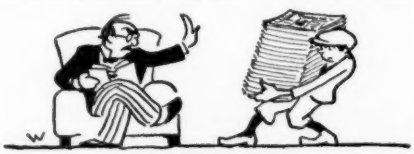
"And don't forget the pictures of the European trip," Mrs. Cardles reminded her husband.

"No, we mustn't forget those," said Cardles. "We can show them the same evening. Now let's see—what day would be convenient next week?"

"Oh, you must dine with us next time," protested my wife. "We are simply crazy to see the pictures, but you must come to us first."

"All right, we will," said Cardles heartily. "And what's more, we will bring along the projector and the films. How about it?"

For a moment silence enveloped the darkened room; the proverbial pin would have dropped with a boom like thunder. Then, to my own surprise, I heard myself saying in an absurdly thin voice, "Great, old man, great. Why—that will be perfectly—great!" And it was.



PROBLEM NO. 222

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

I MAY set the reader's mind at rest immediately by assuring him that I am not thinking of any of the really Big Problems that torment men to-day—Reparations, Prohibition, The Opium Trade, How to Prevent the Decay of Civilization, and What About Religion? To begin with, there is nothing that you or I can do about any of them, and, in the second place, these problems are solved nowadays by one of two methods: (1) Somebody offers twenty-five thousand dollars for a solution. (2) A committee of about a hundred prominent persons somehow gets itself formed. They rent expensive offices and engage a large staff. They send out what, for some obscure reason, is known as literature. There are Meetings and Banquets and Speeches and Conferences. After months of this sort of thing a highly intelligent, hard-working, and anonymous assistant in the office works out the scheme which is finally accepted and named after the first honorary chairman of the committee.

My problem is smaller, but not less perplexing. It is this: What to do with the Sunday paper? (Or, if you are one of those unaccountable persons who take two, What to do with *two* Sunday papers?)

Every Sunday morning there is deposited at your doorstep and mine about a quarter of a ton of assorted reading matter. The children fall upon it first. They rend and eviscerate the still breathing corpse and carry off great collops of Funny Pictures. At breakfast you read the Sports, while your wife looks through the Rotogravure department. After breakfast you spend a few minutes glancing at the headlines of the first News section. The members of the family then disperse to their various occupations, leaving sections II–X, XII–XXVIII, and XXX–XXXV untouched. During the day the paper somehow suffers general disintegration until by late afternoon most of the available chair- and floor-space is littered several inches deep. Movement becomes a shuffle. About nine o'clock your wife says, "Where is the Literary Supplement? I haven't had

a chance to look at it yet." Pointing to a disordered heap in the corner, you say, "I was sick of seeing the paper lying around all over the place, so I folded it all up neatly and put it over here." She begins to claw through it, but before she has surmounted even the lower slopes of the Financial Range the effort proves too great and she gives up exhausted.

Each Sunday evening finds the householder beset by the recurrent problem: What to do with this mass of paper that threatens to overwhelm him?

Let us consider some of the solutions that have been proposed.

(1) "Burn it." Have you ever tried to burn a Sunday paper in bulk? (Life is too short to take it to pieces.) It won't burn: it just smolders, like a fire in a mine, and at the end of a week, when another paper is due, it will still be smoldering sullenly. Unless you want a perpetual crematorium in your back yard, you will not try this method.

(2) "Save them up for the Salvation Army." But the agents of the S. A. are so erratic in their calls. Their passion for paper seems to blow in gusts. Sometimes they will come clamoring for it twice a week, and then again they may leave you unvisited for months, while the cellar grows more and more congested with back numbers. No, the Salvation Army is a broken reed to lean upon. (3) A friend of mine suggests that, since the Sunday papers are published exclusively to display the advertisements of the department stores and of the makers of automobiles, the interests of domestic order and of retaliation may be combined by mailing the paper, collect, every Monday morning to a selected firm. This suggestion is ingenious and morally exhilarating, but it is not practical. It takes as long to wrap and mail a Sunday paper as to burn one. (4) A committee of my neighbors has had this whole problem under investigation for several months. I have just resigned because they would not accept my solution. To show you how absurd they are, I am going to reveal the scheme they have finally adopted

It calls first for a large bath or trough in the basement—though at a pinch the wash-tubs would do—and for some wooden molds about 18″ x 10″ x 10″. Put two or three Sunday papers into the bath and let them soak in water overnight. The next day take a masher or pulper and mash them into a pulp about the consistency of tooth-paste. Keep on adding papers and water until the bath is almost full. A few handfuls of raisins and a yeast cake or two will hasten the chemical processes (whatever they are) involved. At the last moment pour in plaster of paris to taste. Ladle the stuff into the molds, but be careful to grease them first. In a day or two, if it sets, you will have a collection of hard paper briquettes. ("If it doesn't set?" you ask. Ah, that is problem No. 223.) At the end of a year you will have enough of these briquettes to build a garage.

Now that is what I call a grotesque proposal. Think of the labor. Think of the unspeakable mess in the cellar. Think of raisins in the wall of a garage. And suppose you don't want a garage? (My own belief is that our chairman originally submitted this as a household hint to *The Ladies' Home Journal*, hoping to get a dollar for it. I don't think it's worth a dollar. The *Ladies' Home Journal* didn't think so either. That's why he tried to foist it off on our committee.)

I somehow feel that none of these schemes really goes to the heart of the matter. And that leads me to my rejected solution of the problem. Draw a deep breath now, for this is revolutionary.

Don't take a Sunday paper.

Editor's Easy Chair

MORE THOUGHTS ON THE LEADING TOPIC

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MR. HOOVER'S disclosure to the newspaper men in an address late in April that there was a scandalous amount of lawbreaking in these States, and that something deeply and effectually corrective ought to be done about it, was generally approved by readers and commentators. It is a fact that our criminal record is shocking. Mr. Hoover compared it to that of Great Britain and was justly mortified at the contrast. He begged everybody to obey the laws, called for an improvement in the administration of justice, and gave out that he would presently appoint a commission to inquire into what ails us and suggest proper remedies for our deplorable condition. He saw that violations of law had been increased "by inclusion of crimes under the Eighteenth Amendment and by the vast sums that are poured into the hands of criminal classes by the patronage of illicit liquor by otherwise responsible citizens"; but that, he said, was only one segment of our problem, because, "of the total number of convictions for felony last year less than eight per cent came from that source." He thought we were facing to-day "the possibility that respect for law as law is fading from the sensibility of our people."

That does appear to be what we are facing. Law is not respected as it was, and what is the chief cause of this loss of respect? Apparently it is the Eighteenth Amendment and the enforcement acts. When law makes it a felony to carry a bottle of wine across the street, that law is not respected and never will be. That law is nonsense. When, moreover, a preponderant share of the police power of the government is directed toward the enforcement of new liquor laws (which the minds and morals of a large proportion of the community reject) common felonies like murder and robbery have the better chance to flourish.

Possibly Mr. Hoover knows all that but, as President and chief of law enforcement in the United States, does not feel that he can admit it. But, on the other hand, it may be that he does not know. Hopes are high for Mr. Hoover's usefulness as President. He has made some excellent appointments. He tackles hard subjects like farm relief. He has courage; he has ability; he knows a great deal about various things. But there is a great and important branch of knowledge which is described as understanding of life. Does Mr. Hoover possess that knowledge? Has he understanding of life? Would his training as engineer be likely to give it to him?

It has been suggested that it would not; that as an engineer he would look upon human beings too much as factors in the construction of what he wanted to make, and not enough as souls with knowledge of good and evil and an endowment of free will, inhabiting more or less unruly bodies. How does Mr. Hoover think of us—as children

of God, or as subjects of Volstead, of Congress, of the Courts, of the enforcement agents? He said to the newspaper men that you cannot pick and choose what laws you will keep; nor can an officer of government pick and choose what laws he will enforce. In his inaugural address he said the same thing. "Our whole system of self-government will crumble either if officials elect what laws they will enforce or citizens elect what laws they will support." But is that true? There have always been laws that officials have not enforced nor citizens supported. What is the remedy? To compel citizens to support all the laws and officials to enforce them? Or to try to discover what laws will be supported by enough citizens to make them enforceable?

Citizens are not made for laws. Laws are made for citizens. The trouble with these new rum laws is that in order to accomplish an end which seems to have merits they made crimes of actions which to a large proportion of the people of the country were not crimes. Their felonies were not felonious; their "Thus saith the Lord" had no moral strength. They brought all law more or less into contempt, and this has been a deplorable consequence of audacious ignorance on the part of the lawmakers.

The rum laws seem to be the chief cause of lawlessness in this country. They have debauched the public mind to an appalling extent. Are we all to walk in sackcloth and put dust on our heads because we don't keep the laws better, or are our brethren who got these new laws up and put them across, to have the sackcloth suits and put ashes in their hair? Still they are not the only cause. The times are extraordinary. The war, of course, was demoralizing. Mankind has come out of it with his powers constantly increasing while the moral checks on them have been badly weakened. What about the automobile makers? What about Henry Ford, who flooded the country with cheap cars so that every farmer's boy could spend the night twenty miles from his job and his mother, and get back to his job in the morning? Is Henry to blame too? Bootleggers' profits, high wages, cheap cars, good roads, and possibly tabloids and the movies all have contributed to our criminal record. While these contributions are being made, what have the great popular churches, the Methodist, the Baptist, and more or less all the rest except the Roman Catholic, emphasized as the chief concern of human souls? Their emphasis has been on law enforcement. They had a gospel that could cure drunkards. They used to work it impressively for that purpose. They work it now for the enforcement of liquor laws, and their success is by no means as impressive as it used to be.

THINGS are not going any too well in these States. Since Mr. Hoover is going to appoint a commission to inquire what is the matter with us, let us hope he will be able to obtain one that will speak with power, the power which comes of understanding of life as well as understanding of law. Once there was a teacher of whom it was remarked that he spoke with authority. That is what we want now, an instructor who speaks with authority. But he will never get that needful authority from legislatures.

Where Prohibition, as we have it, falls down is that it treats man as body, whereas the predominant factor in man is spirit. The Prohibition law does not attempt to do anything about spirit. It does not attempt to change the will of man; it merely attempts to make it impossible for him to get what he wants. That used not to be the method of religion. One verse of a hymn sung the other day in church seemed to at least one worshipper to carry teaching proper to the times. It ran:

> Not might, nor power, Thyself hast said,
> Can vice destroy or virtue spread:
> Thy Spirit, Lord, this work must do
> Who only can our hearts renew.

That hymn belonged to days when religion aimed not so much to remove temptation from man as to make man safe in the presence of temptation. The Methodists used to do that. No doubt the Baptists too, and sound operators in all the denominations. There are symptoms that the religious prohibitionists are getting back to the notion that there was something valuable in their old method. One finds Dr. Clarence True Wilson saying at the Annual Methodist Conference in April at Poughkeepsie that the opposition to Prohibition is getting too strong to be beaten by law alone, and declaring that ministers must return to the old-fashioned temperance sermon, and that temperance should be taught in the Sunday Schools. Another clergyman at that meeting said the same thing. If the reverend Methodist brethren are getting back to exhortation and persuasion in their battle against rum, and losing faith in legislation, that is like a ray of sunshine breaking through the clouds. If one result of the great prohibitory effort is an increase of doubt whether Christ can ever be organized, legislated, and enforced by the police, that will be an important and valuable gain. Perhaps a conclusion will finally be reached that the smaller the unit which undertakes Prohibition the better. The ideal unit is a single person who, if sufficiently desirous of enforcing it in himself, may succeed.

Really we should get something for our pains in the rum battle. We might naturally enough wish that the liquor dealers and the rum baiters might go behind the barn and settle their dispute and leave us in peace to think of something else, for indeed there is a lot else to think about; but perhaps if the contention were as private as that the public would miss its lessons. There is a great lesson about the Constitution—what is fit to be in it and what should be kept out of it. One may perhaps be excused for the opinion that the whole Dry outcry about the sacredness of the Constitution since it got the Eighteenth Amendment into it is insincere. For William Lloyd Garrison the Constitution was a covenant with death and an agreement with hell so long as it recognized slavery. For the Prohibitionists it has been holy only since they got Prohibition into it. The truth is it is not very holy and never was, but it tied the country together, provided Federal government, produced a mechanism that has worked fairly well, and gave us ample reason to be grateful to our fathers who set it up. But at times it is embarrassing, sometimes because it is abused by intrusion of partisan amendments; sometimes because of difficulty in adjusting its original provisions to the needs of changed times. However, when popular opinion concludes that some detail of the Constitution should be stood on its head, the Supreme Court presently makes interpretation to that effect.

SENATOR CAPPER, of Kansas, is strong for law enforcement. He has been talking about it over the radio. He has said, "We have evidence of a growing thought among the people in recent years that any law a man dislikes he may disregard with impunity. They forget that if one man can disobey a law because he does not like it, that any other man has the right to disobey the same law or any other law for the same reason, and the end of the whole matter is anarchy."

Oh, no, Senator, not anarchy, merely more jails. But when you get too many jails, more than the country thinks it can afford, and too many people in them who, observers think, would be more usefully employed outside, then attention begins to be attracted to the laws which they have violated, and the thought intrudes that perhaps they are not good laws. One of the greatest factors in killing bad laws is that they get too many decent or half-way decent people into jail. One of the greatest means of correcting mistakes in legislation is and always has been to go to jail or otherwise get into trouble by violating such legislation.

Who is Senator Capper that he should speak with such authority about the need of obeying the laws? Who is he? Why, he is one of those persons who makes the laws that he thinks we ought to obey. The Ten Commandments were headed by the declaration "I am the Lord thy God which hath brought thee out of Egypt," but Senator Capper's declaration for Prohibition enforcement is headed "I am Senator Capper, the law-maker from Kansas." Oh, well, great is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet in Kansas so far as beverages go; but when the Senator says, "there is no half-way obedience to law nor does the Constitution provide for a fifty per cent Americanism" he takes law, and the Constitution too, just a grain too seriously as the basis of human conduct in the United States. One would think it was regulated by law. Ninety-odd hundredths of our behavior is quite unaffected by law or the Constitution either. Most of us do not abstain from murder or from stealing because it is against the laws of the United States, but because we think those actions are wrong and that it is bad for us as well as other people that we should be thieves or murderers. The proportion of our citizens who need statutes to regulate their ordinary behavior is fortunately still pretty small. Even Senator Capper must be aware that obedience to law is far from being all that is required of us if we are to develop in this life as we ought to. Even Senator Capper would probably admit that a man may keep all the laws and still be a poor creature and that another man may break quite a number of them and be a valuable member of the community. If the Senator won't admit that, let him read some of the testimony of St. Paul on that subject, for St. Paul would have admitted it.

Two new lives of John Wesley, that wonderful man, have lately been published. A reviewer, who finds that between them they give a fairly complete picture of him, reports that Wesley was worried in his lifetime about the progress and the processes of Wesleyanism in America. He did not approve apparently of all that the Methodists did in this country even in his own time. What he would have thought of the contemporary activities of the denomination that sprung out of his labors is a subject which deserves examination by the large and important body of persons who profess to be his followers in the United States. It does not appear that he intended to start a new denomination at all, but rather to infuse new life into the Anglican Church, of which he was a member and a minister. It is the rule in religion that the religious bodies founded by great teachers inevitably become corrupted in their progress. It is held that St. Paul, for all his zeal and for all his loyalty, was no more than an imperfect expositor of the teachings of Christ. Loyola is said to have been seriously disgruntled in his lifetime by the doings of the order of Jesuits which he founded. It would be nothing surprising to discover that Bishop Cannon and the Rev. Clarence True Wilson are no better than imperfect expounders of the mind and soul of Wesley.

What now is the thing to do about Volstead and the Eighteenth Amendment? Certainly it is to get better laws than we have and approach the whole subject in a better spirit. Prohibitionists give out that everybody who is opposed to Prohibition is working secretly or openly in the interest of rum sellers. That is nonsense. A large proportion of the existing Wets are hardly less concerned to lessen the evils of alcohol than the Drys are. They want laws that will work and do good. They will examine the report of Mr. Hoover's commission as hopefully as they dare. They know that the evils of rum can never be eliminated by compulsion. They will look for laws that will do the most good to public morals at the least cost of liberty and self-respect.

Personal and Otherwise

HAVING temporarily forsaken Brooklyn for London—where he is working on a new book—***James Truslow Adams*** compares the European civilization about him with that of his native country, and puts his finger on the essential point of difference: the ascendancy of the business man in America. Readers will recall that Mr. Adams is one of our most distinguished historians, that his *Founding of New England* won the Pulitzer prize for history in 1922, that he has followed it with three other volumes, *Revolutionary New England*, *New England in the Republic*, and *Provincial Society*, and that he has written several excellent articles for HARPER'S, including "The Mucker Pose" (November, 1928) and "The Cost of Prosperity" (December, 1928). They may not recall another fact which is pertinent in view of his present article: that Mr. Adams was himself for many years in business, having been until 1912 a member of a New York stock exchange firm.

Howard Linn Edsall is now with the R. E. Lovekin Corporation, a Philadelphia advertising concern, and was recently with the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. But before that he had spent six years in travel, from the North Sea to Bungo Channel, in all weathers and on many ships, and thus had made the acquaintance of many seafaring men. It is the story of the experience of one of these men as mate of a rum schooner which Mr. Edsall now puts on paper. The editorial note which precedes the article emphasizes the precautions which Mr. Edsall took to make sure that his written narrative followed the facts accurately.

The editor of the *Nation* and former president of the New York *Evening Post*, ***Oswald Garrison Villard,*** may be said to inherit an interest in the negro problem: he is William Lloyd Garrison's grandson. Readers of "The Crumbling Color Line" may not all approach the problem from the same point of view as Mr. Villard, but they will agree that the social change which he describes is of the first importance.

The first story of the month comes to us from a new contributor, ***Eleanor Hayden Kittredge*** (Mrs. T. B. Kittredge,) who has had newspaper experience in this country but now lives in Paris.

"The Peppermint Years" is a defense of the old to be read by the young—for their own sake as well as for that of their elders. Its author, ***Sarah Comstock,*** portrayed Aimee Semple McPherson for us in December, 1927, and since then has written an article on Los Angeles and another called "What Makes a Play Succeed?" (October, 1928). She published last year a volume of American travel, *Roads to the Revolution;* her novels include *Speak to the Earth*, *The Soddy*, and (newly published) *The Moon Is Made of Green Cheese*.

Gamaliel Bradford's portrait of Ninon is the third in a series which will ultimately be collected in book form with the title, *Daughters of Eve*. It is one of the happiest examples of Mr. Bradford's skill in what he himself has called "psychography." He has written full-length biographical studies of Lee, Darwin, and Moody, but most of his books are made up of shorter sketches: the most recent of these books being *As God Made Them*, and perhaps the most widely known being *Damaged Souls*.

Last month John Crowe Ransom contributed an article on the heritage of the Old South. This month ***Wilbur Daniel Steele's*** story takes that heritage as its central theme. Mr. Steele has spent the past two or three winters at Charleston, South Carolina, where the old tradition is strong. He is not a Southerner, however: he was born in North Carolina, but only because his family were temporarily resident in Greensboro at the

time; he has lived most of his life in the North, and still spends half the year at Nantucket. Mr. Steele's career as a short-story writer is familiar to our audience. Since *Meat* appeared serially in HARPER'S he has contributed two stories, "Never Anything That Fades" and "Satan Am a Snake," published respectively in June and August, 1928.

John R. Tunis has written several articles for us on sports, among them "The Great Sports Myth," "The Great God Football," and "The Mother of a Champion." As the readers of those articles are aware, Mr. Tunis is a determined opponent of the tendency toward commercialization which—as he says in his present article—he fears is now spreading from athletics for men to athletics for women. He is the tennis critic of the New York *Evening Post*.

In our April issue ***Max Eastman*** criticized the "modernist" poets of the day in an article entitled "The Cult of Unintelligibility"; his present contribution is a companion piece setting forth what he believes to be the most valuable contribution of the modernists to poetry. Mr. Eastman's career as a political radical and one-time editor of *The Masses* is perhaps more widely known than his distinction as a literary critic; but *The Enjoyment of Poetry* remains one of the best books in its field.

Frances Warfield, a new contributor, sends her story from West Hartford, Connecticut.

Harald U. Sverdrup of the Geophysical Institute of Bergen, Norway, is both a trained and skilful physicist and an experienced explorer—a rare combination. In the Amundsen Arctic Expedition of 1918 he had charge of the magnetic and similar scientific work; from 1922 to 1925, with the assistance of Dr. Malmgren (who died on the ill-fated Nobile expedition), he made explorations in the Arctic north of Nome. For several years Dr. Sverdrup has been a consultant and research associate of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism of the Carnegie Institute at Washington. On the subject of ocean currents he writes as an acknowledged authority.

As former editorial writer for the El Paso *Morning Times* and free-lance journalist along the Mexican border, ***Duncan Aikman*** has had plenty of opportunities to witness with his own eyes the *opera bouffe* of Mexican revolutions. His "$50,000 Cannon Balls" offers a contrast to his recent articles on "Ladies and Lawlessness" and "Our New Sub-Plutocracy."

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There is only one poet this month: ***Margaret Emerson Bailey*** of New Canaan, Connecticut, author of several HARPER stories, whose poem "Unseasonable" appeared in the May issue.

❦ ❦ ❦

The Lion's Mouth brings together ***John Ogden Whedon*** of the editorial staff of the *Forum*, a new contributor; ***Ben Ray Redman,*** author of a biography of Flaubert and other books and translator of many a French and Italian volume; and ***Charles A. Bennett,*** professor of philosophy at Yale.

❦ ❦ ❦

The frontispiece of our March issue was an etching of a night scene at a New York street-corner entitled "Relics," by ***Martin Lewis.*** This month we reproduce another of Mr. Lewis's prints in which his ability to make the most of effects of light and shadow is equally manifest. It takes as its subject a scene in the Tudor City development in New York.

❦ ❦ ❦

Mrs. Gerould's article, "The Unsocial Christian," has plunged many of our readers into exegesis. We have received a number of replies taking issue with her Biblical interpretations line by line and precept by precept. There does not begin to be space in these pages to cover all the points in these replies; the best we can do is to quote a few paragraphs from a letter received from Henry D. Coe of Scarsdale, New York, which sets forth some of the chief arguments advanced by most of Mrs. Gerould's critics:

> Mrs. Gerould's main thesis is that the true and consistent Christian must renounce absolutely the world, i.e. social, political, business and intellectual relations, if he is to remain a Christian. She makes

the statement that "the essence of Christ's teaching is the complete renunciation of the world and its materialistic or intellectual advantages." What does she do with "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's"? Matt. 22:21. And what about, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them from the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil (one)"? John 17:15. And what about the application of those words commonly called "The Golden Rule," Matt. 7:12, of which it has been repeatedly affirmed that its consistent practice would solve all industrial and social problems? . . . .

Surely Mrs. Gerould's "world" is different from that censured in Christ's teaching. His "world" is one of selfish principles and practices, where covetousness and greed and wrong-doing rule. His "worldliness" consists in making material things the *summum bonum* for life. Gal. 5:19–21 gives an excellent idea of this. There is a difference between the principles, motives, and objectives of a life lived for material things first and foremost and a life lived for the great and high things of the Kingdom. This is clearly set forth in Matt. 6, where it is shown that the concerns of the Kingdom are to be considered first and material things are to take a subordinate place. Mrs. Gerould quotes from that chapter the expression "take no thought" as though it meant that we should be improvident, imprudent, and careless about things and the future. If only she would investigate the original Greek, or familiarize herself with a modern version of Scripture, such as American Standard Revised Version, or Moffatt, or Weymouth, or Goodspeed, she would instantly discover that Christ is urging against worry and anxiety about things and the future and pleading for trust in the unfailing thought and love of a heavenly Father. Surely a marked difference.

Does Mrs. Gerould really believe that Christ desires and commands his followers to sacrifice their financial, social, and intellectual possessions? Where does He so teach? Possibly she accepts his words at their "face value." Why so blind to figures of speech in the Gospel records? What kind of a Christian would her Christian be? A sort of depersonalized jelly-fish or a piece of unformed primitive protoplasm.

Mrs. Gerould holds that in Europe for the past two thousand years Christianity is and has always been essentially a lower-class religion. It is true that it has appealed to and has been appropriated by the poor, the illiterate, the obscure, but at the same time many, many leaders in all realms of thought and activity have been true followers of Christ. Just a glance over the history of art, science, literature, music, and politics will show this. Christianity is for all classes and conditions of men. It has a universal appeal.

The primitive Christians did not care about the community? What of Acts 4:32–37, the first attempt at a kind of Christian communism?

"His counsels, if taken at their face value, destroy not only the state but the home," says Mrs. Gerould. Crass literalism. Repeat these words, and as you do so think of Christ in Peter's home; of Christ with Lazarus, Mary and Martha; of Christ on the cross committing his mother to the care of John. . . .

Why throughout the paper stress the idea that Christ would have his followers renounce the world, destroy state and home, and then laud Him as possessing "eternal and convincing beauty," and set Him forth as The Way, The Truth and The Life, when surely the consummation of his purpose in the lives of his followers (according to the paper's thesis) would be the destruction of the foundation and superstructure of all society?

Mrs. Gerould seems to be a bald literalist when she comes to interpret the Gospels, failing to see there figures of speech, which is odd in that she is a woman of letters; she is so Western in her training and habits of mind that she overlooks the fact that the Gospels in their literary makeup are an Eastern product; and further, she is eisegetical in her method of interpretation, for she puts her own ideas into Gospel words and phrases, and then brings them forth as though they were there originally.

Before writing another paper on such a theme, it might be well if Mrs. Gerould took a good, stiff course in New Testament interpretation.

❦ ❦ ❦

Not so many feminists would be "slightly tired" if there were enough men of the right sort to go round:

May I thank you for the opportunity of reading Lillian Symes's "Still a Man's Game" in the May number? I belong to the same generation as Mrs. Symes, and to the same general group, with the same background and ideals; and I can testify to the somewhat unpalatable truth of her statements.

As a lesser instance, I am reminded of a friend of mine who tried a small experiment. For six months she refused to go anywhere with a man unless she paid her own way. At the end of that time, her male acquaintances were divided into two classes—those who would not go anywhere with her again, and those who expected her to pay their expenses too!

In other words, what we need are more "new

men" reared on the lines suggested by Professor Allport. There are a few of them, and they are the precious salt of the earth; but there are not nearly enough of them to go round among the women who can be happy only with their type. Perhaps Mrs. Symes will awaken the potentialities of a few others who have not realized their failure to live up to the standards they have professed.

Those who live in a transition period, such as this, will always be "slightly tired"; but, tired or not, they will keep on fighting, for there is no other way by which they can live.

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD.

* * *

Margaret Lee Woodbury of Bayside, Long Island, advances two interesting arguments against Mrs. Blair's contention (in the May issue) that well-to-do parents should not force their children to start financially where they did:

As everyone knows, the salaries of professional people are outrageously low, and their struggle to make both ends meet is often a cruel one. What could be more unfair than for those young men who have rich fathers or fathers-in-law to accept such salaries as pocket-money while their poorer colleagues are foregoing meals and sleep to keep body and soul together? If salaries remain at their present low ebb, the professions will be entered only by rich young men who can regard their salaries as pocket-money, and the professional man who has his own way to make will be even more handicapped than he is at present. Which will be bad for him and bad for the profession.

With the rest of the bourgeoisie, I applauded the famous heiress who was going to do her own housework. If you have any sympathy at all for the struggling army of the world's toilers, you will bear a small part of the burden whether you have to or not; you will find out what it feels like to be your own plumber and your own washerwoman. If you either inherit or make a fortune, to what better use could it be put than the endowment of a college or the founding of an art museum? The toilers need culture just as much as the cultured need toil.

The Speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, George Arthur Foster, suggests that Mr. Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission might listen to the wisdom of Jack Black:

Jack Black, writing under the title "What's Wrong with the Right People?" in the June HARPER'S, might well be one of the first witnesses summoned to appear before President Hoover's recently appointed commission to investigate law enforcement.

The author has made a very valuable contribution to the study of a subject which must have the best thoughts of our "right people," and which, to be solved, must be approached at least fifty per cent from the standpoint of the "wrong ones."

Just before reading this article I had seen newspaper accounts attributing to Governor Harry S. Byrd of Virginia a suggestion that special sessions of legislative bodies be held to consider only the repeal of many of the existing laws which have been enacted throughout the nation. This agrees with a theory I have long held, and I believe it ties in with the article of Jack Black's. . . .

The article contains much that should give pause to those earnest citizens who believe every wrong can be righted if a new law is passed, as well as to those who still beli ve in the old fashioned forms of punishment for crime, with many "improvements," giving no thought to the removal of causes.

The same article is also applauded by Charles De Lacy, editor of *Police "13-13,"* published by the Chicago Police Department, who says Mr. Black "has hit nearer home than any criminologist in a long while." Mr. De Lacy, referring to Mr. Black's praise of a New York policeman who instead of prosecuting a delinquent youth secured him a job, points out that thousands of Chicago boys are placed in positions every year through the Boys' Employment Bureau, consisting of one hundred policemen who do nothing but canvass shops, factories, and offices in search of jobs for youths.

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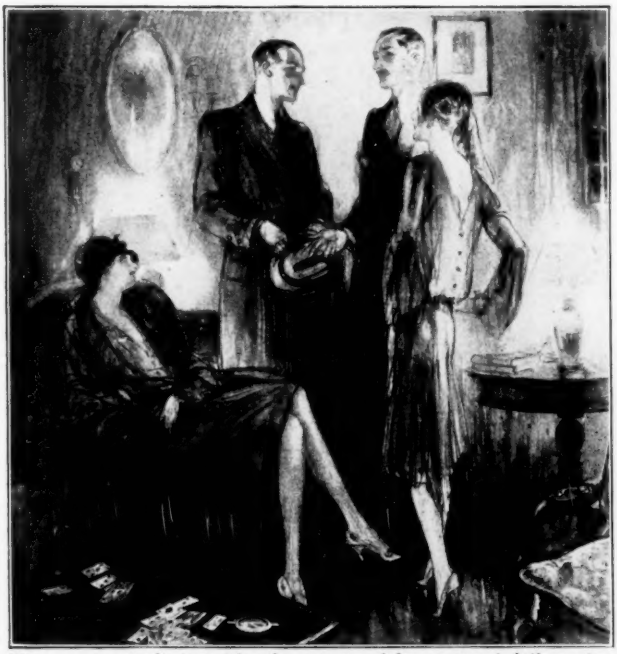

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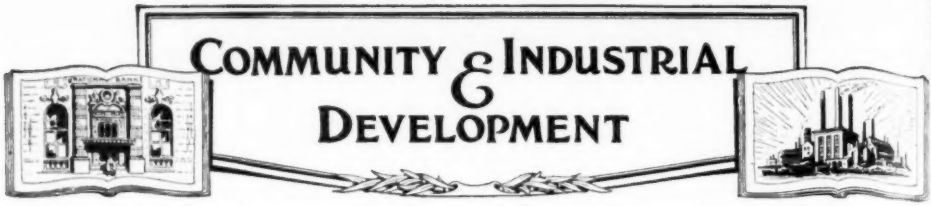

Advertising the Great Lakes States

Michigan First in the Field, with Minnesota and Wisconsin Also Featuring Their Assets

By DON E. MOWRY

MICHIGAN is favored with a coast line as long as the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida and as long as the Pacific coast from Puget Sound to Southern California. There are 1,650 miles of interior coastline and 5,000 inland lakes.

With many state parks, inland lakes and streams, state forests, fish hatcheries, game refuges and the Huron National Forest of 616,000 acres, Michigan has a background, unsurpassed, for drawing in summer patrons.

A pronounced step forward was taken this year when the legislature appropriated $200,000, to be expended in 1929 and 1930, to assist the four tourist associations which operate in the state.

The associations which have the responsibility for advertising Michigan as a vacation-land are the East Michigan Tourist Association, Bay City; the West Michigan Tourist and Resort Association, Grand Rapids; the Upper Peninsula Development Bureau, Marquette; and the Southeastern Michigan Tourist and Publicity Association, Detroit. These organizations are working cooperatively and plan to cover a large portion of the United States with appeals to the tourist and the resorter. Under the legislative grant, each association is given an annual aid up to $25,000. The State stipulates that the amount of money secured from the new fund must be matched with an equal sum by each of the associations. The total must be spent for advertising with no deductions for overhead. The plan is somewhat similar to the provisions of the Maine law.

Michigan has developed remarkably during the past half decade as a mecca for the summer tourist and resorter. It offers primitive surroundings and resorts sparkling with gayety. The number of people who have entered the state and built cottages on the lakes has had a noticeable effect upon the tax rolls. A typical survey was made through the Supervisors in Western Michigan. With 40 per cent replies, the tabulation indicated that in one season 900 cottages were built at an average cost of $3,000.

The tourist business is now classified as the second industry in Michigan, with an annual expenditure of between two hundred fifty and three hundred million dollars, manufacturing alone surpassing this volume, according to reliable figures. As a result of this influx the State has established its own public ferry service at the Straits of Mackinac to afford adequate service at a reasonable cost to the automobile tourist.

Minnesota, through the Ten Thousand Lakes of Minnesota Association, located in St. Paul, has been conducting a vigorous campaign to attract people to her national and state forests, parks, and lakes. The general impression prevails that the north woods country of this state offers many advantages which are difficult to equal elsewhere during the summer season. When a state can advertise the fact that it has ten thousand lakes, the statement commands immediate interest and attention. During the past five years, the Association has expended more than $175,000 in conducting its outdoor and general advertising.

Wisconsin claims six thousand lakes. The first impetus for summer publicity came through the activities of the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Puget Sound Railroad and the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. Many special fishing trains are made up in Chicago each year for the North Woods of Wisconsin.

Wisconsin, Land O'Lakes, Inc., at Wausau, is the chief organization in Wisconsin working for the development of summer business. This organization has been active in the promotion of land settlement and in stimulating cottage and resort points. Several years ago a unique plan was adopted to arouse interest all over the state. Many communities published uniform literature which was given wide distribution. In addition, these communities contributed to the central body in order that an advertising fund might be created. So far the legislature has not seen the wisdom of appropriating state money for emphasizing the advantages of the state, as has been done in both Michigan and Minnesota.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

An Investment Plan

By PAUL TOMLINSON

IT may fairly be presumed that with the fall in security prices which took place during the early months of this year there were many persons who lost money. Some may have had actual losses; others only on paper. In any event, these persons probably did not relish the situation and would doubtless be glad to know how to guard against such happenings in the future. Not that fool-proof rules for safe and profitable investing have ever been discovered; but there are certain precautions which may be taken, thus decreasing the chances of loss.

EVERY investor, no matter how small, should have some sort of investment plan. That is to say he should not buy this or that because it seems good or because someone has recommended it; his purchases should have some definite reason for them, they should fit in with some preconceived plan, and have a definite relationship to the plan as a whole. Of course, changing conditions may make changes in this plan desirable, which is another proof of the fact that investing is an intricate and technical business requiring expert knowledge for its successful prosecution.

MOST people, of course, comparatively speaking, are small investors, people who must consider safety, who are not in a position to take risks with their capital. For the purposes of this article, it is this kind of investors we are addressing. Naturally, therefore, the first consideration in any investment plan is safety, and only those securities should be considered which are sound and have real value back of them. This presupposes first of all a well-established industry, whose products are essential to the welfare of the country—and, therefore, in demand—and whose affairs are efficiently managed. Unless a corporation has something to sell which people need and will buy, it has no chance of lasting success. Unless such a corporation is efficiently managed, it has little chance of success either; for it always happens that in a field where demand is brisk, competition is keen and only the strong survive. Of course, it may be presumed that if a company is well established it must have been well

managed and, if well managed in the past, the chances are at least good that it will be well managed in the future. In other words, an investment in a well-run company in an essential industry is the best method of assuring oneself of safety of principal, the first step in the working out of a sound investment plan.

AFTER safety of principle, the next concern is, logically, that earnings be consistent and of sufficient volume to return a steady income. A man invests for income, or for profit, or both. If the security he buys does not earn enough to produce an income it is not really safe, nor is it liable to advance in price and earn a profit. Earnings, especially earnings over a period of years, furnish strong proof of a well-run company in an essential industry, and might almost be described as the foundation stones of a successful investment structure. Book value is an important thing to consider; cost of plant, too, is a factor with which to reckon. Book value does not necessarily produce earnings, however, nor is cost any guarantee of income return. A company with a good earnings record is almost certain to be a company with a good dividend record, and if earnings are good other factors may possibly be ignored; no matter what the other factors may be, if earnings are poor it is wise to pass on to something else. Safety of principle comes first and a steady income follows next.

EVERY now and then it becomes advisable or desirable to make changes in one's investment holdings. Economic and industrial conditions are constantly changing, and investors do well to consider whether these changes affect the value of their securities, or offer

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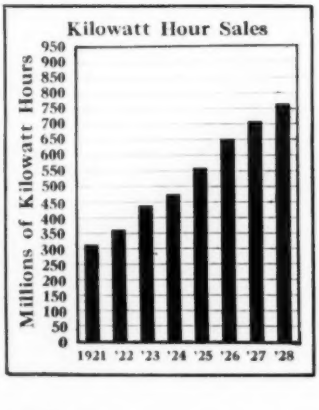

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"The purpose of this class was not to make money—although they did make it—but to teach these boys how to invest intelligently and wisely. Each boy put in a certain sum—what he could afford—each week. Every fourth or fifth week we bought another $100 bond.

"I taught them what underlies a bond. I taught them what the various types of bonds are—real estate bonds, railroad, municipal, public utility.

"I taught these boys what underlies a bond."

"But the interesting thing about this class," added Mr. Hasbrouck, "was that while half of these boys were the usual happy-go-lucky fellows, the *other* half were actually interested enough to go on studying the principles I had taught them, and have gone on investing regularly, to this day.

"And most gratifying of all, to me—*two* of these boys—who met in this Sunday School class ten years ago—had each saved and invested so consistently that just recently they were able to start in business for themselves, as partners, on the capital they had amassed."

* * * *

THE VALUABLE LESSONS Mr. Hasbrouck's Sunday School class was fortunate enough to learn at so early an age, include what every investor should know. Mr. Hasbrouck impressed upon these boys that the *first* principle in investing is *safety*, and that any program of investing, to be sound, must be founded on this principle.

The average investor, in setting up a plan to win a competence for himself, should consult a banker, or a high grade investment house before he buys. Here he will learn how much he can reasonably expect to get, in income, without jeopardizing safety.

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opportunities for profitable exchange. In order to exchange one investment for another a sale is necessary, and in order to make a sale a security must be salable. Securities listed on the recognized exchanges are readily marketable and marketability is a factor not to be overlooked when a choice of investments is being made. In the investment world a security is worth what you can sell it for, and a listed security can always be sold quickly and easily. Unlisted securities frequently lack a ready purchaser; a quick sale may have to be made at a considerable sacrifice, while if the owner holds out for a higher price the opportunity for exchange may be gone before he makes his sale.

AN example of the value of marketability came to our attention only the other day. A man who owned a stock which had given its stockholders the right to subscribe to new shares decided he would sell his rights and take the cash. The stock was not listed on any exchange nor were the rights. He tried to find a purchaser for them and eventually received an offer of $25 a right for five hundred of the thousand he owned. He consulted the president of the corporation, who told him that, appraised conservatively, the rights were certainly worth $60 apiece. But there was no active market for them, which means there was little demand; and to be told that a thing you can sell for only $25 really has a value of $35 more is not particularly consoling.

MARKETABILITY has other advantages. When a stock is listed on the New York Stock Exchange, that fact in itself means that the corporation which made application for the listing has filed a great deal of information

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about its affairs with the authorities of the Exchange, and complied with a rigorous lot of requirements before its application was granted. After the stock is listed and dealings in it are carried on, there are other requirements which must be lived up to, one of which is the submitting of regular reports about the corporation's affairs. This means that unfavorable news will come out in time to serve as a warning to the thousands of people all over the country who read the stock quotations every day and who keep themselves informed as to the condition of the corporations represented. Unfavorable news about a security for which there is an active market will announce itself sooner and, therefore, less damagingly than in the case of one in which fewer people are interested.

NOT that listed stocks are the only good ones, nor does listing guarantee the purchaser against loss. In certain classes of securities there is quite an active "outside" or "over the counter" market. Some unlisted securities, like those of insurance companies, trust companies, and banks, have also the advantage that their corporations are under state supervision and control. On the whole, however, listed securities have a decided advantage and, while it is always dangerous to make categorical statements, so far as marketability is concerned they certainly enjoy a definite superiority.

WHEN safety of principal, regular income, and marketability are provided for, there is really nothing more necessary so far as that particular investment is concerned. But there will be other investments, and these others

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should not only possess the same characteristics as the first, but should bear a proper relationship to one another. Investments should be diversified; all one's eggs should not be placed in one basket. It has happened, of course, that people have concentrated on one security only and done very well; such a course presupposes, however, that the investor has the time to watch this security closely and the knowledge to interpret correctly all the various factors affecting it. For the ordinary investor, however, experience has shown pretty conclusively that diversification is better than concentration. And diversification means investments not only in different companies, but in companies in different businesses, and in companies located in different parts of the country. One never knows what is going to happen and, while diversification may possibly mean smaller profits than if everything happened to be put into one very successful enterprise, it also means less chance of loss. If the investor will protect himself against loss he is apt to come off better in the long run than by trying consciously to make profits. Further, investments in a number of different companies increase the chances of one or more of them proving highly profitable. The law of averages is always worth considering. Again, it is usually good business when averages are being sought to average the size of one's investment; that is, instead of putting $10,000 into one thing, $5,000 in another, and $1,000 in a number of others, to invest approximately the same amount in each. Proper diversification, in other words, means a scattering of the risk not only so far as investments are concerned, but in the case of one's capital too.

ANOTHER thing for people to remember when they are operating under an investment plan is that the

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results secured from the plan *as a whole* are more important than what happens to an individual investment. Prices go down as well as up, and losses may occur; one hopes, of course, that profits will more than counterbalance the losses, and if they do the plan may be considered successful. This does not mean that losses are inevitable or that they should not be guarded against. How to do this is usually the biggest problem facing the lay investor.

THE best method yet devised of telling the sheep from the goats, or of disposing of the sheep before they turn into goats, is to submit one's list of investments at fairly frequent intervals to experts. It may be that once a year is often enough; if the security markets and business generally are unsettled it is wise to do this more frequently. Investments that a few years ago were first-class may not be so desirable now, and it may be advisable to replace them. New opportunities for profitable investment may also present themselves. Advantageous exchanges perhaps can be made. Who can recommend these things as well as the expert?

SOME investors make arrangements to have a list of their holdings on file with an investment banking house, and perhaps some member of the firm will give this list personal attention, making suggestions from time to time concerning readjustments. It is surprising what an expert investment banker can do along these lines sometimes; not long ago one of them acting for a woman client increased her income by nearly twenty per cent, and at the same time the market

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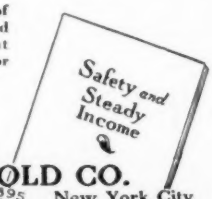

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value of her total holdings has appreciated considerably in value. An important part of any investment plan is to solicit the advice and assistance of an investment banker. The chances are, as a matter of fact, that the closer the contact between the investor and his investment banker the better off the investor will be.

THE banker appreciates the value of safe principle, of assured income, of marketability, and of diversification. He will provide for these factors almost automatically, so that the investor can take it for granted that these conditions of a good investment are fulfilled. The banker curiously enough is liable also to be more conservative than the layman. He does not always share the layman's faith that all investments are going to prove profitable; he has had experience, and knows about the things that can and do happen. On the other hand, the banker is much more apt to have advance knowledge of untoward possibilities than the layman, and to be able to take precautions against them in time. It is entirely possible that the best investment plan is to put yourself in the hands of a good investment banker, and let him do your planning for you.

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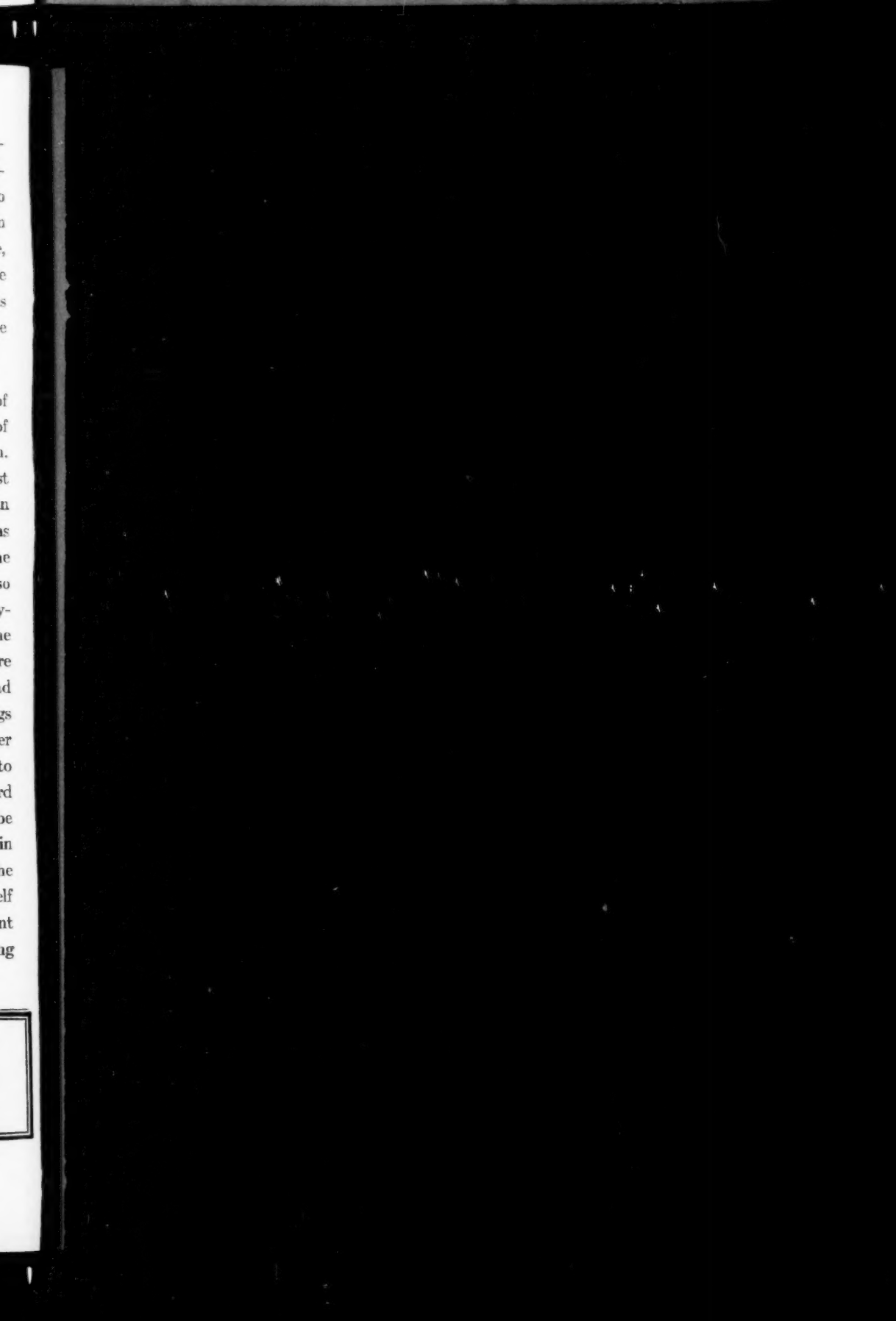
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